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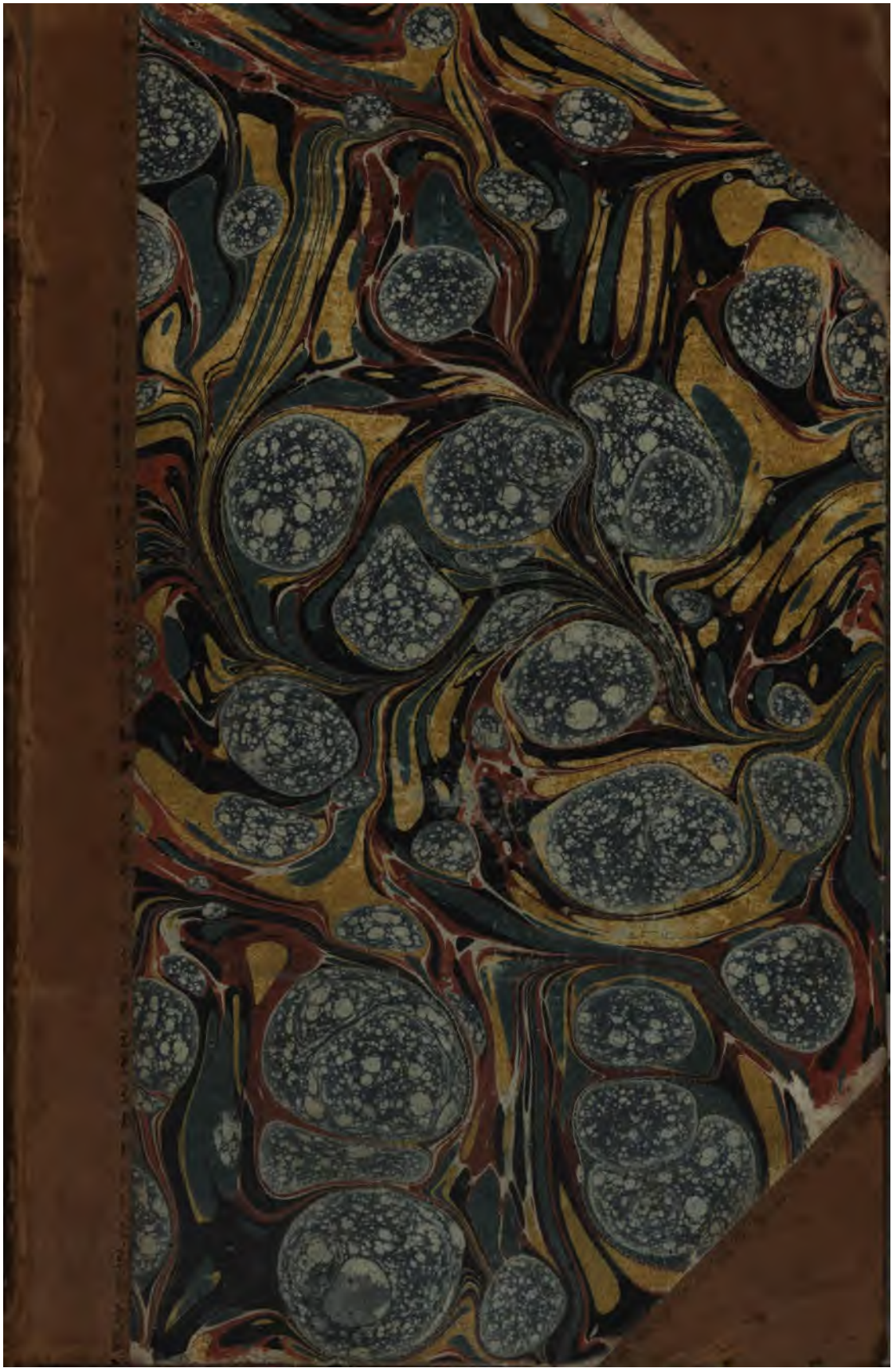

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1842.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

THE BLUE BELLES OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A SOLITARY RAMBLE—A TRYING QUESTION ANSWERED WITH WOMANLY DISCRETION—A WALK BY MOONLIGHT.

THOUGH Constance was in no humour to walk when her friend invited her to do so, she found herself but little disposed to sit still, and had no sooner seated herself *vis-à-vis* to her grandmother, with her book in her hand, than she felt a sudden incapability of knowing one word from another, till at length, having blundered through half a page in a very absurd manner indeed, she stopped abruptly, rose from her chair, and exclaimed, "Grandmamma!—I have got such a headache that I cannot read another word—I must see what a little fresh air will do for me."

"Why did not you accept Mrs. Markham's offer, my dear?" replied the old lady, looking at her with anxiety. "I don't like you should walk by yourself if you are unwell."

"I will not walk far," returned Constance, seizing upon the ever-ready bonnet and shawl that lay upon a chair—"I will only stroll as far as the walnut-tree."

"I should not mind going as far as that myself, Constance," said Mrs. Ridley kindly. "Shall I go with you, my dear?"

There are moments in the lives of most young ladies when the presence of even the dearest of grandmothers may be dispensed with—"*and these were of them.*" Constance became aware of a certain access of impatience, to which she was very rarely subject, and shaking her head in token of declining the offer, she vanished through the glass door without speaking.

Whether she directed her steps towards the walnut-tree, or wandered away in some quite contrary direction, she probably did not herself very well know; but an instinct that seemed to serve her as well as her wits could have done, had she not lost them, led her along a shady, out-of-the-way path, that brought her exactly to the spot where, many a time and oft, before her departure for London in the

spring, she had sat deliciously wasting the hours in vague anticipation of all the joys she was about to taste. And now again she placed herself on the self-same bench, beneath the shelter of the self-same tree, and once more felt the delicious but dangerous sensation produced by bright yet uncertain hope. There was, however, something sad in the difference between her situation now and what it had been then. She felt this, and sighed. "And all my own fault too!" she murmured. "Had I consulted Penelope—had I looked on the scene around me with a little decent humility, and without at once venturing to take a part in it—I could not have failed to see—oh! to see while it was yet time—all that became so sensibly perceptible to me afterwards! But it is too late now. It matters not whether he—whether Fitzosborne comes or not—nay, it matters little whether he comes because he wishes again to meet me. How is it possible that I should now venture to pass judgment on any man—even on him? And if I did—if his excellence defied all the efforts of this late growth of modesty—if I *were* ready to acknowledge to myself that in him, at least, I could not be mistaken—that he was, indeed, all that is noblest and best in human nature—all that is most captivating, all that is most calculated to inspire love, admiration, and esteem—and, having acknowledged all this, should I see him kneeling at my feet, and hear him offer me that noble heart, and the companionship for life of such a mind as his—could I accept him? O no, no, no, it is impossible! Should he say to me, 'Constance, I love you—will you be my wife?' shall I answer him, 'Fair sir, I was engaged on Wednesday last to Mr. Mortimer, having fallen desperately in love with him on Monday; but as he would not have me, and you will, I am your debtor, and for this courtesy am ready to forget all that has gone before, and swear to love you to the end of time, even as I sware to him before?'—no! this will I never do."

Poor Constance! As this bitter gibing smote upon her heart, a "sear and yellow leaf" fell from the tree above her on her lap, and seemed to bring more melancholy with it. "When I sat under this same tree," thought she, "before my most unhappy expedition, this leaf was bright, firm on its stalk, and with all the gorgeous promise of its summer life before it—and now! there is not much greater difference between what it has been and what it is, than there is in me;—there is no second spring for either of us!"

Had Constance possessed the advantage of having at her feet such a fountain as that wherein Eve saw herself, she might perhaps have found her resemblance to the withered leaf less striking; but as it was, the thought actually brought a tear to her eye, and for a few moments she mourned over herself, as if the whole of her life had passed away, leaving nothing but regret and self-reproach at the close of it. But

> "Anon, as patient as the female dove,
> When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
> Her silence did sit drooping."

And then, by gentle degrees, a sensation which she did not and would not recognize as hope, again crept into her heart, and as she

became conscious that she did not feel altogether so sad as she fancied she ought to do, she accounted for it by thinking that it was very natural she should experience some satisfaction at the idea of again seeing a person to whom she owed the happiness of Penelope, and all the additional delight of feeling that it was her own work. Besides, she had really and truly made up her mind to believe that there was not the slightest chance of her ever seeing Mr. Fitzosborne more, and to find she was mistaken in this might well, as she very justly thought, occasion her a sensation of pleasure. So at last Constance turned her steps back to the house, a little less miserable than when she first decided that even if Mr. Fitzosborne were actually coming into Devonshire with the intention of calling upon her, it could make no difference whatever; but still firm as a rock in her determination of neither again running the risk of getting into such a scrape as she had just escaped from, or of giving Mr. Fitzosborne reason to believe that she was one who could again and again be lightly won.

Notwithstanding the undeniable weakness of which Constance had most certainly given proof in accepting a man of whom she literally knew nothing but his verses, she was nevertheless not without considerable strength of mind, and possessed a degree of self-command which enabled her effectually to conceal from Penelope the state of her feelings respecting the visitor who was about to arrive among them. In fact, Mrs. John Markham could by no means make up her mind, either as to the object of Fitzosborne in coming, or the answer he was likely to receive, if that object were to ask Constance Ridley to become his wife. Frequent as had been her opportunities of seeing them together in London, the fact of Constance's well-known engagement to Mortimer had prevented her from fancying it possible that any other could engage her attention, or venture to indulge any serious thoughts concerning her. It is true, that the instant and decisive effect of her friend's interposition in Markham's favour had forcibly convinced her that she could scarcely be an object of perfect indifference to Fitzosborne; and since their return to the country it had more than once happened that his name had appeared to cause a degree of emotion in Constance, which could hardly be accounted for by the fact of his having served her friend. When, therefore, his letter arrived announcing his intention of becoming the inhabitant of the village in which she resided, a very strong hope and persuasion that "something would come of it," took possession of her. Nevertheless, so well did Constance play the part she had assigned to herself, that during the week which elapsed before Mr. Fitzosborne's arrival Penelope became pretty tolerably convinced, whatever might be the case as respected him, that Constance was "fancy free."

At length Betsy and Mary Markham made their appearance at Appleby Hut one evening about eight o'clock, bringing the interesting intelligence that the eagerly-expected guest was arrived, that he was certainly the handsomest man in the whole world, and that they hoped he would stay a great while, because he seemed so very good-natured, and so very glad to see John and Penelope.

"And John and Penelope must, I suppose, be equally glad to see

him," said Mrs. Ridley in reply. "He has been the best friend they ever had."

"No, dear Mrs. Ridley, not their best friend," said Mary, venturing unceremoniously to contradict her venerable friend. "Constance is their *best* friend, because it was she who asked Mr. Fitzosborne for his interest."

"Nonsense, child," returned the old lady, "you may as well tell me that my tabby cat asked for his interest. What influence, I should like to know, could Constance have upon such a subject with a man who was perfectly a stranger to her?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied Mary; "but I have heard both John and Penelope say so."

"If this be true, Constance, tell me all about it," said the old lady, turning sharply round to her granddaughter. "How did it happen, Miss Constance, that you obtained this extraordinary power of patronage? I really must desire to have it all explained to me."

This was a very trying question for Constance, and it required all her command over herself to reply to it. Mrs. Ridley had, in fact, touched on the very point which had first suggested to her granddaughter the idea that Fitzosborne felt more than a common degree of interest for her.

If it be true that women are *naturally* artful, it is because they are are perpetually called upon *naturally* to conceal feelings, which, though pure as the light of heaven, are of a nature that would hide themselves from every eye, and that, not from false shame, but from true delicacy. Was it possible for Constance to answer sincerely to the question thus asked? Was it possible for her to avow that she did believe Mr. Fitzosborne's interest for John Markham was the consequence of her application to him? O no! All she could do was to laugh off her grandmother's attack, by saying that it was very unkind of her to rob her of the honour and glory which her friends seemed so ready to bestow.

"If they really think that because I introduced the gentleman to each other I ought to have the credit of all that followed, pray do not try to persuade them that they are mistaken, grandmamma," she carelessly replied; and this mode of treating the subject answered perfectly; the old lady was entirely satisfied, and immediately changed the conversation by saying, "I hope I shall see this Mr. Fitzosborne. Did your brother say anything about bringing him here, Betsy?"

"No, ma'am," was the reply, "I do not think he did."

"Then do you please to tell your mother, my dear, when you go home to-morrow morning," said Mrs. Ridley, "that I hope to see you all to dinner here on the following day. The whole party, remember —I will not have one of you left at home; and, excepting Captain Salmon, I shall ask nobody else."

The following day?—that was the day after to-morrow—and would the morrow pass without her seeing him? Constance thought not; nevertheless she came down to breakfast with a countenance of perfect tranquillity, and conversed with the two Markham girls "*comme si rien n'eut été.*" But when, upon their preparing to depart after the

morning meal, they both with one accord earnestly entreated her to walk a little way with them, there was something of agitation, perhaps, in the manner of her declining it. After they were gone, however, and she sat down to pursue her usual occupations, she became a perfect model of placid indifference; she looked, perhaps, a trifle paler than usual, but began to work upon her man in armour with a degree of concentrated attention that was quite exemplary. The old lady was in excellent spirits. She loved to give a dinner when her heart had something to do with it. Lieutenant Markham and his family were among those whom she most delighted to honour, and to display this feeling to their distinguished guest was exactly the sort of thing she delighted to do; not to mention the additional pleasure of receiving a man who had shown himself so effectively the friend of her friends. Under these agreeable impressions she chatted away so gaily and so briskly, that Constance was not called upon to contribute more than a smile and a nod, which suited her greatly better than being obliged to talk.

Whether, notwithstanding her philosophy, Constance might not have grown somewhat fidgety, had this state of things continued long, it is impossible to say, as the experiment upon her patience was not tried. Within less than an hour after Betsy and Mary Markham left the Hut, John Markham and his new friend arrived at it, and lucky was it for Constance that her grandmother's hospitality was sufficiently demonstrative to supply every deficiency in her own. It is very difficult to assume feelings which are not quite genuine, without overacting the part we wish to perform: Constance *might* have appeared a little more glad to see Mr. Fitzosborne, without the slightest impropriety, and perhaps, when the visit was over, she was better satisfied when she recalled the coldness of her manner than he was. It is certain that during his walk onward to Laurel Hill, and afterwards back again to the Cabin, he had been a less gay companion than before—but he remembered the invitation for the morrow, and determined not to pass judgment upon his reception till that visit was over.

* * * * *

The invited party arrived, the dinner was served, and the guests were gay; but the important hours which were to decide whether Fitzosborne should become the inhabitant of Laurel Hill, or avoid its neighbourhood for ever, were passing meanwhile over the head of the unconscious Constance, in a manner as likely as possible to render the remainder of her life a blank. That she felt pleasure at Fitzosborne's being near her, is most certain; but she was infinitely less aware of this fact, than of the necessity of concealing every emotion of the kind; and he, who well remembered the animation, the spirit, the unaffected ease with which she used to converse with him, could only interpret the change, by supposing that all the study he had bestowed upon her character had been in vain—that Mortimer had never appeared to her in the light he had supposed—that her eyes had never been opened to the contemptible traits which he had fancied he had seen her shrink from—that her love for him was enduring still—and that the change he now remarked in her manner arose from her engagement with him having been broken—a fact known to all the world,

though respecting the immediate cause and manner of it, he, in common with most others, knew nothing.

There was something in this persuasion as much calculated to call forth the resolution of Fitzosborne, as to wound his heart. He reproached himself severely for having indulged in hopes which he was now ready to declare had no other foundation than his own wishes, and with feelings not altogether unlike those of Constance herself, he gradually assumed a tone of greater coldness and ceremony, till the conversation he had sought to hold with her, after leaving the dinner-table, dwindled into the common-place of strangers, when accidentally brought together.

Mrs. Ridley's primitive dinner-hour of five o'clock left a long afternoon after the gentlemen quitted the dining-room, as Fitzosborne, in accordance with habits acquired by a long residence abroad, had almost immediately followed the ladies to the drawing-room. It chanced that night that the moon was at the full, and the weather such as to draw the whole party to the open glass door of the drawing-room, and then, through it, upon the lawn. Thither the coffee followed them; and so delightful was the air, and so tempting the beautiful walks that seemed to beckon them onward, that the whole party declared with one accord that they could not return to the house till they had enjoyed a moonlight walk. Had the scheme been more deliberately formed, it is highly probable that Mr. Fitzosborne would discreetly have contrived to find himself the walking companion of any individual of the party rather than of Constance; but there are times when accident seems to arrange everything for us, and accident having placed the greatly-estranged pair side by side, at the moment that, bonnets and shawls being adjusted, they all set off, side by side they continued to walk, notwithstanding their mutual reasons for intending to be asunder.

When either men, women, or children are under restraint of any kind, a large proportion of their efforts to "behave properly" are devoted to looking, and moving, according to the rule prescribed; but walking through thick shrubberies by moonlight naturally relaxes such efforts by rendering them unnecessary. Fitzosborne and Constance, therefore, walked on, still talking mere "*company talk*," but not deeming it necessary to keep their eyes fixed upon the ground, or upon the trees; or in short upon anything in the world save each other. He remembered that he was beside the only woman who had ever profoundly touched his heart, and beside her, probably, for the last time; and while uttering the hackneyed words, "This seems to be a very beautiful country, Miss Ridley," he ventured to turn his eyes fully upon her, that, as far as the chequered and imperfect light would let him, he might look once more upon the face and form which, however much he might have been mistaken in other respects, he knew that he must ever consider as the perfection of loveliness.

Constance was, probably, meditating somewhat in the same manner, for she too, while she demurely replied, "It is generally considered to be so," raised her eyes once more to contemplate his noble figure. Just at this moment the path they were in suddenly turned round the corner formed by the termination of the shrubberies, and

brought them to an open terrace, upon which the glorious moon shone down with unbroken lustre. The eyes of both were instantly withdrawn, and they walked to the end of the terrace in perfect silence. As they drew near to the sheltered walk that at this end, as at the other, led from the fine esplanade which, as a *point de vue*, formed the glory of the little domain, Constance turned round to see if the rest of the party were following, and perceiving two different groups approaching, felt disposed to wheel round in order to meet them; but the idea that her companion might construe this into conscious embarrassment at finding herself alone with him, checked her, and then it struck her that their not having spoken for so many minutes had something very awkward in it, and with a keenness of self-reproach, which almost amounted to scorn at her own weakness, she rallied her spirits and began to speak. Fitzosborne started. To say he was *absent* would be using a phrase scarcely germane to the matter, inasmuch as the lady at his side occupied his thoughts entirely; but he had not expected at that moment to hear her speak—perhaps he did not wish it. There is always something exceedingly soothing, not to say tender, in the silence of young ladies and gentlemen when they walk together by moonlight, and if the sound of Constance's sweet voice roused him from a trance, it was one that suggested pleasanter feelings than any he had experienced in her presence since his arrival at Appleby.

What her first words were it would be difficult to say, for they were by no means uttered distinctly; but having determined to be conversible, she suddenly remembered that there was one subject on which she could speak to him with so much real interest as to render it probable that they might go on talking about it to the end of their walk. She inquired with affectionate earnestness for his cousin Mrs. Morley.

"Your remembering her thus kindly will give her great pleasure when she hears of it," he replied, "and that she shall do, Miss Ridley, with as little loss of time as possible. I know not how you managed to take such entire possession of a mind that of late years has seemed determined to look with indifference, if not with dislike, on all the human beings she encounters."

"Not on all, surely?" replied Constance.

"You are aware, then, that you are an exception?" said Fitzosborne.

"I am most happy to believe it," she returned; "but that was not the exception to which I alluded."

"No? Whom have you known admitted to her friendship, Miss Ridley?"

"Yourself, Mr. Fitzosborne," said Constance timidly, and terrified at the idea of saying a word that might sound too kindly.

Fitzosborne was on the point of replying, "O, I count for nothing—I am an old friend, and a near relation;" but thinking better of it, he said, "Did she indeed ever name me to you?"

Now Constance instantly saw that this was very little better than a trap, set on purpose to discover if they had conversed together about him, and in what tone. He could hardly have asked a question which

she would less have liked to answer, especially as she at that moment recollected a certain interview with Mrs. Morley, in which she had not conducted herself with all the propriety and discretion which she could have desired. Was it possible that Mrs. Morley could have repeated this to him? Was it possible that the words he had just uttered had reference to this? The idea made her tremble from head to foot. "It would be a pleasure to me, Miss Ridley," he resumed, "to believe that Mrs. Morley *had* spoken of me to you, because I feel strongly persuaded that she would not speak of me unkindly. Will you give me this pleasure? Will you assure me that I have had the honour, the happiness of being remembered, when you have been conversing together?"

She made no reply. The air that evening was as still as if every leaf had gone to sleep, and that every zephyr stood silently looking on, afraid to move, lest they should be overheard. Constance felt such deep stillness to be most embarrassing, but dared not break it, lest her voice might betray somewhat of that which she was so stedfastly determined to conceal; she little guessed, poor girl, that her very breathing was audible in the profound silence of that most provokingly serene hour; but so it was—the heart of Constance was throbbing vehemently, and her heaving breast betrayed the fact to her companion.

"Hark! I think they are calling to us from the terrace, Miss Ridley," said Fitzosborne, turning round towards the open space they had left; "shall we go to meet them?"

Inexpressibly relieved, Constance turned too, and making a few rapid steps in advance, was soon within speaking distance of the rest of the party, and in another moment was among them.

* * * * * *

On the following morning Penelope walked over to the Hill for the purpose of escorting her two sisters-in-law home.

"Why are you come alone, my dear?" said old Mrs. Ridley, rather reproachfully. "Why did not Captain Markham come with you, and bring his guest with him? Your Mr. Fitzosborne is the most accomplished gentleman I have seen for many a day. Mrs. John Markham and I should have been pleased if he had done me the favour of calling this morning."

"I dare say he would have been very happy to do so, Mrs. Ridley, had he been here," replied Penelope, "but he set off early this morning for town, and my husband is gone the first half dozen miles with him, intending to return on foot."

"Set off for London, is he?" returned the old lady. "Upon my word, I am very sorry to hear it. I had hoped that we should see something more of him."

"And so you will, I dare say, my dear madam," said Penelope, smiling, "for, before he took leave of us, everything was settled for his becoming my mother's tenant at Laurel Hill."

CHAPTER XXXV.

AGREEABLE VISITORS—A PLEASANT EXCURSION THROUGH A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

THE next news of any consequence which reached Appleby was conveyed by the following letter:

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"Having a few weeks to spare before we set off for another visit to the continent, (for which purpose, as we are to travel all through France, Switzerland, and Italy, Lady Ridley wishes to have a carriage expressly prepared for her,) I have prevailed on her to accompany me on a visit to you and Constance, as it will probably be two or three years before we shall return. Lady Ridley, who does infinite honour to the station to which I have had the satisfaction of raising her, is (like all other women of first-rate fashion and elegance) rather particular about her accommodation. You will, therefore, be kind enough to have the two best bed-rooms prepared for us, as well as rooms for her ladyship's own maid, footman, and groom. My fellow can sleep at the inn, if you have no room for him.

"I am, my dear madam,

"Your affectionate grandson,

"JAMES RIDLEY.

"*Mivart's Hotel,*
"*Sept 27th* 18——."

"A mighty pretty epistle, upon my word!" said Mrs. Ridley, taking off her spectacles with a flourish, and handing the letter across the breakfast table to Constance, without any farther comment.

"Foolish fellow!" said Constance, after having read the letter. "His lady seems to be managing all things with a tolerably high hand. But I hope, dear grandmamma, that you will not refuse to receive them. I should be sorry that James should leave the country for years, with anything like coolness between us."

"Then write them just as civil a letter as you like, my dear pet," said the old lady kindly. "He is a sad puppy, that brother of yours, my Constance, and such he ever has been, and such he ever will be. But that is no reason for vexing you, dearest and best!" With this license, and her own good will, Constance wrote to her brother in such terms as brought him, his lady and suite, to Appleby in the course of the following week.

It was not without an effort that the old lady persuaded herself to endure patiently the fuss and the finery which they brought with them; but Sir James was the brother of Constance, and Lady Ridley was the sister of Penelope, circumstances which enabled their hostess to conquer her inclination, sufficiently to ensure them a civil reception.

Never, perhaps, had there been a finer example seen of a strutting, vain, and silly coxcomb, subjugated to the tyranny of an artful and imperious wife. Sir James hardly dared, in his very boldest mo-

ments, to assert as much independance as was necessary to the affirming that his name was Ridley, without permission asked and granted. In exact proportion as she had before marriage persuaded him to believe that she thought him wise, witty, and bewitching, she now took care to convince him that upon farther acquaintance she had discovered that he was precisely the reverse. *Why* he submitted to her as he did, it is impossible to say. The phenomenon, however, is by no means uncommon, a violent, headstrong, imperious, and unreasonable woman rarely failing to Jerryize her husband, unless he fortunately happens to be more violent, headstrong, imperious, and unreasonable himself.

At first, Mrs. Ridley was a good deal amused at watching the manœuvres by which a bully might be bullied; but by degrees she wearied of it. To say truth, she loved not her grandson sufficiently to make the slightest attempt at remonstrating with his very detestable wife; but ere many days had passed, she told Constance that she should certainly be driven to elope from her own house, before the number of weeks threatened were over, unless some method could be devised to vary the family group. The greatly disgusted old lady had already tried the experiment of having sundry dinner parties, greatly more for the purpose of keeping the impertinence of Lady Ridley a little in order, than from wishing to make her arrival the occasion of anything resembling a fête. But the scheme had altogether failed, from her newly-made ladyship's utter contempt of all her *ci-devant* country neighbours; a sentiment which was by far too powerful to permit them being any restraint upon her, their presence, in fact, rather eliciting than controlling her impertinence.

The old lady was in despair, and though, upon mature deliberation, she came to the conclusion, that running away from her own house would be objectionable, she gave Constance to understand that she had serious thoughts of being taken ill, and confining herself entirely to her room. But fortune brought her relief when she least expected it. One morning as she was sitting, according to invariable custom, in her own particular chair, in the drawing-room, with her grandson, pretending to read the newspaper, on one side of her, and her granddaughter meekly at work on the other, while Lady Ridley, in the very richest possible morning dress that satin and lace could compose, sat precisely in the middle of a large sofa opposite to her, she began to put her threatened scheme into execution, by saying that she feared she was going to have a bad headache.

"I dare say you are, ma'am," said Lady Ridley, knitting her brows into a terrible frown as she looked towards her husband. "Sir James always makes such an intolerable crackling with the newspaper, that it is next to impossible that any one should escape having headache. For heaven's sake, do put it down, Sir James. What a horrible bore it is, when a man is so full of awkward tricks that he cannot turn over a paper without making a noise like the rumbling of an earthquake!" Sir James got up, laid the paper on a table, and walked towards the window.

"*Pray*, Sir James," said his lady, "don't make that horrible

creaking with your boots. It is excessively odd, that, let men choose what shoemaker they will, their shoes always *will* creak if—if—"

"If what, my dear?" demanded the imprudent baronet.

"You had always better let me alone, Sir James, when I try from politeness to put a restraint upon myself," said her ladyship, adjusting her bracelets, and affecting to laugh a little.

"I am sure, my dear, I have never any objection to doing that," he replied, looking at her askance, as if afraid of the effect of his bold innuendo. And with reason too, for with a brow that seemed mimicking the awful front of thundering Jove, she exclaimed, "Then, for heaven's sake, why do you not take yourself off, and out of my way, altogether? Without exception, Sir James, you are the greatest—"

Ere she could finish the sentence, the door opened, and Mr. Fitzosborne entered. People talk of the power of oil thrown upon troubled water. But this is nonsense, for whoever saw the experiment made? Where, then, can I find a simile to illustrate the effect produced upon Lady Ridley by the entrance of this gentleman? Perhaps it was most like passing, as by the touch of a magician's wand, from storm to sunshine. The frown of the wife vanished, and a young-lady-like smile of blandishment took its place. "Oh! Mr. Fitzosborne!" she exclaimed, "how excessively glad I am to see you! A London face in the country is like a peach at Christmas!" Mr. Fitzosborne bowed to her, and bowed to Sir James, and bowed to the old lady, but it was Constance only that he distinctly saw, for the glance he had sent round as he entered, to ascertain who was present, had shown him such a sudden flush of emotion on the fair pale face whose expression he had thought so icy cold when last they met, that for a moment he was perfectly incapable of seeing anything else. Constance, however, resumed the tranquillity of her aspect almost as suddenly as it had been disturbed, and then Fitzosborne returned the cordial greeting of the old lady, and all the civilities of the baronet and his lady in the most amiable manner possible.

"And so you have really taken mamma's house, Mr. Fitzosborne?" said Lady Ridley, looking at him with very evident satisfaction. "Upon my word, we are the luckiest creatures in the world, in having you for a neighbour during the period of rustication. I hope and trust you mean to be excessively sociable, for, upon my honour, I am as near dying of ennui as it is well possible to be. For goodness sake, let us have some rides together."

"I shall be most happy to explore the beautiful environs of my new dwelling, with a guide so familiar to them," he replied, "and there is no mode of seeing so favourable as riding. Are you a horse-woman, Miss Ridley?"

"Not unless she is strangely altered since last year," said Lady Ridley, laughing. "At least not what *I* call a horse-woman. Have you still got that queer little cob of a pony, Constance, that you used to scramble over the hills with?"

"O yes," replied Constance, "I have never yet mounted any other."

"Voyez vous!" said her ladyship, turning to Fitzosborne. "That

is not exactly what *vous autres* park-people call being a horse-woman, is it?"

"I dare say the pony knows the mountain paths well enough to set an excellent example to your ladyship's horse," replied Fitzosborne. "When shall we try the experiment, Miss Ridley?"

"I am always ready to ride," returned Constance; "but I doubt, Margaretta, if your gay steed could safely follow my pony in the mountain-paths Mr. Fitzosborne talks of."

"There can be no need of scrambling through mountain-paths, as long as there is a high road within reach. Let us ride to Ilfracombe to-day. I suppose, ma'am, you will have no objection to put off your dinner for an hour or so?" said her ladyship, addressing Mrs. Ridley.

The old lady looked at her very much as if she intended to answer tartly, but she answered not at all for a moment, and having fortunately turned her eyes towards Fitzosborne during the interval, the expression of her countenance underwent a favourable change, and she said, "If Mr. Fitzosborne will consent to dine with us, he shall name whatever hour he pleases."

"I accept your invitation with the greatest pleasure, my dear madam," he replied; "but it must be on condition of not keeping you waiting a moment. Lady Ridley's very delightful proposal of visiting Ilfracombe might be accompanied at some future time without any inconvenience, by setting off an hour or two earlier. I arrived only last night, and felt well disposed to pay my compliments at the earliest moment possible, but dared not venture to break in upon you before mid-day. We are too late, therefore, I think, for so long an expedition this morning."

"O, just as you please. I do not care a farthing whether I ride or not," said Lady Ridley pettishly.

"Nay, ride somewhere by all means," returned Fitzorborne. "What say you to a canter on the beautiful down opposite Markham's little paradise?"

The proposal being agreed to promptly by Sir James, silently by Constance, and rather sullenly by her elegant ladyship, the party separated to prepare for it; but though Fitzosborne had to return to his house on foot, and come back again on horseback, he, as well as Constance and her brother, waited a considerable time before Lady Ridley made her appearance. At length, however, she came, and rewarded them for their patience by displaying the last and most finished pattern of Hyde Park equestrian costume. Constance, in a habit of two years' standing, and a large straw bonnet, more calculated to shade her fair face from the sun than to produce a stylish effect on horseback, fortunately appeared to Lady Ridley, as she entered the room, to be so admirable a foil, that the sight of her instantly restored the smiles and good-humour which very tight buttoning and hooking had pretty nearly banished.

"Come along, good people," she cried; "do not keep me waiting. One of my laws is, that I never wait for any one. But, mercy on me Constance! what an object you are! If Mortimer could see you in that bonnet, whatever hope you may still have of recovering him

must, I am quite sure, be abandoned for ever. O ciel! what a coiffure!"

Constance was standing at the window, and Fitzosborne was beside her. His eyes were fixed on her face. How utterly impossible was it for him to read aright the strong emotion he saw there as these words reached her ear! And how little could his acuteness be blamed if, in the increased coldness of her manner towards himself, he failed to perceive the real feeling that fluttered at her heart, and which would have led her to prefer eternal solitude, rather than the companionship of one, (whose companionship nevertheless she had long felt to be the most precious gift that Heaven could bestow,) if it must be purchased by the avowal that the love she had once so lightly given she was now ready to give again. The cruel words of Margaretta brought her back in an instant to the consciousness of what she considered to be her real situation, and which, for a few happy moments, she had actually forgotten.

"She cannot hear him named without emotion," thought the miserable Fitzosborne. "How I have throughout deceived myself!"

The anguish which this thought suggested was very nearly akin to that of poor Constance, for it had in it a large mixture of self-reproach, and of that most galling kind too, which is accompanied by self-contempt. And they walked out once more, side by side, to mount their horses, with feelings as completely wretched as ever weighed upon the hearts of two lovers, devotedly attached to each other, and without the shadow of an obstacle to prevent their mutual happiness.

Lady Ridley's groom was leading about Lady Ridley's horse, while that of her husband was held by a stable-boy, as its well-drilled and obsequious owner respectfully offered his hand to receive his lady's foot as she mounted. This attention did not, however, meet with the gracious acceptance it might be thought to deserve.

"For goodness sake, Sir James!" she explained, "do not take hold of my elbow in that way! Good Heavens! how awkward you are! Will you have the kindness, Mr. Fitzosborne, to put me up?"

Did any gentleman ever say nay to such a request? Certainly not, unless he had been married above a year to the maker of it. So Fitzosborne left the side of the silent Constance, and performed the service required of him; after which he again turned towards her, with the intention of offering the like assistance to her, but she was already mounted. Nothing could be much less successful than this first attempt at enjoying the scenery round his new residence. Everything seemed to conspire on that unlucky morning to vex and torment the unfortunate tenant of Laurel Hill. The very beauty of the country through which they rode added to his mortification, for Lady Ridley, who contrived, by a multitude of little lady-like devices, to keep him by her side, endeavouring to recreate his spirit the while by vivid reminiscences of London life, and despite the bold and beautiful scenery spread before his eyes with all the rich effects of its autumnal brightness, his thoughts were tyrannically chained to the fiddle-faddle talk of her ladyship. Fitzosborne felt sick at heart as he looked at and listened to her; nor was the matter mended when,

venturing to turn his head round, he saw the earnest, melancholy eye of the silent Constance fixed on the wild mixture of rocks, wood, and water, amongst which their path led them.

"O, why is she so beautiful?" thought the unhappy owner of what the world believes to be the principal materials of happiness, "and why is her mind so clearly legible in her lovely face, while the feelings of her heart remain a mystery?"

Once, and once only, during this very painful excursion, did Fitzosborne venture to break the order of march, for the sake of finding himself within speaking distance of Constance; but, to use a lawyer's phrase, "he gained nothing by the motion," for Lady Ridley instantly brought her horse's head between them, and for the first time since they had left the house condescended to address her sister-in-law, which she now did by saying, "Now do tell me, Constance, without any evasion or reserve, did you ever carry your grandmother's eggs and butter to market on that pony?"

But the thoughts of Constance were too intently occupied within to be immediately recalled, and her ladyship's witty words not reaching her understanding, she turned her pale face towards her, and gravely replied, "What do you say, Margaretta?"

"Ah, par exemple! Behold the effect of disapointed love! My poor dear girl, you must really try to rouse yourself out of this deplorable condition. There is something positively shocking in seeing a young woman, not yet twenty-two years old, losing her hearing, or her comprehension, or both, because a man has proved inconstant. I believe you have been exceedingly ill-used, and all that. I am the last person in the world to deny it, or to attempt finding the shadow of an excuse for Mr. Mortimer. A man has no business to propose first, and then discover want of *tournure*, or any other defect afterwards. Don't fancy that I intend to take his part. O, no! very far from it indeed. But you may depend upon it, dear, that I shall never suffer you to show off your low spirits before company, without trying to rattle you out of them. Don't you think I am right, Mr. Fitzosborne?"

"Upon my word, Lady Ridley, you must excuse my passing any judgment on the subject," replied Fitzosborne, stiffly.

"O, I will prove it to you in a minute. You see she is looking as pale as ashes, and so solemn that, upon my honour, if she does not take care, she will grow into the very image of her brother. Now tell me, Constance dear, and do look up while you answer me, were you not thinking of the faithless Mortimer when I spoke to you just now, without being able to make you understand a word I said? Were you not thinking of Mr. Mortimer?"

"Yes, Lady Ridley, I was," replied Constance, very distinctly; but her kind sister's wish to improve her complexion failed, for the object of her lively raillery became rather paler than before.

It would be difficult to describe what passed in the mind of Fitzosborne at that moment, so many conflicting thoughts and feelings beset him. Perhaps the most prevalent and decided of all was what produced the sudden wish to see her lively ladyship roll down the cliff beside which they were riding. But all anger against her was

speedily forgotten in the deep desire of understanding aright the decided but seemingly placid answer of Constance. She was thinking of Mortimer, of him whose offered hand she had accepted a few short months before. Was it with regret? Yes, it was regret, or rather it was deep and settled sorrow which her features expressed when thus brutally challenged to yield up her thoughts; and yet, despite all the schooling he had been recently bestowing upon what he was pleased to call his coxcomb vanity, he could not, for the life of him, help remembering that this regret, this sorrow, might be as likely to arise from her having accepted Mr. Mortimer, as from her having lost him! About ten minutes before he had made up his mind to believe that the air of Laurel Hill did not suit him, that it would be far wiser to return to the continent, and that he would speak to Markham about getting rid of the place again at the very earliest opportunity. But now this very superior-minded and accomplished young man could have found reasons as plenty as blackberries to prove that such a step would be premature, and, in fact, altogether absurd.

The party rode on, and as Constance, who had been commissioned to guide them, knew by rote every spot of vantage from which a brawling rapid or a towering rock could be seen, Fitzosborne, if he could in any degree have remembered where he was, must have returned with the conviction that, however doubtful as to other particulars the eligibility of his new residence might be, it was at least situated amidst the most beautiful scenery of England.

Whether on the present occasion either one of the party cared one single straw for this may be doubted. Lady Ridley, when she had shown off all the pretty little equestrian tricks she had been taught by her riding-master, began to think it was time to turn round and ride home; an intimation which she had no sooner conveyed to Constance than it was obeyed. She quietly wheeled her pony round, and though the crowning glory of the excursion was less than a quarter of a mile distant, said not a word about it, but leading the party into a bridle-path that took them home by a shorter route, breathed one heavy sigh as she thought how happy she might have been, had she found herself the cicerone of Fitzosborne through such scenery, under happier circumstances.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NATURAL CONSEQUENCES OF A YOUNG LADY'S FANCYING HERSELF IN LOVE BEFORE SHE KNOWS HER OWN MIND—A DECISIVE INTERVIEW.

Fitzosborne dined on that day at Mrs. Ridley's, but the hours of the long evening turned out anything rather than pleasant to him, and passed without a single glimmer of that "purple-light-of-love" sort of illumination which had cheered the termination of his last visit. Yet, despite the heavy inanity of Sir James, the *minauderies* of his wife, (made up of a patchwork texture of coquetry and fine-ladyism,) the troublesome efforts of the good old lady to make him talk, and the sedate tranquillity of manner which made every syllable that Constance spoke to him fall like an ice-bolt upon his heart—notwithstand-

ing all this, he stayed longer than there was any sort of occasion for, and lingered over his farewell as if he hoped some tone, some look, might escape her, upon which to build up a new theory of hope.

But if the thoughts which accompanied Fitzosborne on his road home were melancholy, those which followed Constance to her pillow were worse still. That Lady Ridley had intended to plague her beautiful sister-in-law a little by alluding to the faithless Mortimer is tolerably certain, but most assuredly she guessed not how very perfect was her success. Restrained as had been the intercourse between Fitzosborne and Constance since they had met in Devonshire, she was not so devoid of feminine discernment as not to perceive that his manner indicated no symptom of indifference; and for herself, poor girl! there was not the shadow of a hope left, that she could persuade herself she was not once more desperately in love. The majority of young ladies, perhaps, might have been inclined to flatter themselves that these two facts might together bring about a very happy termination. But not so Constance. The severity with which she condemned her own conduct during the unfortunate commencement of her London campaign, increased in exact proportion to the time she devoted to meditation upon it; and the more she knew of Fitzosborne, and the longer she dwelt upon every trait of character he exhibited, the more she became persuaded that he could never—however his fancy might for a time beguile him—deem the woman who had so hastily loved and accepted Mortimer, a fitting wife for himself. The torture which this conviction brought with it was terrible, and the only feeling which supported her under it arose from the stedfast determination that nothing, no possible moment of weakness, either on his part or her own, should ever tempt her to forget the judgment which his cooler reason must eventually pass upon her, or permit him to act in contradiction to it. How often did she wish that Penelope and her husband had fixed upon some distant residence to which she could retreat, and find a shelter from all the painful scenes that were likely to occur. Lady Ridley's perpetual allusions to her faithless lover, and her disappointed love, she felt herself bound to endure patiently, as an appropriate punishment for the levity of her conduct; but that these should be uttered in the presence of Fitzosborne, was multiplying the misery to a degree that even her own morbid conscience did not deem necessary. Yet, how to escape it she knew not, and bitter were the tears which wetted her pillow ere she closed her eyes in sleep that night.

A fortnight passed away, during which many meetings of the same unsatisfactory kind occurred between the lovers—for such they were, notwithstanding the impassable barrier that seemed to separate them; and sometimes Fitzosborne went home with a renewed hope that Constance was not wholly indifferent to him, but far oftener with the conviction that all such hopes were vain, and that his only chance of recovering his peace of mind was by flying from her presence for ever. Again and again he determined to do so, and again and again a look, a blush, had suggested other thoughts, and made him think it would be best to take this decisive step more deliberately.

While thus tormenting himself by yielding to alternate fits of hope and despair, he received a letter from Mrs. Morley, telling him that

her aunt, and his aunt, a certain heavy-in-hand old lady, called Mrs. Pontefract, had announced her intention of paying her a visit of some weeks in London. "What I shall do with her," proceeded the letter, "heaven only knows!—There is not even a picture-gallery left open for her; and the complete tranquillity by which I had intended to solace myself for passing the whole summer and autumn amidst brick walls, will be converted into toil and trouble unceasing, in search of amusement for her."

The receipt of this letter suggested a happy thought to Fitzosborne,—happy, as it broke into the melancholy routine of his existence, and doubly happy, as it enabled him to do what he thought would please his old aunt, and be convenient to his cousin. The return of the post took back to Mrs. Morley and her expected guest a very earnest invitation that they should pass the autumn with him at Laurel Hill, and, adding to the many other excellent reasons which he assigned to prove that the plan was a good one, he promised Mabel a safe little pony, and her mother the near neighbourhood of her favourite Miss Ridley.

This invitation was as cordially accepted as it was given; and before his guests arrived, the spirits of Fitzosborne had undergone so favourable a change, that he welcomed the three generations of relatives without either of them suspecting that he was an unhappy man. This change, however, had not been produced by any alteration in the uniformly-repelling manner of Constance. She was ever the same—ever beautiful, tranquil, gentle—and cold. The change was in himself, and arose from a multitude of vague, indefinable hopes and expectations that something, he knew not what, but something favourable, was to be produced by again bringing Mrs. Morley into the society of Constance.

The evident satisfaction of Constance when Mrs. Morley's arrival was announced, and still more the touchingly-affectionate manner of her reception, confirmed all these hopes. Never since the hours when they had met together in London, during which he had found sufficient happiness in tracing what was passing in her mind, and listening to the unrestrained conversation which at that time she feared not to address to him—never since that time had he seen Constance look and speak as she did now. The delight which this gave him, was for a long time perfectly sufficient to render him comparatively happy, and he suffered the two friends to engross each other, not only without interruption, but without a wish that it should be otherwise.

Having an aunt to sit at the head of his table, and a very charming cousin to assist in doing the honours of it, Mr. Fitzosborne failed not to return the hospitalities which had welcomed him to the neighbourhood, by giving a succession of dinner-parties which established his reputation in all directions as one of the most charming men in the world. Either from partiality to the society of Sir James Ridley, or a desire to flirt a little with his lady, or from some other cause, Mr. Fitzosborne never failed to include the Ridley party in all his invitations. The old lady indeed generally excused herself, as these parties led to later hours than suited her; but as Lady Ridley could find no plausible excuse for insisting upon her sister-in-law's staying at home, Constance, either at home, or at Laurel Hill, or at other mansions in

the neighbourhood, rarely escaped meeting Mr. Fitzosborne at dinner every day during a fortnight. This fortnight was a period of enjoyment to her, which neither the tormenting operations of her memory, nor the presence of Lady Ridley, could rob of its charm. She had always felt disposed to love Mrs. Morley, and to feel the fascination of her conversation, but now these feelings were strengthening into a firm mutual friendship. On the side of Constance was all the young enthusiasm with which girls are sure to attach themselves to such female friends as, having qualities and talents to attract, are some years their senior, and seem willing to meet them on terms of mutual equality. On the side of Mrs. Morley, besides much cordial liking for Constance, and an affectionate sort of gratitude arising from feeling that she was herself loved and valued, there was a very, very earnest wish that the tie between them might be strengthened into relationship by her young friend's becoming the wife of Fitzosborne. That there was a degree of liking between them which occasionally looked exceedingly like love, was evident to her, and why this feeling remained unacknowledged, she could by no means comprehend. She was, however, too wise a woman to fancy she could do any good by interfering, and things went on with no other change than what arose from the inevitable effect of such constant meetings, by which, without any real change in the feelings or situation of the unacknowledged lovers, their manners towards each other became somewhat less embarrassed, but still without leading them one jot nearer to anything like mutual confidence.

It chanced that one morning Fitzosborne walked over alone to Appleby, for the purpose of making the final arrangements for a pic-nic party, which was to take place on the following day. He found Lady Ridley and Constance sipping *tête-à-tête*, the old lady having some slight indisposition which caused her to take her breakfast in bed, and Sir James having ventured to take the liberty of borrowing his lady's groom, and riding across the country to make a call. Constance blushed as the unexpected visitor appeared, but she smiled too, and the cordiality of her manner in shaking hands with him served now, as it had of late frequently done before, to conceal the agitation which all her efforts were insufficient to conquer, when he appeared before her suddenly. Lady Ridley's cordiality, on the contrary, had nothing to conceal, but much to display.

"What a benignant dispensation of Providence!" she exclaimed. "How can we be thankful enough for the chance or the choice that brought you here? My good sister Constance is, beyond all question, a most excellent personage, but that does not involve the necessity of her being in all times and in all places particularly amusing. And, to tell you the honest truth—Je m'ennui joliment ici."

Fitzosborne looked at her, and then at Constance, for a moment without speaking; whereupon Lady Ridley laughed, and said,

"Upon my honour, Mr. Fitzosborne, I beg your pardon a thousand and a thousand times; I thought not of the dilemma in which I was placing you. But one moment's reflection on the part of our fair friend here will suffice to suggest an excuse for what I have said, and

for your not contradicting me. Constance will remember that for a young lady wearing the willow, vivacity and chit-chat would be *bonnir blement déplacés.*"

An angry flush mounted to the face of Fitzosborne, and again he silently fixed his eyes upon the face of Constance. Never before had he seen it so unequivocally express suffering. Her eyes were fixed on the work she held in her hand, but their dark lashes could not conceal the tears that had filled them.

"Eh! mon dieu! Que tout cela est triste!" exclaimed Lady Ridley. "If you have any pity for my nerves, Mr. Fitzosborne, you will immediately say something refreshing."

"Perhaps it may prove refreshing to your ladyship to hear, that Mrs. Morley intends joining the riding party to-morrow, instead of going in one of the carriages, as was at first proposed—that is, provided Mrs. Ridley's master of the horse can lend us a lady's saddle—my harness-room being destitute of everything of the kind, except the little side-saddle for Mabel's pony."

This was said with his eyes, and in fact his whole person, cautiously turned from the place where Constance sat; and the words being thus decidedly addressed to Lady Ridley, she of course undertook to answer them, which she did by saying,

"I suspect that we have nothing of the kind, Mr. Fitzosborne—grandmamma's establishment appears to me to be *monté* on the smallest possible scale in all respects, and I strongly suspect that you would find it extremely difficult to get a strong bridle—all hopes of a saddle must be perfectly vain. Therefore I think, if you please, that you must advise Mrs. Morley to resume her former plan, which for many reasons would, in my opinion, be vastly the best."

A little, and perhaps not a little, of the supreme aversion in which Lady Ridley held Mrs. Morley, might be traced in this speech; and had not Fitzosborne been too angry with her already, for the feeling to permit of increase, his displeasure might have grown higher upon it, for he was exceedingly susceptible upon everything that concerned his cousin; but as it was, Lady Ridley could move him no farther, and rising abruptly, he said, "Very well—Good morning, Lady Ridley;" and with a silent bow to Constance, he prepared to leave the room. But the interval granted her had sufficed to restore completely the usual composure of Constance, and stepping forward she overtook him ere he reached the door, saying in her usual cheerful accent, "I am delighted to hear that Mrs. Morley is going to ride—and she may have her choice of side-saddles, for I know of two belonging to us, besides my own."

In saying this, she extended to him her hand according to the friendly manner of taking leave now established between them, and the eyes which a moment before had been dimmed by tears, sparkled with even more than their usual brightness as she said, "Give my very best love to Mrs. Morley, and tell her that the change in her plans has made me very particularly happy." Either gratitude for this friendly message to Mrs. Morley, or some other feeling, so completely overcame the cautious prudence by which every movement of Fitzosborne was regulated, when in the presence of Con-

stance, that for one short moment he ardently pressed the hand he held, and the effect which this movement produced on Constance was such, that had Lady Ridley been ever half-way toward the submarine abode to which his wishes consigned her, it is highly probable that the blundering lovers would have been mutually brought to a sense of their own stupidity, and of the exceeding happiness that was within their reach. But as it was, Constance trembled, blushed, and even forgot to withdraw her hand—in vain; Fitzosborne only changed colour rather more violently than herself, and hurried out of the room. Nevertheless, this little adventure produced a considerable effect on both, though that effect was not precisely what it might have been, had they remained together during its operation. Fitzosborne left her presence, cured for ever, as he fondly hoped and believed, of all the withering misery he had suffered from supposing that she was indifferent to him; and Constance, during the self-same moments that he employed in bounding with the light step of recovered hope towards his home, "revolving in his altered soul how, when, and where he should open to her all the long-hidden feelings of his heart"—Constance, during these moments, was recalling, with emotion very short of agony, the symptoms of weakness which she knew she had betrayed. She recalled the startled look which had caught her half-raised eye as he uttered his hurried farewell, and the idea that he had divined the truth, that he had, in one dreadful word, discovered that she loved him—she, whom he had so lately seen as the affianced bride of Mortimer—this idea seized upon her with all the strength of conviction, and rendered her most completely miserable.

We have no room left to recount at length the process of reasoning by which the delicate-minded Fitzosborne convinced himself that the time was now come, when, with no fear of mistaking the state of Constance's heart, he might at last confide to her the condition of his own. It is, however, certain that he arrived at this conclusion before he reached the gates of Laurel Hill, and he had waited for it too long not to welcome it with all that glow of intense feeling, which is so often found hid in the depths of hearts which are not "worn on the sleeve." To leave Constance one single hour in suspense, after he had ceased to be in that miserable state himself, was impossible, and as rapidly as a pen could trace the words required, he poured forth upon a sheet of letter-paper the essential essence of all he had thought and felt concerning her, from the first hour he had seen her to the moment in which they had last parted; avowing, with a frankness which was as much a part of his nature as the delicate reserve by which it was regulated, that he had only waited to make this avowal till he could see, or fancy that he saw, reason to hope her answer would not be such as to destroy every hope of happiness for his future life.

This letter was delivered to Constance in her own room, where she had taken refuge upon Fitzosborne's departure, and where she had remained, in no very enviable state of mind, ever since. By a strange perversity of destiny, she stood convicted in her own eyes of that precise species of feminine fickleness, which she the most cordially detested. It was not fickleness of purpose, it was not fickleness of temper, it was not even fickleness of taste; but it was a thousand times

worse than either, for it was fickleness of heart. At least such it seemed to herself; for in the conscientious sternness of her self-examination, it never occurred to her that the blunder she had made between affection and vanity had nothing to do with her heart; and that Henry Mortimer and his verses had never touched that. But, however she might blunder as to the cause of her error, the effect of it was not to be mistaken—the poor girl seemed to have outlived her own liking, and was, in fact, on such exceedingly bad terms with herself, as to be almost incapable of giving faith to the good opinion of any one else. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it was not quite without a throb of pleasure that she perused the letter of Fitzosborne, and, but for its unfortunate conclusion, it might perhaps have put her into so happy a state of spirits, as to make her forgive herself, and consent to be happy. But the unlucky phrase in which he spoke of "seeing reason to hope," shot like a poisoned arrow through her heart. "I knew it!" she exclaimed, while a blush of burning shame tinged her cheeks. "I knew that he would think I loved him! Be his wife? The wife of a man who asks my hand from pity? My kind sister daily tells him of my forsaken state, and having quietly watched me through that, he next sees me turn round, and fall in love with himself—and then he says, 'Poor thing! this is too hard upon her,'—and then he is moved to pity, and offers me his love. At least he shall see that I am not quite the paltry wretch he thinks me." It cannot be very difficult to guess what sort of answer this frame of mind dictated to the letter of Fitzosborne. It was short, cold, and as decisive a negative, as the power of language could make it.

Had Fitzosborne not waited for so many tedious months with the resolute determination of never avowing his love, till he had some reasonable hope of its being returned, this rejection would perhaps have been less bitter to him; as it was, the stroke was terrible. He knew not how long or how much he had hoped, till the disappointment came, and then he perceived that the caution he had so earnestly struggled to preserve, had regulated his outward conduct, only without saving him in any degree from the pangs of disappointed affection. It was then, and then only, that thoughts disadvantageous to Constance entered his mind. Had she not given him reason to believe that he was not indifferent to her? Could she have done this wantonly? Or was she, indeed, so completely a creature of caprice, as not to know what her own feelings were, for twenty-four hours together? Under no imaginable circumstances, however, could he ever think of her again, but as a bright meteor that had crossed his path, and nearly blinded him. He immediately determined to leave England, and with no very fixed idea as to the period of his return to it. This stern sort of resolution was a relief to him. He fancied that in running away from his country, he could run away also from the memory of all it had seen him suffer, so that he looked forward to the future, gloomily perhaps, but without shrinking; he quailed not before the long perspective of disappointed love and baffled hopes, but he did tremble as he thought of the miserable constraint of the next few days. His friends were to leave him at the end of the week, but four days of it were still to run before he could set forth on his soli-

tary pilgrimage, and these four days presented to his mind a period of suffering that seemed intolerable. On two out of the four days he was to have large dinner parties at home, to both of which the Appleby family were invited. On another was the pic-nic, and on the fourth his whole party were to pass the day with Mrs. Ridley. Fitzosborne felt himself so perfectly incapable of enduring all this, that after an hour passed in very harassing meditation, he determined on confessing all that had passed to Mrs. Morley, and leaving it to her to decide whether he should plead sudden business in London, which obliged him to leave home—or declare himself ill, and unable to quit his room.

Mrs. Morley listened to his agitated statement with all the deep interest of real affection for which he had given her credit—nay, she listened to it with deeper interest still; for not only did her love for Constance add to it, but all her own foregone conclusions were so completely overthrown by what she heard, that she was at least as much puzzled as grieved by it. But of this she spoke not. Having listened to him with the soothing gentleness which none but a woman can show, she said, "You are right, my poor friend, in wishing to avoid all meeting with Miss Ridley. It is greatly better for you both, after what has passed, that you should not meet. But as to the manner in which this should be managed, your second proposition, namely, that you should plead illness, and keep your room, appears to me the best. If you leave this place immediately for London, it will be impossible, I imagine, for you to go abroad without returning hither, which would, of course, be painful to you in every way. Let the party to-morrow take place, only let me be excused from joining in it. Not that I intend to bestow my tediousness upon you, in the hope of consoling you for your disappointment; but I have many letters to write, and, to say truth, the party will no longer be agreeable to me. I will trust Mabel to the care of John Markham and my aunt, and the worst they can say of me is, that I stay at home to make love to you."

All that Fitzosborne fully heard and understood of this speech, was the advice respecting his manner of disposing of himself, before the rest was uttered, his thoughts had returned to Constance, and Constance only—her agitated aspect as he held her hand, and the cruel contrast to this, which her chilling letter offered. "Thank you, thank you," he replied, with an air of such melancholy abstraction as roused a feeling of anger towards Constance in the heart of Mrs. Morley, which made her wish for a moment, that neither her suffering cousin nor herself had ever beheld her. But previous impressions in her favour were too strong to be easily obliterated, and ere she exerted her influence on both the parties to prevent their ever meeting again, she had sufficient impartiality and justice left to make her decide upon hearing both sides of the question.

Accidents do sometimes happen which favour the wishes of mortals more effectually than any of their own plots and plans could do, notwithstanding the perversities of fate and fortune, so grievously complained of by the great majority; and so it happened now to Mrs. Morley. While she was still working the troublesome problem of

which would be the best mode of announcing their secession from the pic-nic, she received an affectionate little note from Constance, informing her that Mrs. John Markham, who was the originator and principal patroness of the party, wished to postpone it till the following week, for reasons to be explained hereafter.

"Does the servant wait?" demanded Mrs. Morley, after hastily perusing this note. The answer being in the affirmative, she desired that he might be detained for a moment longer, and then sat down and wrote as follows: "Dearest Constance,—As your note hints at no disagreeable reason for the postponement of our party, I may venture to say I rejoice at it. I am not well to-day, and if the doctoring to which I am submitting myself does not succeed, I think it likely enough that I shall be worse to-morrow. Do you like me well enough to leave your elegant lady sister, and shut yourself up for an hour or two with a melancholy *megraimaise?* You may assure grandmamma that my malady is not infectious, and tell yourself, dearest, that I absolutely long for you. My aunt and Mabel are gone to pay a visit, seven miles off, and my good cousin is wandering heaven knows where, so we shall hear nobody's sweet voices but our own, which just now I shall consider as an especial blessing."

"She knows nothing, then, of what has passed," thought Constance, trying to still the painful beating of her heart by pressing both her hands upon it. "And she bids me enter his house! How can I do it? How can I answer her? A few moments' reflection, however, settled the matter. For a multitude of reasons, she wished to keep the proposal of Fitzosborne a secret from all the world, and in order to do this, it was necessary that she should in no way change her usual line of conduct towards him and his guests. Had she been thus invited yesterday by Mrs. Morley, she would assuredly have gone, and she therefore determined to go now. His not having opened his heart to his cousin, proved that what she wished to bury in oblivion would not be revealed by him; and certain that she saw no risk of meeting him, she set out once more, on foot and unaccompanied, to the place where she had so often carried a light heart, but now it was with a weight that seemed to rest like lead upon her bosom.

She was shown into the library, where she found Mrs. Morley seated alone, and was welcomed with every demonstration of affection; and had she retained any doubt respecting the silence of Fitzosborne as to what had passed between them, she would have lost it then. This, and the gentle, loving manner of her friend, soothed her spirits, (which in truth, were in need of soothing,) and put her once more at her ease with the companion whose conversation she so greatly enjoyed. This state of comparative happiness, however, was not doomed to last; for no sooner did Mrs. Morley perceive that the agitation with which she entered had subsided, and that Constance was in a state to listen to, and understand what was said to her, than she addressed her thus.

"Dearest love! you know not what you have made me suffer since the last happy evening we passed together. I almost think, my Constance, that had you been aware how large a portion of my scanty stock

of happiness you were destroying, you would have acted differently; or at any rate with a little more deliberation, and a little less promptitude of decision."

"What can you mean, my dearest friend?" returned Constance, in very genuine surprise, for her mind was still so fully occupied with the persuasion that Fitzosborne had not communicated either her letter or his own, that it required clearer evidence of her being mistaken than she had yet received, before she could lose it. This clearer evidence, however, was not long wanting, for Mrs. Morley's next words were, "O Constance, how could I have so greatly mistaken you! Yet think not I mean to accuse you of any shadow of blame. No, it is I, and I alone, who am guilty. I suffered my wish, Constance, to be father to the thought, that you appreciated the noble character of Fitzosborne. But your terrible letter to him has undeceived me. You do not like him. Despite all his admirable qualities, he is disagreeable to you. My heart grieves for this to its very centre. Yet think not I blame you. On the contrary, I know that I ought to love you the more for consulting your inclination alone, in answering a proposal which, in every other respect, is so unexceptionable."

"My inclination!" repeated Constance gasping for breath.

"Yes, dearest Constance, you feel that you cannot love Fitzosborne, and I must, and will admire you, notwithstanding the cruel disappointment it brings with it, for the honourable sincerity of the avowal."

"Not love him! Not love Fitzosborne! O Mrs. Morley! do I not know too well that you think not what you say? Is it possible that you can ridicule my dreadful situation?"

"No, Constance Ridley. Most certainly it is not possible, and I think you must know it is not. Ridicule is a strangely ill-chosen word to express the deep *deep* sorrow you have made me suffer—and of your dreadful situation, whatever it may be, remember I know nothing. To what do you allude, Constance? In what way is your situation dreadful?"

"O Mrs. Morley," replied the unhappy girl, concealing her face with her hands, "is it not dreadful to feel that the weakness, the want of all dignity, all delicacy, with which my own conscience perpetually tortures me, is known to the man whose esteem I value beyond all else that this world has to offer—is not this dreadful?"

"What wild nonsense is this, Constance? What can you possibly mean, or do you mean anything, by talking of your want of dignity and delicacy? When did you ever want either?"

"When I suffered you to discover—and him too, perhaps—that, within a time too short to measure or to mention, I rancied myself, ay, declared myself, in love with one man, and then gave those sufficiently obvious indications of changing my mind, and falling in love with another. Mrs. Morley, I have no words strong enough to express the scorn in which I hold myself. Let this suffice as an apology for any inconsistency you have seen in my conduct. And now let me leave you. That I deserve to suffer I know, and it is not for me to say that I can ever suffer too much."

Constance rose as she spoke. The tears that now flowed freely from her eyes seemed to relieve the vehement agitation which shook her frame, for as she turned to go, she uttered the words, "Farewell, dear friend," without any mixture of the bitterness with which she had before spoken.

"Yes, Constance, you shall leave me," replied Mrs. Morley, holding her very firmly by the hand, however, as she spoke. "But one word more, and I have done;—only tell me, that I may know how to trust my own judgment in future—only tell me if I was indeed deceived when I fancied, long, long ago, that you regretted your hasty engagement with Mr. Mortimer, and that your awakened heart did my noble cousin justice. Was I deceived in this?"

"No! you were not deceived!" returned Constance, with a vehemence that seemed approaching to agony. "The absurd dream, engendered by vanity and fictitious enthusiasm, during which I fancied I loved Mortimer, vanished when I became acquainted with your cousin. I then first learned what love was, and I have paid the penalty with my peace. But was it kindly done to betray me to him? Was it well to plead to him for his pity for an unaffianced bride, who was now to be had for the asking? No, Mrs. Morley, it was not well done; but, when we are parted for ever, I will remember everything but that!"

"By all that is holy, Constance, I swear to you that I never breathed to Fitzosborne the hope I had conceived that you loved him—NEVER, so help me heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Morley. "That *he* loved *you*, I knew full well, and I trusted to the hope that you would in time learn to understand each other. How this hope can have been so miserably blighted I know not—most assuredly it is not from any treachery of mine. But I cannot let you set off thus, my poor Constance! Sit down for a moment to compose yourself; it would be painful were you to meet any one till those tell-tale tears were wiped away. God bless you, Constance! I will leave you to yourself—I see you wish that I were gone already. When you are more tranquil, you may escape through the window to the lawn. Perhaps you will consent to see me once again before we part for ever."

Having uttered these words, Mrs. Morley left the room, and Constance, taking advantage of her solitude, threw her arms upon a table that stood near her, rested her head upon them, and wept bitterly.

How long she remained thus she was never exactly able to remember, but be this as it may, she was roused at last by a slight sound near her. She started, raised her head, opened her eyes, and beheld Fitzosborne gazing at her with clasped hands, and an expression of ecstasy on his countenance which it was perfectly beyond her power to understand.

What passed between them was much too incoherent to be clearly explained. He fell on his knees, and said something about being excessively shocked and ashamed at having been forced and compelled, entirely against his inclination, to hear every word that had passed between her and his cousin;—and most assuredly he spoke nothing

but the truth in declaring, that when he had thrown himself upon the sofa in a little room adjoining the library, he had no idea that, because his cousin had left the door open when she quitted him, he should therefore find himself transported from earth to heaven so suddenly. What further passed between them on that occasion has never been committed to writing, but it is well known that when Constance Ridley retired to rest that night, she again gave way to the weakness which leads to the shedding of tears—but this time it was only because, while thanking God for the great change which had taken place in her condition, her heart swelled with more happiness than it could have contained without this relief.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONCLUSION.

The departure of Sir James and Lady Ridley from Appleby was fixed for the beginning of the following week, and Constance, for reasons not very difficult to guess, had requested Mr. Fitzosborne not to let the knowledge of what had passed between them transpire, for the present, beyond his cousin, who had recently given too convincing a proof that nothing could be hid from her to make it worth while to attempt keeping her in ignorance.

"My brother shall know all about it," she said, "the evening before they leave us; but, till then, I would rather escape the observations of my sister-in-law."

Fitzosborne's reply left her sole arbiter of all such matters, only stipulating that he should not be condemned to such a degree of discretion as would place him at a distance from her.

"There will be no need of that," returned Constance, with half a smile; "Margaretta is not apt to fancy that any one cares much about me now."

Fortunately for Constance and Fitzosborne, Lady Ridley took it into her head to display herself and her carriage by such a multitude of leave-taking visits during the mornings that remained, as left the happy lovers at liberty to atone to themselves for the painful restraint under which they had lately lived, which they did by such an uninterrupted series of confidential disclosures as left neither at a loss to understand anything that had passed in the mind of the other since first they met. Then it was, perhaps, that Constance did full justice to her friend Mrs. Morley, who, however acute she had been in discovering what was meant to be concealed from every eye, had scrupulously kept these discoveries to herself, as far, at least, as related to the abstaining from every word that could be construed into a betrayal of the secret, and as to the final *coup de theatre* in which her whimsical spirit had indulged, she was already forgiven for it. Who indeed could have blamed her, when she frankly declared herself so completely deceived by the letter of Constance as totally to mistrust her own powers of understanding her, and consequently to be persuaded that the only effectual mode of throwing light upon the matter would

be by leading the fair enigma to explain herself, within hearing of him whom it most behoved to comprehend her?

Thus passed three long delicious mornings, all difficulties in the arrangement of them being removed by the old lady's being too much accustomed to seeing Constance set off upon long morning walks to make any troublesome inquiries about her doing so now. On the last day but one before the departure of the baronet and his lady, old Mrs. Ridley gave what she called her last dinner-party for the season; but as the company consisted only of the Markham family, Mrs. Morley, Mabel, and Mr. Fitzosborne, Lady Ridley declared herself, before the gentlemen left the dining-room, *ennuyée à la mort*, and sought to amuse the dreary interval by renewing her unwearied attack upon Constance upon the subject of the willow wreath, which she declared it was so excessively distressing to see her wear. She had probably discovered, during the weeks she had passed with her tranquil, or seemingly tranquil sister-in-law, that this was the theme on which she was the least incapable of being moved by the shafts of her charming wit. The very cleverest hits at the style of the household, equipage, and entertainments—the very keenest quizzing concerning dress, *mauvais ton*, and probable old-maidism—all fell powerless on the impassive ear of Constance; but, having frequently seen her not-much-loved sister-in-law both colour and turn pale under a skilful application of mingled reproof and pity for her unfortunate matrimonial disappointment, the theme became an especial favourite with her ladyship, and rarely did a day pass without her referring to it. But greatly to her vexation, at the very moment when she particularly required the refreshment of seeing Constance look miserable, her poisoned spell seemed to have lost its effect. Constance did not, as had sometimes happened when undergoing this torture, affect not to hear her, but she actually looked in her face and smiled. This was a degree of impertinence which Lady Ridley instantly determined to punish; but upon the principle which teaches us, "*reculez pour mieux sauter*," she let her alone till the gentlemen appeared, and then, raising her voice to address Captain Markham, who had placed himself at nearly the most distant part of the room, she said, "By the way, Captain Markham, I knew I had something to say to you, but I could not before dinner recollect what it was. I hope you will consider it as a great compliment when I tell you that I mean to leave my unlucky little sister-in-law to your especial care. Will you undertake the charge?"

"Most certainly I will—but your ladyship must be pleased to tell me in what the duties of it will consist?" replied Markham.

"Of course—or you might chance to find yourself puzzled. First and foremost, I charge you to prevent her falling in love again, for upon my honour I think another fit, of as violent a nature as the first, would leave her as ugly as Hecate. I never in my life witnessed such dreadful ravages as the tender passion has left marked upon her. If I did not know her age, and how near it was to my own, I should take her for at least forty. Do you hear, Constance?—do not let my last words be lost upon you! Will you consent to put yourself under the guardianship of Captain Markham?"

"Most willingly," replied Constance gaily.

"That is well," replied Lady Ridley, slightly knitting her brow; "but it is hardly fair to make him take service under such delusive appearances as you are now exhibiting. Poor dear man! If he fancies that he shall always see you as smirking and smiling as you are now, he will find himself most lamentably deceived. Upon my honour, Markham, I have not seen her look even tolerably in good-humour before, since I have been here. Is it not true, Constance? Have you not permitted me to perceive, *sans façon*, that your willow wreath weighed heavily upon your brow?"

"Have I?" said the happy Constance, with a radiant smile.

"Have you!" reiterated the greatly-provoked Lady Ridley—"have you! Heaven is my witness, I should very greatly prefer being shut up with a regular psalm-singing fanatic to passing the time over again with a love-sick young lady! However, my dear, I hope a vast deal from the appointment I have just conferred upon Markham; and in case of the worst—that is, I mean in case you do not recover your spirits as rapidly as your fond friends desire, I see no reason why he should not make a little love to you himself—Penelope, of course, is too perfect a friend to object to it, and it is, as every one knows, the best possible restorative in all cases of this kind."

Not all the happiness that filled the heart of Constance could prevent her feeling some little annoyance at this speech, and her heightened colour showed that she felt it. She answered it not, however; but turning towards Penelope, was about to address some observation to her, when her eyes were drawn towards Fitzosborne, by perceiving that he had risen from his chair, and was approaching her. His complexion, as well as that of Constance, had undergone some change under the influence of Lady Ridley's harangue, but there was no discomposure in his features; on the contrary, she had never seen his aspect more tranquil, or the expression of his features more noble. He made a step or two towards Captain Markham, but stopping short before he reached him, as if for the purpose of making what he was about to utter audible to the whole party, he said, "I have listened, my dear Markham, with great satisfaction to Lady Ridley's appointment of you as a sort of vice-guardian to Miss Ridley, after her ladyship's departure—that is to say, *jusqu'à un certain point*. As long as her ladyship confined her instructions to the placing you on the preventive service, I had no sort of objection to the commission—but as she has proceeded to declare that it shall be lawful for you to '*make love*' to the young lady yourself, I feel obliged, in self-defence, to declare that I challenge the commission. This lady, whom I here proclaim my sovereign queen and mistress, has granted me a monopoly in that line, which grant she stands engaged to ratify at no very distant period, by assuming the style and title of Mrs. Fitzosborne."

Notwithstanding the playful manner in which this announcement was worded, there was no single person present who doubted for an instant of its truth. Lady Ridley became as red as scarlet, and knit her brows into an expression of such deep displeasure, that had any ill-disposed person been watching her, he might have been tempted to believe that some passion stronger than even envy was at work within

her. But such an interpretation would have hardly been correct, inasmuch as she was incapable of nourishing a stronger feeling. Had any doubt remained on any mind as to the reality of Mr. Fitzosborne's intentions, they would have been removed by his taking the hand of his affianced wife, and leading her to the arm-chair of her grandmother.

"I had not intended," he said, "to be thus abrupt in my manner of beseeching your consent to my wishes, my dear Mrs. Ridley—but accident has hastened, by a few hours, the avowal of my attachment to your Constance. May I trust that I shall not find an enemy in you?"

The old lady, whose intense dislike of Lady Ridley, and of everything she uttered, had induced her to yield, *sans façon*, to an after-dinner inclination to drowsiness, was roused by hearing these welcome words into a state of the most happy wakefulness, and cordially and impressively did she make the young man understand how well disposed she was, not only to be his friend, but his grandmother. The effect of this catastrophe on the rest of the party was just what might have been expected. With the exception of her detestable sister-in-law, every one present loved Constance, and Fitzosborne was a suitor not likely to be welcomed coldly by such. Even Sir James condescended to shake him heartily by the hand, and declared upon his life and soul that he would rather Constance married him than any man he knew, because of their thinking so much alike on all subjects of taste and breeding of horses; for the rest, there was not one, even down to little Mabel, who did not contrive to make both Constance and Fitzosborne feel that their happiness was witnessed by very sympathizing hearts.

* * * * * *

What more need be said after this?—except perhaps to mention that some of the sweetest and most touching lines which Henry Mortimer ever wrote, are to be found in a sort of monody, composed on hearing of the marriage of Constance and Mr. Fitzosborne. Nothing can be more affecting than the contrast drawn therein between the disinterested constancy and devotion in love, of a high-toned poetic mind, and the frivolous inconstancy of all the inferior orders of souls. The success of this production among the cerulean vestals of the English metropolis was prodigious, and a very large majority of them declared that they were quite certain nothing would ever induce them to become acquainted with Mrs. Fitzosborne. It was fortunate for the peace of mind of Constance that this cruel conspiracy never reached her ears. Mrs. Marsh and her young husband never met again. The gentleman carried his five hundred per annum into Italy, where, having purchased the title of count, and converted his name into Maresh, he continued to reside till he read in an English paper the death of his wife; soon after which the marriage of Count Maresh and the dowager princess of Sopomosky was published all over Europe.

GRANDPAPA'S DUTCH TEAPOT.

BY EDWARD HOWARD, AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," &c. &c.

"None are so blind as those that can't see."

ONE of my grandpapas—the long and lean one,
Who has been blest, by this time, or forgotten—
He was not worth the damning—yet no mean one,
Taking him in the mean, as we should mean
Not given to writing, rhyming, scanning, blotting
He farced no tragedies, and made no farces,
Lugubriously tragic neither when
All seized the pen,
Eager to place themselves on record—asses,
Did grandpa Wigton head the classic host
Damn such a man as that!—the devil themselves say "No!"
That man was well enough
Was grandpa Wigton!—but he went much farther,
And thought himself, in one strange point of view,
This age's wonder, and the next one's horror,
And form'd of that impossible stuff
That will know no decay;—he would rather
Coolly consent to die, at ninety-eight,
Than tolerate being told,
For twenty thousand aweful years of old,
Providing you would publicly state
His death was caused, not by old age's rigour,
But an excess of youthful heat and vigour.
Convince me I can't see, and then I will."
"I old!—pshaw!—the weak may count by years."
Thus would he mumble,
"Listen to my treads,
How firm!"
"O grandpapa, how awkwardly you stumble!"
"Minx! hold your tongue! The aged hears their fears,
Their voices feeble, and the nodding head,
I eat, I drink, I taste, I hear, I smell,
In fact,
Most curiously exact,
I do, indeed, perform my functions well,
Firm as a rock
Time has for me no shock
The wonderful epoch
Ante-diluvian call'd, I knew,
When little boys at forty,
Still wearing shorts, were spank'd with the hand if naughty;
And careful parents preach'd their sons at fifty

"They say I cannot see.
They lie,
'Tis they, not I,
Who ruin their stupid bodies against me.
I wear spectacles! The Wigton stout!

Th' unailing youthful old one! no, no, no!
What are my foolish grandsons all about?
Make me wear spectacles! make me a show!
Wear spectacles! I'm pretty well! the,
The rogues would make a spectacle of me!
What a most awful shock!
Is that you, Tom or Ned?
How dare you, sirrah, run your addled head
Against your father's father, the sharp chopper
Had almost knocked me down. Villain, you're caught.
How's this? I've only clutch'd the eighth day clock
The rascals are too nimble, and this room
Is always filled with a provoking gloom
To catch the skipjacks at their pranks. I thought
Down here a lighted candle to have brought.

"Dear grandpapa, no impious thought was ours;
Thy tottering steps we gladly would have guided,
Nay more—have strewn thy path for thee with flowers;
Therefore 'twas hardly fair when we got hided
By father, 'cause *his* father often broke
His venerable shins against stool and chair,
And things made of mahogany and oak.
Vile, disrespectful they of the grey hair,
So sure as I shall sin, we never placed them there.

"Dear grandpapa, wear spectacles, pray do.
There's father quilts us every day of late
For twenty thousand awkward things you know;
And give me leave respectfully to state
"Grandson Ed'ard, on that point be still;
Convince me I can't see, and then I will."

Grandpa Wigton duly at eleven,
Ante-meridian, to his breakfast came;
And soon was plunged into the liquid heaven
Of cups of tea, a number without name.
One heel upon each hob,
This felicitous job
Of saucer, cup, and spoon,
Employ'd, right well, his faculties till noon.

A great Dutch tea-pot of black earthenware,
His teapot—Grandpa's teapot—his alone,
A sable monster with a sombre air,
In pride upon the breakfast-table shone,
Or used to shine. One morn, it being late
Before the Wigton came, the favourite pot
Was cozily placed upon the side of the grate
To keep its fragrant contents quite hot;
Of grandsire's foot usurping thus the spot.

"Oh, oh! my precious eyes! how's this? I blind!
This is enough to turn a sane man's mind!"
Quo' grandpapa, and without much mistake
He seized the tongs. "Their nasty necks I'll break

These sluttish maids to place a fine large coal
Just on the hob where I should warm my toes,
'Twould vex a godly saint, upon my soul!
A vile, a wanton, a most sinful waste!—
Oh! perhaps 't was Tom or Ned, poor me to catch,
And call it blindness had I put in haste
My feet on the dirty coal. Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am quite right. I'll lay a guinea it's so.
I wish the reprobates were here to watch."

We were, we were; and much did we enjoy
The cautious action of the young old boy,
With a staid and gingerly grave grace,
The tongs he opened. After triads ten,
Contrived to seize his tea-pot, and to place,
At the third venture,
The loved utensil in the fire's centre.
At this achievement he grew proud, and then
Began to chuckle and to crow
And twist and turn about,
And like a fire of musketry rap out
His favourite interjection, Oh! Oh! Oh!"

He seized the poker next. "I blind, I!"
He cried, exulting: "at the very first try,
I'll split that coal to atoms, so here goes!"
The poker went, and instantly uprose,
Joined by a laugh invidious
A chorus of noises hideous!
Crash! slash! whizz! phizz!
The fire's gleam shone through the steam
Till fairly put out by the water about.
Enjoy the scene we all did,
'Twas the worst of the joke,
Amidst the steam and the smoke
That his ancient legs were scalded.

Meekly spoke our patriarch, tho' in pain,
"Tom, fetch the doctor; and, Ned, do you mark,
Being fully sensible of my condition,
With the good doctor, bring me the optician,
When I've new casings to my shanks again,
I'll grope my way no longer in the dark;
That curs'd Dutch tea-pot, freely I'll allow,
Has made me clearly see my BLINDNESS NOW.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.—No. XXXII.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS BLACKBURNE, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Ellum, cuidens—catus:
Cum faciem videas, videtur esse quantivis pretii.

If a stranger were to enter our High Court of Chancery, the outward appearance of the eminent practitioners of our inner bar would strike him as much as the diversified character of their abilities. Placing ourselves only for a moment in the chair of the great fountain of equity, and thence beginning on the right, the first gentleman of note we encounter—with high cheek-bones, and small deep-set eyes, whose impaired powers of vision are aided by a handsome pair of spectacles—is Mr. William Brooke. He leans over his brief, and in a quiet, gentleman-like tone, develops the contents of his instructions, or lays down the law with a facility which proves the extent and soundness of his knowledge. The chancellor listens calmly, thrown back on his scarlet cushion, and his chin resting on the hollow of his left hand—which, being interpreted, signifies "that is a business-like argument."

Above him sits a gentleman whom Sir Edward regards as *longe primus* the head of our equity bar. He is about the middle height, of spare and worn features, very affable in manner, and mild and unobtrusive in his address. We see him engaged in every matter of any importance, and he moves along from one to another, from petition to motion, and cause to cause, throughout the entire day, so that we are surprised at the memory which can be made the storehouse of so many and various subjects. He scarcely ever looks at his brief, unless to refute a statement of opposing counsel, and then he hits at once on the exact passage, displaying his intimate acquaintance with every part of the case. He speaks with considerable rapidity, but his language is always apposite, his reasoning ever succinct and clear, and his acquaintance with books as comprehensive as his powers of discrimination are correct and accurate. To him the Chancellor pays the most marked attention, and has lately honoured him with the coif, although he never mixed in the "troubled sea," and consequently had no claim on the score of services. We need scarcely mention Serjeant Warren. If we turn to the left, we find the late solicitor-general, with his hard, telling voice, developing some tough principle of equity with his accustomed strength of reasoning, and limiting his gesture to the very unoratorical fashion of replacing his concave lenses when they slide down the inclined plane from their original position. There is something very attractive in the mild, expressive countenance, and bland, mellifluous tones, of the gentleman near him. He is strenuously pleading the cause of some injured lady, deprived of her children by the operation of a harsh statute. The Chancellor is touched even to tears at the tale of distress so movingly depicted

by the advocate. Some of our readers may remember the case of *Corsellis and Corsellis*, last term, with the chancellor's compliments on Mr. Figgitt in his very able judgment, in which he showed a profound knowledge of human nature and a refinement of sensibility which we did not expect from a callous and veteran lawyer. Who is that whiskerless and youthful-looking man, exerting himself with so much energy, tucking at his gown so vehemently, and making such frequent and involuntary use of his eye-glass? He reasons with the subtlety of an ancient sophist—and with less clearness than force, with less precision than power. That is our future attorney-general, T. B. C. Smith. We must pass over many not of inferior note to arrive at the centre of the group, the Right Honourable the Attorney-General. Few men have been more bitterly assailed; his soundness as a lawyer has been questioned, and his conduct as a public officer violently impugned. Without engaging in controversy with his supporters or adversaries, our task will be to set his character in its true light. Truth is paramount to partizanship; and whilst we deal righteously with his merits, and vindicate him when unjustly attacked, we shall also express ourselves freely on what we deem his political defects.

He entered college as pensioner in the memorable year of '98, when very young, and unable to take part in that grand military display which filled the hearts of all true loyalists with inexpressible delight. Even though he had a passion for distinction in that brilliant corps, we do not know whether Mr. Blackburne's petit stature qualified him for any higher post than that of a constitutional drummer. He had, however, more important duties to regard, and a more generous ambition to gratify, than that of an awkward drill in the college park. He and the late solicitor-general, Mr. Moore, were classfellows and competitors for honours, and both obtained scholarships in 1801. Moore was the sounder scholar, the other the more industrious student. The former could, to use a college form of parlance, bottom a book or examination with greater success, a practice which he applies to his professional pursuits, and which he is enabled to exercise skilfully and powerfully, from the soundness of his intellect and the fulness of his erudition; while Mr. Blackburne pursued an opposite course, and never relied on chance to obtain a result which might be secured by industry and application. We have sometimes seen Mr. Moore involved in very dangerous positions, arising from an imperfect knowledge of his brief; and the alertness with which he escaped from difficulties which appeared insurmountable, and the air of satisfactory preparation which an unexpected argument assumed in his hands, proved alike his great tact and extensive knowledge. *Qualis ab incepto* applies with equal force to Mr. Blackburne. He was a hard, calm, assiduous plodder, intent on knowing his business, and he did know it. Prudence was ever his favourite divinity, and his worship is as fervent now as it had been forty years ago. In 1803 he obtained the classical gold medal on very distinguished answering. His translations were very fine, and rendered doubly impressive from the beautifully modulated tones in which he delivered them—for the voice even of his declining years has about it an inexpressible sweetness and fascination. His literary taste was then also conspicuous. He obtained prizes for

English composition in the Historical Society, which was then progressing to decay—the blight of the cowled bigots had consumed it. One passage from an essay of his on Greek eloquence will show his appreciation and insight of the intellectual beauty of the ancients.

"We are to look for the germs of Grecian eloquence in Grecian poetry. Homer made his two mighty poems the depositories of all that went before, and left in them the perfection of all that was to come after. From him spring all that a civilization of two thousand years—which we still regard with admiration and wonder;—the historic grandeur of Thucydides—the military tactics of Xenophon—the divine sculptures of Phidias—the painting of Praxiteles and Zeuxis—the drama, philosophy, and eloquence of Sophocles, Plato, and Demosthenes. Homer's eloquence is the expression of that mass of impassioned feeling which was eminently found in the assemblies of Greece, and embodied in the orations of her most celebrated speakers. The effect of his poetry on the mind of the nation was remarkable—greater in its influence than was exercised by that of any other human being, poet, philosopher, or lawgiver. The beautiful structure of his versification, so melodious and charming to the ear, had an ineffaceable effect on the lively minds of his countrymen."

The truth, force, and dignity of this passage one would scarcely expect to find in a mere youth such as Mr. Blackburne then was. There is in it a keen, searching criticism, combined with such a beautiful appreciation of Homer's influence on the arts and philosophy of Greece, and conveyed in such harmonious and faultless language, that for the interests of literature, we must regret that he so soon fled from her fascination, and took refuge in the dry recesses of the law.*

* As a specimen of Mr. Blackburne's composition in his maturer years, we give underneath the address of the Irish Bar to Chief Justice Bushe, written by the attorney-general, and adopted without change.

"The Bar of Ireland cannot regard your retirement from the bench on which you have so long presided, without feelings of the deepest interest. Whilst we fervently hope that it may contribute to promote your health and happiness, we would avail ourselves of it as an occasion on which to express the sincere, grateful, and affectionate respect which we have ever felt for you, and which never can cease to be associated with the memory of one so beloved, so honoured, and revered.

"It is to us a source of the purest gratification to offer our testimony and tribute to those distinguished qualities, social, moral, and intellectual, which carried delight and instruction into every circle within their influence, and which formed your title to the pre-eminence so justly and universally accorded to you. There is not a stage or portion of your life in which we can fail to discover proofs of your eminent abilities and acquirements. Our university conferred on you her highest honours; the Historical Society recorded your proficiency in all its literary pursuits, and both gave the early but certain promise of that brilliant career at the bar, in the senate, and on the bench, by which you afterwards became the ornament and pride of your country.

"At an union, in the opinion of many, you surpassed all your illustrious contemporaries, whilst those who thought you but the rival of the most eminent of them, conferred on you as honour that might have satisfied the ambition of any man. Deriving from the richest gifts of nature all the endowments essential to true eloquence, they are matured and perfected by culture and by study, and we witnessed in you a rare combination of mental powers and resources which were yet to be rendered irresistible in their effects, by dignity and impressiveness of manner, voice, and action, which at once increased and mellowed the lustre which your commanding intellect shed on every subject on which its powers were exerted.

"The decisions of the Court of Queen's Bench, whilst you presided there, are we believe, not inferior to those of any tribunal in the land; and though the learned and eminent persons whose co-operation and assistance you enjoyed divide with

this uninteresting pursuit he now applied himself with diligence and activity, remembering that the knowledge of jurisprudence, like the diamond of the mine, is only precious to him who has skill and industry to discover and draw it forth from the darkness in which it is buried. He was eminently ambitious, and he also knew well in what direction the gratification of his just desires lay. He possessed in their utmost perfection the qualities which are the foundation of success—industry and patience. He had, too, that high hope and confidence in his own powers which augur a certain and steady advance, and he was not mistaken. The early habit of having to think and decide for himself—for he was not one of the "white chickens" whom riches relieve from the responsibility of early and serious reflection—forced on him a steadiness beyond his years. To the study of the law he brought earnestness and resolution, and never swerved from his purpose until he mastered its stubbornness. We heard from one of his cotemporaries that, to use the language applied to Lord Hale, "he loved to toil terribly." He was called to the bar in 1806.

It is among the pleasing tasks which we have proposed to ourselves in these sketches, to inculcate on our young aspirants to professional success the necessity of diligence and industry, by which all our eminent men have raised themselves to distinction, and without which there can be little hope of ascending beyond the ordinary level. Mr. Blackburne was not one of those "men of genius," whose natural confidence, arising from confidence of talent, inspires them with a notion that they are born with faculties to overleap the outworks of the law, and take the citadel by storm without the drudgery of a sap, or the irksomeness of previous progress through safe and regular, but slow and circuitous approaches. This impatient celerity of vaulting but unproductive ambition might have been in many instances restrained in its erroneous career by timely and accurate information that such was the road, and the only road, by which those who had most rapidly and effectually obtained their object had steadily pursued it. Genius, though transformed by the jargon of scholastic criticism into a certain invisible and intangible divinity, is in truth nothing more than intellectual energy, and the sound sense of sound organization, directed by accident or habit into particular channels, and invigorated by active, steady, and persevering application. It is by constant exercise that the faculties of the mind are developed and strengthened, and the master key obtained to the depositories of knowledge, whether in law, literature, or the severer sciences. No amount of exertion, it is true, can turn debility into strength; but it is not the less true that well-directed application, guided by that just tact which is possessed by the majority of minds, has seldom or never failed of success. Let us not, however, be mistaken in our estimate of the character and quality of the power which must be brought to bear on the difficulties of the law. We must be careful

you the praise which is due to learning, to talent, and to diligence, we can easily discover in your lordship's judgments the pure and classic style, the lucid order and arrangement, which are discernible even in the loftiest and most impassioned displays of your eloquence.

"We now bid you farewell," &c.

to distinguish between that alert, vigilant, and inquisitive industy which digests, appropriates, and turns to nourishment all that it acquires, and that torpid, methodical, and mechanical habit of labour which drudges heavily and unprofitably through its task and its hour, looking neither to the right nor to the left. To zeal and industry must be united tact and discernment, and these are the forerunners of honourable and well-merited success.

This was the exact course pursued by Mr. Blackburne, both before and after his call to the bar, for no man ever trusted less to accidental circumstances to relieve him from embarrassment. His learning was always ripe, but he guarded against the danger of too implicitly confiding in it by the previous comprehension of whatever subject he had on hand, alike in its proximate and distant relations—in other words, he made himself up to perfection. He had also the most thorough reliance on himself, and could approach the most complex question of law with the ease and assurance of the lawyer of half a century's standing. Nothing abashed or intimidated him; and we heard from a venerable practitioner who well remembers the early days of Mr. Blackburne, that the late Serjeant Ball asked him on one occasion, while Mr. Blackburne was working out a tough motion in the King's Bench, "Who is that surprising boy?" He did not, like many able men, long walk the hall in idleness;—his sagacity was as great as his ambition, and he watched every just opportunity to bring himself into notice. This he was soon enabled to do from his connexion with Dr. Blackburne,* his uncle, a lawyer of considerable eminence in his day. Here is the proper place to introduce a circumstance which has fallen somewhat heavily on the reputation of Mr. Blackburne. When poor Curran was, as he said, "pitchforked" into the Rolls, a meeting of the bar was held to present him with an address. One feeling animated the vast majority of the profession to do honour to the great man who shed such a lustre on his country, and endeared himself to all by the goodness and gentleness of his nature. On this occasion, according to the authority of the writer of "Sketches of the Irish Bar," Mr. Blackburne first came into notice. All, according to his account, were surprised at the cool effrontery with which so young a man thrust himself forward. "Every eye was fixed on this juvenile and unknown dissentient. They saw a formal and considerate-looking person, with a gravity far beyond his years, advance with perfect coolness and self-composure, and while they condemned the feelings by

* Connected with this gentleman there is an extemporary rhyme of Lord Norbury, of facetious memory, which deserves record. A pragmatical little gentleman named Stewart once drew a special declaration, which was demurred to by the doctor. When the demurrer came on before the Chief for argument, the doctor confessed that, on consideration, he could not sustain it. But Mr. Stewart, who had piled up a lofty argument, could not suffer his labour to go for nothing. He begged leave to cite one authority from "Two Strange," or second Strange's reports, which would set the matter at rest. After hearing the authority, his lordship decided for the demurrer, and propounded his decision in the following grave quatrain.

"To (two) Strange that little Stewart's case
Should ride alone, yet lose the race;
But Blackburne's case is stranger still,
To win the race against his will!"

which he was instigated, they could not but perceive that he had qualifications which were calculated to raise him to great eminence in his profession. His enunciation was perfect—every tone was mellow and musical, and the cadences which marked his elaborate and flowing sentences, manifested the finest tone of harmony, and a peculiarly rhythmical elocution. To these external qualities were added an easy, round, and unstudied gesture. Although he took the side on which many angry and vindictive passions were employed, yet he betrayed none of the virulence of political detestation. He was throughout calm, sober, and subdued, and displayed that clearness of statement, and that faculty for methodical exposition, which have since so much contributed to his success in his profession." Although it could not be said of Mr. Blackburne, as Roger North says of his brother, the Lord Keeper, in his youthful days, "that a more shamefaced creature never came into the world, and that he could scarce bear being seen in public places;" yet the story, from beginning to end, is purely apocryphal, and we must attribute the invention to the author's love of effect. The occasion was too fascinating to be overlooked;—one of the greatest men that Ireland produced was about to be honoured by those who estimated his genius and services, and to press the "beardless boy" into the ranks of his enemies, and paint him coming forward with a coolness which would have done honour to a stoic, and in measured, harmonious sentences, laying down the law of bar etiquette, had an attractiveness about it too powerful to be resisted by so graphic a penciller. When the story was first circulated, Mr. Blackburne felt much annoyed, and solemnly denied its truth. The circumstantial air which robed the merest fiction in the impressive colouring of fact, gave the whole a *vraisemblance* which made it not only probable, but a positive reality, and he took more than ordinary pains to disabuse the minds of those who gave it credit. We have made inquiries of some gentlemen whose names were attached both to the requisition and remonstrance, and though they distinctly recollected the meeting and the several speakers—for it was too impressive to be forgotten—all affirmed that Mr. Blackburne took no conspicuous part, at least such as to offer any foundation for the invention. The only circumstance that could give it any colour was the name of "Francis Blackburne" among the fifty-six dissidents, among whom, strangely enough, are found those of Plunkett and Bushe, with others of less liberal pretensions, such as Saurin, Joy, Jebb, Vandaleur, Richard and Edward Pennefather, Torrens, Lefroy, and Foster. The majority consisted of three masters in chancery, two serjeants, Ball and M'Mahon—late Master of the Rolls—twelve king's counsel, and *two hundred and six* of the bar. Political prejudices may have something to do with the minority, but why Plunkett and Bushe among them? The reasons assigned were, the violation of precedent, which permitted addresses to functionaries on their retirement, though not on their elevation, and the probability that such a movement was more a party than a professional one. That the attorney and solicitor-general, the dear and warm friends of Curran, were actuated by pure motives in resisting the address, there is no reason to doubt; Curran himself openly acquitted them of entertaining a particle of ungenerous hostility; and when

Mr. Blackburne was found in such unobjectionable company on a great public occasion, when the opinion of the bar was divided by a respect for authority on the one side, and for genius and patriotism on the other, it was unfair to single him out, and erect such a structure on his simple signature. We allow that Mr. Blackburne's name might have been better reserved for some other occasion. A young man, just called to the bar, had no business to interfere, and push himself into premature notoriety by coming forward at such a crisis—he should have left to the hoary bigot, or the stickler for professional forms, the satisfaction or necessity to oppose the tribute of reverence to such a man as Curran. It was not seemly in a young Irishman, on whom his glowing eloquence must have left deep impressions of its power, to mix himself with men of professional standing and experience in raising even a semblance of hostility. Of the main fact, and its consequent aggravation, he stands fully acquitted, and the "easy, round, unstudied gesture," and the "musical cadences of his voice," and the other softening accompaniments to the intense hardihood of appearing before the assembled bar ere his chin knew a razor, may be put down as fanciful creations "to mark the limner's skill in artifice."

Whatever were the reasons which influenced Mr. Blackburne in making his public appearance at so young an age, yet, with a prudence which never deserted him, he wisely avoided taking any decided part, though flattery sought to seduce him, and inconsiderate friends held up to his brilliant eyes the flattering prospect of party honours. He resisted the fascination, and resolved to abide a more favourable time for their enjoyment. The first act of the drama over, a long interval elapsed before his appearance in the second. He devoted himself exclusively to his profession, and his rise was probably the most rapid and successful at the bar. The Tories looked on him as a prodigy, and the attorneys of that mode of thinking came in with their abundant offerings of causes and motions, while the Catholic party, who regarded his moderation in the light of a support of their claims, contributed also to swell the dimensions of his bag. By his own unquestionable talents, together with the favourable countenance of Lord Manners, he rose in a few years to the foremost rank at the Chancery bar. On he went in his career of success, realizing money and reputation. Nothing occurred to weaken the esteem in which he was held by contending parties, for he contrived to steer that safe middle course, at all times a matter of difficulty, and which then required the most consummate skill to do so with effect. The Marquis of Wellesley came over with his head full of conciliation, but, with all his laudable anxiety, he accomplished little of what he designed. He shattered the compact confederacy of Orangeism, but if the bitter hostility and energy of Plunkett had not seconded his efforts, and repeated blow after blow until the mass was shaken to its centre, and ready to tumble to pieces, his administration might have passed away without a footmark in history. The first act of his government was to put in force the Insurrection Act, which had the remotest possible tendency to popularize his policy. The southern counties were the theatre of operations. The chairman of the magistrates should be a king's coun-

sel, and the new dignity was offered to Mr. Bennett, the present Chief Justice. The sense of power, with only half its responsibility, is very gratifying to some minds; but Mr. P. was not of such a temper: he disliked the office, and left to others the disagreeable duty of carrying into effect a very unconstitutional and oppressive enactment. Mr. Blackburne was appointed to the districts of Clare and Limerick. It required no ordinary degree of judgment and firmness, tempered with moderation, to discharge so repulsive an office; and it is due to him to say that he did so without any undue severity. He did not follow the example of others in substituting the earnestness of the advocate for the impartiality of the judge—nor enter into the conflict where the chances, unfortunately, were all on the side of the gallows and the convict-ship. Cases in which his skill might have made the most terrible impressions were detailed without colouring or exaggeration: he summed up the evidence with the utmost fairness, perverting or distorting nothing to frustrate justice or accelerate it. The law, where it was possible, was reconciled to mercy; and the avenging sword fell not precipitately on a single victim. Few would have been as successful as Mr. Blackburne in an office where there were so many temptations to transgress on the side of severity. It is the testimony of a political adversary that his conduct satisfied both the government and the public. While labouring to suppress the spirit of disorder, he did not fail to impress on the gentry the necessity of curbing their passions, and dealing leniently with the people. "I am enabled," said he, "from my observation, to state that the national character contains many elements of good; they are a generous and high-minded people—kind, affectionate, and warm-hearted—docile to power, and observant of authority, unless led away by extraneous causes. They are disorderly and revengeful, but that arises from their quick sensibility to justice. It is among your paramount duties, as landlords and magistrates, to cultivate and foster to maturity so much imperfect excellence. You have it in your power. God grant you may exercise it to your own safety and honour, and the happiness and tranquillity of those whom Providence has committed to your care." In the same tender spirit were many of his observations. He was far from sympathizing with the local oligarchs in their animosities—he imposed a check on their vindictiveness, and, at his suggestion, one of the most notorious was deprived of the commission of the peace. The popularity which followed Mr. Blackburne's conduct rendered him very acceptable to the marquis; but, among the most prominent causes of the vice-regal favour, is said to be the classical character of Mr. B.'s correspondence, which quite charmed the marquis. He who, in this degenerate age of literature, had penned Greek epistles to Lord Brougham, in a style and purity which would have reflected credit on the great Grecian of our times, Professor Thiersch of Munich, could not but be touched by the Attic refinement of the commissioner, who hanged the victims of the law in the most harmonious Greek, or transferred them to the receiving ship with a Ciceronian gracefulness which must have considerably alleviated the bitter pangs of exile.

No opportunity occurred to the noble marquis to reward the ser-

vees of Mr. Blackburne, until Mr. Lloyd's resignation of the serjeantcy, when the coif was conferred on the fortunate preconsul, although the claims of Mr. Penbefather were by many deemed paramount. Mr. Blackburne, however, carried off the glittering prize, and some rumoured that the immediate cause of his promotion was the horror he expressed at the conduct of the Bottle conspirators, and his hearty sympathy with the general policy of the viceroy. The Tory party suspected him, and on one occasion the chancellor is said to have snubbed him for his gentle inclinations to liberalism. He played his game with the most perfect adroitness, and our own opinion is, that he was really averse to extreme courses. A time, however, must arrive when a decided course is to be chosen—when the law of Solon comes into full force, and neutrality is tantamount to treason. The government of his patron was no more, and his principles were proscribed by his successor; yet Mr. Blackburne was slow to deviate from his old moderate course. He had watched long and anxiously—he calculated the chances on both sides—he saw the strongholds of intolerance yielding gradually under the pressure of public opinion—the bigots were slowly but surely receding from the advanced ground which they held in the beginning of the century—the elements of their dissolution were everywhere visible as a resisting power to the progress of Catholic relief, and Mr. Blackburne was strongly inclined to attach himself to the movement. On the other hand, the Tories were in power—that alone outweighed a host of liberal reflections, and if chance should keep them there, then his hopes of distinction were gone, by subscribing to a liberal creed. This was the rub—he is involved in an ocean of doubts—he does not well know whither to turn himself, or to whom to fly for consolation or relief, until, on a certain fine day in the summer of 1826, a late master in chancery, who acted a very prominent part in politics, walked into his study. He drew from his pocket an anti-Catholic petition, and laying the suave-looking document before Mr Blackburne, opened the object of his visit in something like the following fashion:—"My dear B., you must subscribe this petition. We all know your sincerity. Act then with promptitude and decision. You do not promote your interests by your silence. You see B— and Mr.— have signed." Mr. Blackburne was dismally perplexed—he hemmed and coughed—bit his nails in regular succession—asked a few days to consider. Answer—the petition must go off by that night's post, and he might have reason to lament the absence of his name from the precious roll. He then mustered all his faculties for an effort—a vision of long political abstinence and professed moderation passed for a moment before his eyes, and had the events of 1827 been revealed to him only dimly, how he would have recoiled from the poisonous draught which was presented to him!—then stretched out his hand for a pen—drew it back with a claim—the master was urgent—by turns expostulating and imploring—at length, yielding to his fate, the list of intolerants received the long doubtful name of "*Francis Blackburne, Serjeant-at-Law.*" The master grinned—bowed, and departed. Something more, however, was necessary to consolidate his principles—a covenant for further assurance to make a good title to the new purchase. At the Man-

sion-house feast, where several notables were assembled, Mr. Blackburne spoke to the toast of the "Irish Bar," and developed his new policy briefly, but emphatically. There was now no mistake in his opinions; and Mr. O'Connell, who felt so much rejoiced that a supporter of Catholic Emancipation obtained a serjeantcy, now opened a bitter fire on Mr. Blackburne, and that was the foundation of the fierce hostility which has never since ceased to exist between both. Mr. Blackburne's change was most inopportune—had he only deferred his declaration of faith for a few short months, he might now have been on the bench, and freed from all the chagrin and disappointment which subsequently attended him. Canning was unexpectedly raised to office, and the hopes of the Catholic party rose proportionably. They confided in their countryman, and though he could not accomplish all he wished, yet he resolved that the functionaries of his government in Ireland should not be of the intolerant party. Plunkett was promoted to the Common Pleas, Joy to the attorney-generalship; and if Mr. Blackburne had not signed that unhappy petition, and absented himself from aldermanic society, his talents, as well as the friendship of the viceroy, would have raised him to the solicitor-generalship. Before his late conversion there was no man at the bar who could proffer such strong claims to a government composed as Mr. Canning's was. But he was indiscreet, and the forfeiture of office was the consequence. The Attorney-general was opposed to the Catholic claims, and to counterbalance the effect of his appointment, the Solicitor must be liberal—that was a condition precedent. Mr. Dogherty was nominated, after a strenuous resistance on the part of Lord Manners, who conceived a strong dislike to Mr. Dogherty on account of the pinching sarcasms and keen sallies of wit which he occasionally indulged in at the expense of his lordship's knowledge in the devious ways of equity, and peremptorily refused to swear him in, on the plea of juniority. The *vis inertiæ* was at last overcome—Mr. Dogherty became Solicitor; and he who should have been there, but was not, was cast off for some more years to come. Unluckily he was not in a situation to take advantage of the tempting offer—

"Good cavalier—come in with speed,
The manna's falling now—"

but he was not for ever to remain a victim to his sincerity, and if the present was pregnant with evil, the future had store of good.

Though Mr. Blackburne was seduced by the chancery master, yet, after the carrying of the Relief Bill, his convictions assumed a rapid, and perhaps a well-founded change. Time fluctuates, and why not human opinions, which are the creatures of time?—so argued Mr. B. when upbraided by the ascendancy party with his sudden change. The Whigs came into power, and the Marquis of Anglesey once more was viceroy. He was a kind and warm-hearted man, but impetuous and imprudent. He remembered the popular affection which was displayed on a former occasion, and, confiding in the strength of that attachment, he hoped to direct the future to good. And he might have done so, had he simple sense or discretion. But he was swayed more by the impulses of the soldier than the reflecting wisdom of the

statesman. He abounded in the first—of the last he had not a particle; and his passionate ebullitions found little check or control from those who surrounded him, and frequented the antechambers of the castle. On the elevation of Mr. Joy to the Exchequer, Mr. Blackburne succeeded as Attorney-general, and the present Judge Crampton as Solicitor. The public was astonished, and in one of the papers there appeared a squib, supposed to be by Moore, with the prefix—"B. Attorney-general, or the Whigs gone mad." Wherever the lunacy lay, the Attorney-general was in his sound senses—he played the game successfully, and trumped the old reformers. Party-fusion was the hobby of the Whigs: in other circumstances it might be not only defensible but laudable, but in the excited state of the country it was at least indiscreet to put the sweet wine of reform in the tainted vinegar-bottles of Toryism. In order to allay the repeal disorder, which was then at its height, Lord Stanley was sent over as the dove of peace, with the symbol of returning tranquillity, but by some strange metamorphosis in political ornithology, he became a kite of the first order. The Attorney-general made a magnificent hawk. Two such noble birds were never seen in or out of an aviary; eyes, bills, and talons—all perfect! Heaven forefend the repeal pigeon that fell under their pounce! Sport was not long wanted. Mr. O'Connell was then in his meridian—repeal in all its glory—and many an enthusiastic eye was directed to the "temple of the money-changers," and the moment impatiently expected for another Messiah to drive them forth. The marquis threatened with energy—Mr. O'Connell retorted with vehemence. The vanity of the marquis was touched by the torch-meetings and processions which welcomed the champion of the new faith "from the land of the Saxon;" while he, who was once greeted with an equal popularity, could not command "one stupid starer, or one loud huzza!" Thus crimination and recrimination went on for a season. The secretary was abused, and grew outrageous. He asked counsel of the Attorney-general, who shook his head, and after a long pause declared that strong measures should be tried, or there was an end to all government. Both hastened off to his poor Excellency. The secretary opened the pleadings. "Well, Blackburne, what's your opinion?" said the fidgety marquis. The Attorney, acting on Bacon's maxim, that "it is a point of cunning to wait upon him with your eye whom you would persuade, as the Jesuits give it in precept," fixed his keen-flashing organ on the viceroy, while his persuasive powers made a deep impression. "Well, well, that's very good—but what's to be done with these repealers,—damn 'em?" "Proclaim them, to be sure," replied the boiling secretary. "The remedy is dangerous, but necessary, under all the circumstances," coolly added Hawk's-eye; and on the following day there appeared this solemn warning on every dead wall within the circular road.

PROCLAMATION.

"Whereas it has been made known to us, that an Association, under the name of the 'General Association of Ireland, for the prevention of unlawful meetings, and exercise of the sacred right of petitioning for redress of grievances,' has been formed, and that said

Association, under the shift and device of protecting the right of petition, has been established really for the purpose of intimidating the magistracy of Ireland, and of controlling the exercise of lawful authority, and other dangerous purposes: We, therefore, the Lord Lieutenant-general and General Governor of Ireland, being resolved to suppress the same, do hereby prohibit the meeting of the said Association, or body of persons, and all adjourned or continued meetings of the same, under any name, pretext, or device whatsoever; and being determined and resolved strictly to enforce the law and the penalties thereof on all persons offending, do charge and command all mayors, sheriffs, magistrates, &c., to aid in the effectual dispersion and suppression of the said meetings.

(Given under our hand.) E. G. S. STANLEY."

All was dismay and consternation—the repeal party was struck with panic—they reeled under the first blow, but quickly recovered from the disorder. The government grew more menacing, the castle guards were doubled, loop-holes were cut for musketry in the walls of the Bank, and large masses of infantry daily paraded through the city. By one of those ingenious devices for which Mr. O'Connell is famous, the first proclamation was baffled, and another society formed. Then follows a second rescript, and a second dispersion. The charity dinners and morning *dejeuners* at Home's followed the fate of the others. On the 18th of January, while Mr. O'Connell was haranguing in Thomas Street, he was apprehended for disobedience to the king's proclamation, and carried before magistrates to give bail for his future appearance. The Attorney-general had now a firm hold of Mr. O'Connell, and he was not the man to relax his grasp. He, whose sagacity had baffled so many lawyers, who whipped coaches through acts of parliament framed by the first law officers in England, who heaped derision on so many preceding proclamations, and rendered them as inoperative as theatrical placards, to have such a rich prey in his talons, was a prize which Sir James Scarlett might have envied. And so Mr. Blackburne went promptly and energetically to work. Indictments were found against all the parties. To some of the counts Mr. O'Connell pleaded not guilty, and demurred to others. On the application of Mr. B., the demurrers were set down for argument, but two days before the appointed time Mr. O'Connell applied for leave to withdraw the demurrer, and plead not guilty to the whole indictment. This was allowed by the court, but on the condition of "not moving in arrest of judgment, or for a new trial." The Attorney resolved to hold on his course, and the 17th of February was fixed for the trial. The public anxiety was most intense. Wallace, Perrin, O'Loughlin, were Mr. O'Connell's leading counsel. The trial could not proceed on the day fixed, and negotiations were in the interval opened with the government. Mr. O'Connell pleaded guilty to the first fourteen counts, and on the two others, which charged a conspiracy, he entered a *nol-pros.* "Thank God," exclaimed the Attorney-general, "we have at length brought this unhappy transaction to a close." In this he was sincere and fervent. A duty of extreme difficulty was imposed on him, and very embarrassing to the government. Proposals were made to Mr.

O'Connell to march the peasantry of the surrounding counties on the capital, which he indignantly rejected; and were it not for the fortunate termination, serious results might have followed. Though Mr. Blackburne lost no time in bringing on a trial, his conduct was marked with little asperity, and though a compromise was denied on both sides, it is not the less true that overtures were made and accepted. Mr. O'Connell never thought of it, though Lord Glengall and Mr. Bernets interfered in his behalf, and Lord Stanley never thought of it, though judgment was never demanded. His lordship read an extract from a letter of Mr. Blackburne, in the House of Commons, which shows that he at least would have allowed the law the even tenor of its way. Mr. Blackburne's subsequent career is very well known. On the death of Mr. Justice Vandaleur, he was offered the vacant seat in the Queen's Bench, but he refused, for he had higher aspirings; and it was conferred on the Solicitor-general, Mr. Crampton. In some days after the Whigs were deprived of office, and Mr. Blackburne regretted the fatuity which led him to refuse the puisne judgeship. But his hopes were soon in the ascendant. Sir Robert offered to continue him in office, and the offer was cheerfully accepted. Borne up for political stability, Sir Robert was again afloat in a few months, and the Whigs restored. Now came the real period of depression, and Mr. Blackburne bore it with Christian fortitude. Day after day he saw the bench recruited with vigorous occupants—men, too, whom he was accustomed to regard as his inferiors. The last change again replaces him in his high estate. The resignation of Chief Justice Bushe led to the promotion of Mr. Pennefather, contrary to the usual course. But in this, it appears, Mr. Blackburne cheerfully concurred; and when the chancellor grows tired of his present situation, or obtains an opening for his elevation on the Equity bench of England, the chief justice, it is reported, will succeed to the great seal of Ireland, and Mr. Blackburne will, after a long trial of disappointments, settle down as chief justice.

In estimating his character, it is right to distinguish between his political and professional conduct; and whilst in his, as in the case of all other public men, we are bound to censure freely whatever is unbecoming or objectionable in his political career, we must not overlook that which is pure and virtuous in private. It very seldom happens that the lax morality can be tolerated which relieves the character of a man from the condemnation very properly attaching to it, by citing other good qualities as a set-off to political inconsistency, and few can believe a man to be honest who has cheated his party instead of his friends—neither can they acquit a man of delinquency who has yielded up his principles for preferment, because he has not been corrupt enough to break a trust, or sacrifice the interests of his client. We cannot agree with a celebrated statesman in thinking such distinctions to be mere shadows, or that such lines of demarcation are purely arbitrary; while, on the other hand, it must be allowed that a very dishonest or treacherous politician cannot be a very virtuous man. The roots of a well-founded morality strike deep into the human heart, and are apparent in every portion of a man's life and conduct. In public and in private he will conform his actions to the same rule of

right, and his political will be as little liable to fluctuation as his moral faith. If all public men were to be tried by this strict test—if every change of opinion were to undergo this philosophic scrutiny, we fear very few of those who rely on the unswerving firmness of their public life would come out of the crucible better or purer than the objects of their censure. Mr. Blackburne was not uniform in his political convictions. He shifted from one set of principles to another with astonishing facility, but we could name many flaming patriots at the bar, whose changes were as rapid; and without the same excuses for tergiversation. He was far less culpable than the Whig party which raised him to power, and the only offence of any magnitude of which he seems to us guilty, was the hypocrisy of declaring that he sought office only as the means of serving his country, and that he sacrificed individual interest to the sense of public duty. This is the stereotyped assertion of every public man, and should pass current for not more than its real worth,—and that is nothing. How his private interests were sacrificed—how Mr. Blackburn's professional income was deteriorated, we cannot account. Fame has it, that in his four years of office under the Whigs, he netted *sixty thousand* pounds, principally derived from the productive tithe, disorder. While in office, he paid great attention to the interests of the country, and also to his own—he never deserted his Whig friends until he found it very inconvenient to stand by them—he was exceedingly liberal when it was not very advantageous to be otherwise—he recommended a tolerant policy so long as he could recommend it without hazarding his place, and was so exceedingly accommodating as to merit the favour of different administrations. He was favoured and promoted by the Marquis of Wellesley—then he was an Emancipationist—under Lord Liverpool's government, he was the reverse—with Lord Grey he was a sterling reformer, and when he fell, Sir Robert Peel found the liberal Attorney-general quite resigned to remain in office. His friends say there is nothing unfair in his conduct, for he still stands well with Lord Stanley. This we confess does not satisfy us. We are much of the same mind as Falstaff's tailor. We must have better assurance of Sir John's honesty than Bardolph. We like not the security. Lord Stanley and he, we have no doubt, harmonized admirably, and when the following pithy suggestions on the nature and character of popular improvement were penned, and their direct reference to the Irish Reform Act then about to be introduced, we can well conceive the influence which the counsel of Mr. Blackburne had in that measure. "If there be one maxim invariably true and universally applicable, it is this, that the best plan of improvement does the smallest violence to the established order of things, and requires the least adventitious and complex machinery. From ignorance of this principle, a great is constantly mistaken for a good scheme—a complicated for an efficacious one—a showy and ambitious piece of legislation for a useful law. Hence, too, the invariable popular discontent in the most salutary measures, grounded on knowledge of human nature,—regulated by cautious circumspection—pointed towards attainable objects, and reaching them by safe and familiar courses." We have no objection to this fine strain of political philosophy; but there is a principle lurk-

ing at the bottom of this advice not over favourable to the extension of popular rights. Lord Grey left the Irish administration altogether in the hands of the secretary, and he was too grateful for Mr. Blackburne's services not to hold firm to his fortunes. When Lord John Russell hinted that the Attorney-general *must* accept the next vacancy on the bench, prime or puisne, and make way for a more popular law-officer, Lord Stanley declared that he would not remain twenty-four hours in office if any such conditions were imposed, and the same generous patron it was who recommended his continuance in 1835, and insisted on his re-elevation in 1841.

Mr. Blackburne has always ranked high as a lawyer—his business has for the last twenty years been first-rate, and if there be any truth in the old maxim, that practice makes perfect, he ought to rank among the first of his profession. His style of argument is not of the highest order, but it is clear, consecutive, and logical, steadily directed to the end he has in view, and never deviating from it for display or effect. His arrangement is singularly lucid—every part bearing on, and subsidiary to, that which follows, and exhibiting the skill of a practised mind, and the ingenuity of an expert one. His knowledge of cases does not appear great, but his discussion of them is acute, and their application masterly. He is more conversant with principles than points, in which he shows a quiet familiarity; but he fails in that profound judgment which weighs nice distinctions and resemblances, and detects hidden analogies and results—that kind of knowledge which learning does not supply, and belongs only to powerful and original minds. He possesses great perspicuity, and disentangles the most complicated mass of details without the least labour. He is never lengthy or prolix, and is gifted with that rare attribute in an advocate, of packing his reasoning and language close, so as to render them portable. When Lord Chancellor Sugden, in last term, fell into a mighty great passion, because an eminent Queen's counsel repeated an argument to impress it more strongly on his lordship's mind, and he was met with the rude and snappish rebuke—"I wish counsel may not travel over the same ground—it is very inconvenient to the court!" he could not include Mr. Blackburne, for he scarcely ever tries back—a point or principle once fully developed and argued, he leaves it to make its way, and passes on to the next. His language is a stream of pure healthy English, flowing clearly and calmly—but perhaps too methodically. He never rises beyond the level of the simplest comprehension, and makes his way more by sober and combined exposition, than any attempt at finery. Though usually stiff and formal in his manner, and cool and studied in his language, yet he sometimes works himself into warmth, and assumes an air of impassioned earnestness, when any imputations are cast on his ill-treated client,—good dear man—or he can only escape from a difficulty by raising a mist. When he resorts to this, you may be sure that his cause is hopeless. Lord Plunkett knew this well, and when he saw Mr. B. beginning to swell, he used to stop him now and then, with "Enough, enough, Mr. B., I must allow the motion with costs." No man can wrap up an unsound case in more smooth and plausible words. You could not suspect any deceit to lie at the bottom of that plain, unaffected state-

ment, so consistent in all its parts, and urged with "the faith of a Christian man exhorting to justice." You do not know Mr. Blackburne—he has all the insinuating grace and cunning of the serpent—sly, sleek, and subtle. With all his appearance of candour in argument, he is the most skilful propagator of sophisms at the bar, and it requires a penetrating sagacity, akin to his own, to detect the fallacy which pervades his reasoning. He is extremely insidious. The least slip or concession gives him the advantage, which he quickly moulds and improves in every step of the argument. Nimble to escape from a difficulty as well as fasten on that of an adversary, it requires constant and undivided attention to watch his movements. Like a skilful wrestler, he is continually on the look-out for a change of position, and the moment his adversary is sure of the victory, he finds himself on his back. A more daring athlete would not hesitate to afford a slight advantage to improve it into a greater; but he is too cautious and circumspect to make the experiment—he feels every inch of his ground, fortifying every step before he makes another, and leaves nothing undone to make his defences as secure as possible. There is no rush—no strain—no violent exertion—he goes along composedly—connecting, illustrating, explaining, concealing,—and forms of the whole a compact mass which it is difficult to decompose, or to distinguish the true from the false in fact, the sound from the unsound in argument. A good case could not be in safer hands, nor a bad one in more dextrous. He has not the logical sharpness of Smith, nor the same command of points and authorities, but he has more order—perspicuity and precision—more clearness of disposition and consecutiveness of reasoning. He does not, like him, elaborate a principle throughout all its remote and proximate bearings, which serves rather to confound than to illustrate—nor does he dazzle with learning, which more frequently plays the part of a bully than a fair auxiliary, but he surpasses him in the skilful presentation of every topic, which is always contained within safe limits, and in the appositeness of his authorities, which are few and to the point. He slides over the thinnest ice without cracking it, while the vehemence of Mr. Smith often carries him to the bottom. He has that ready discernment which is on the war of words, what the *coup d'œil* of an able general is in the field—he changes his ground rapidly, bears down on assailable points without interrupting his general argument, and after having carried all clear, returns to his address with the most perfect ease. Mr. Smith, on the other hand, gets entangled in argument within argument—he is so delighted with the opportunity of displaying his ingenuity, that he goes on combating and refining—pouncing on an objection here, developing an isolated fact or principle there—and he does not feel the danger until he gets himself involved in an inextricable maze, from which he contrives to escape, by his extraordinary vigour and versatility, though not without some embarrassment of the question in dispute. Mr. Blackburne never so hampers himself—he says enough to confirm or refute, and no more. He knows when he has satisfied the court, and if that be against him, he thrusts his hands into his breeches pockets and sits down. His delivery is neither striking nor commanding, but it is correct and impressive—he fixes his bright falcon eye on the bench,

and, in tones singularly harmonious, and with a voice modulated to the sweetness and richness of a musical instrument, travels along the line of his argument. It is a remark rarely known to fail, that all great lawyers have long and very mobile fingers, or, as Linnæus would have called them, "*digiti prehensiles*," with a remarkably smooth cuticle or epidermis on the palm of their hands. The truth of the latter, in Mr. Blackburne's case, we have not been able to test from personal experience, though his cuticle, no doubt, possesses that peculiar quality of all veteran practitioners; but his fingers, though wondrously mobile, are only figuratively long. His principal gesture consists in the use of the fat forefinger of his left hand, which he brings on a level with his eye, and then, with the regularity of a pendulum, saws for a time up and down. Sometimes he stretches out both his hands, and with a rhythmical regularity beats his brief, whilst his voice keeps time to the tapping.

In jury trials he appears to great advantage. We will mention two in which we saw his resources brought into action—*Malone and O'Connor*, an issue from Chancery tried in the Queen's Bench—and *Croker and Orpen*, for which he went down special to Kerry. In the first he showed the most consummate tact, and though his leader, Mr. Pennefather, opened the case with a felicity of argument and language such as he alone is master of, yet Mr. Blackburne suffered little in juxtaposition with that eminent advocate. His was the more difficult task, the analysis of a mass of direct and circumstantial evidence. In dealing with this formidable array, he was most successful, extracting, from the testimony of each witness, every fact which even remotely bore on the side of his client, and combining the whole so skilfully as to paint, from the statement of adverse witnesses, a complete and coherent picture of his own case. Then, taking up the damaging parts of the evidence, he put their absurdity or incoherency in such strong lights, showing their indifferent bearing on the issue, or their contradiction by other witnesses on the same side, that the jury began to whisper with one another, a sure symptom that the advocate has made an impression. Mr. B. saw this, and improved his opportunity by every stratagem and artifice, so that when he had done, none could say who would have the verdict. Mr. Smith, however, in his powerful reply, cut away all this artificial ground, and, in a fine speech of seven hours overthrew all Mr. Pennefather's bulwarks, and carried one by one Mr. Blackburne's elaborate and ingenious defences. In the case of *Croker and Orpen*, which turned on the question whether certain mines were remunerative enough to be worked, Mr. B. had to sustain the negative. Several scientific gentlemen were examined on both sides, and the evidence was very contradictory. One self-sufficient metallurgist was bought up by the plaintiff; under the care of Mr. Hickson he made out a very imposing case, and him Mr. Blackburne singled out for his keen vengeance. It was highly amusing to see the adroitness with which he got round and surprised him—now seducing him into admissions and assertions by the most refined stratagems, and again setting before his astonished eyes the most glaring contradictions. He then set about trying the extent of his professional skill. Here he puzzled him beyond all con-

ceivable perplexity; strata, and veins, and lodes, and the whole nomenclature of mineralogy from Lyall, and Phillipps, and Bakewell, and Heaven knows who else, were very unsatisfactorily explained by the unfortunate pretender to science, and after enveloping him in the most beautiful confusion of ideas, Mr. Blackburne left him as perplexed as a hunted badger. It was a very brilliant and successful cross-examination; and though Mr. Freeman exerted that useful faculty of comforting and restoring the luckless victim, and representing the dear man as the most ill-treated person in the world, yet all did not do. Mr. Blackburne looked at the good men and true, chuckled, took up a paper, laid it down again, the interpretation of which expressive pantomime was, "I have damaged him beyond all hope of recovery,"—and so he had, and so felt the jury.

Mr. Blackburne had been pressed to enter the House of Commons, but, like Mr. Pennefather, he wisely preferred staying at home, and leaving others, more ambitious of parliamentary distinction, the toil and drudgery of a senatorial life. As a speaker, he is too cautious and methodical to make any deep impression in parliament, but he would not have failed, like many other eminent lawyers. His opinion of the House, and the qualities that contribute to success, may be gathered from the following anecdote. A barrister meeting Mr. Blackburne in the hall of the courts, they talked of the speech of a certain member of the bar, not remarkable for the soundness of his legal knowledge.

"How strange," said A., "that on a knotty point of law a man so little acquainted with the subject should sit down with the character of having made an excellent speech!"

"Are you surprised at it?" replied Mr. B. "Did you ever read what Plutarch says of Lysias? He wrote a defence for a man who was to be tried in one of the courts of Athens. The defendant, after reading it over and over, came to our Athenian brother. 'Well, my good friend, have you gotten off the speech?' 'O no,' said he, 'I liked it exceedingly the first time, less at every subsequent perusal, and now I think it a very poor defence.' 'Ah,' said our brother, 'you quite forget that the judges are only to hear it once.' So it is in the House of Commons—it is useless to provide matter of good quality when an inferior article will show off a man to equal advantage."

What Mr. Blackburne remarked of Mr. ——, applies nearly to all our parliamentary speakers. They remember with Lysias that the judges are only to hear it once, and take no care to guard against the dissatisfaction which might arise from a second or third reading. Readiness is encouraged at the expense of fulness and exactness, and pointed and fluent language is preferred to long research or accurate reasoning.

Mr. Blackburne is said to be possessed of a friendly disposition, kindly affections, and many agreeable qualities. He is very popular with his party, as all men in power will generally be; but this is attributed by them more to the characteristics we have just enumerated, than to any base motives lurking at the bottom of their praise. He is passionately addicted to music, and can sing our Irish melodies with a feeling and expression which one could not expect in a cold and

cross-grained lawyer. In stature he is low, but stout and squarely built; his features have no peculiar expression—they are not marked by anything indicative of great intellectual power; but his eye is splendid; it is an organ of surpassing brilliancy, round, full, and lustrous, darting its glances on every side like a hawk's. It is such as enables him rather to see through the deeds of others than enables you to see his own.—It is not the window *of* his soul, but the window *to* yours.

INVOCATION.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

O shine thy syrop-dews,
Bright fairy queen!
And let them in my veins infuse
Intoxication keen;
Until the remnant of my senses quite
Is saturated with the holy wine,
Whose strength saturnian dashes o'er with light
The dusky web, that wraps my tortured sight
With many a knotted twine!
And let me, Empress! seek
Thy forest-caves,
Where Nature's powerful hand shall break
(While Virtue's wand she waves)
The spiny gyves that chain me to the earth,
And lap my spirit to such baneful sleep;—
But Thou, and Nature, with thy spells of mirth,
Shall franchise me, and aid the smiling birth
Of thoughts serene and deep!

For I too long—too long,
Have lent my reason's force
To worldly shapes—with shout and song
That led a hateful course!
And I have followed wheresoe'er would urge
The servile leader of rash Folly's train,—
Have breasted tipsy Pleasure, frothy surge,—
Have fathomed sweltry sin's chaotic gurge,
And scorched with crime my brain!

But I'll no more pursue
The hests of spirits base:—
I'll search out Nature, and with you
Join in a nobler chase:
I'll shut my feebler thoughts, as in a cage
That shields some frail bird from the falcon's fire;
Nor let them brave the artful cozenage
Of voices sweet that would my steps engage
To tread a track of fire!

Dec. 1841.

THE BACHELOR OF FIFTY.[1]

BY CHARLES DE BERNARD.

MADAME d'Epenoy received M. de Morsy with a familiar warmth, arising partly from feelings of long-established friendship, partly from the pleasure his visit afforded her at that particular moment.

"I was expecting you," said she; "I felt certain that you would come at the first summons. You have seen my son?"

"I met him just now in the Tuileries," answered the marquis.

"Poor Louis!—he little thought, when I commissioned him to request you to come to me, that I was sending for a rod to correct him."

"Pray what has been his offence?"

"It is a long story; stay here a moment, I will fetch the memoranda connected with it."

Madame d'Epenoy went into her bed-room, took several papers from a drawer in her secretaire, and returned to the drawing-room. Having, however, satisfied herself in the mean time that Mademoiselle du Boissier had really departed—a precaution which seemed to indicate no great confidence in the discretion of her pupil.

"Arm yourself with patience," said she, seating herself in her *bergère*, whilst M. de Morsy took possession of an arm-chair. "I am about to make you my confidant. Thirty years ago, you might not perhaps have waited for any advances on my part to solicit the office which I now impose on your good-nature. Now-a-days I must make the first step, and shall be only too fortunate if you do not refuse to assist me."

The marquis had listened with a melancholy smile to the old lady's allusion to the days of their youth, but, instead of dwelling on the subject in his answer, he bowed, and said in a grave tone, "You know, madame, that I am always most happy to receive and obey your commands."

"I believe you; and now to our subject without further compliments. Excuse, in the first place, the following indispensable preface. Five years ago, when M. d'Epenoy died, Louis had just attained his majority; in consequence, he succeeded at once to his father's fortune, which consisted of the estate of Tillots, valued at a hundred and forty thousand francs, and three thousand francs a year in the five per cents. These, together, gave him an income of eight thousand francs, for the expenditure of which he was entirely unaccountable to me. In addition, he had a home in my house for himself, his servant, and his two horses. The apartment which I then occupied in the Rue de Varennes was large, and my personal fortune enabled me to live in very good style. Here, then, was M. Louis, hardly of age, disposing of a civil list of eight thousand francs, on which there was no charge except for his dress, the wages of his servant, his stalls at the theatres, and such

[1] Continued from vol xxxii. p. 351.

bachelor dinners as he chose to give to his friends. Do not you think that many a young man of good family would have been satisfied with such a budget?"

"I should, for one at his age," replied the marquis; "at two-and-twenty I was lieutenant of dragoons, with no addition to my pay beyond an allowance of twelve hundred francs from my father."

"My wise son appeared at first to find his situation endurable; in a short time, however, the good-for-nothing society in which he moved inspired him with ideas of independence and dissipation, incompatible with the regular life I led. Under the pretence of consideration for my repose, which he sometimes disturbed by coming home in the middle of the night, he was not long in expressing to me the wish he felt to take an apartment in a part of the town where most of his associates resided. His doing so would prevent my sitting up until his return, or having my sleep broken by the noise of his cabriolet driving into the court; his horses too would not be so hard worked; and to these he added many more arguments of similar force. The meaning of all this was, that, notwithstanding the indulgent toleration of my rule, M. Louis found it too tyrannical, and had resolved on becoming absolute master of his own time and actions. What could I do? To have resisted would have been to compromise my authority. What right had I, besides, to expect my son to remain tied to my apron? Was he not already of age? I yielded, then, in spite of my unwillingness, in spite of what I foresaw would be the result; but the day on which Louis left me for his new abode, like Cassandra, I could not resist the spirit of prophecy which came over me. 'My dear boy,' I said to him, 'now that you are out of leading-strings, your first care will be to squander the fortune left you by your father; and if I may judge by the dispositions you have hitherto betrayed, you will not be long about it. If you are mad, as I fear you are, you will make no pause until the whole be gone; should you return to your senses, and would to God it might be so! you will soon discover that happiness is not to be looked for in a life of dissipation. In either case, the fatted calf will always be prepared for you in your mother's house, and the sooner the prodigal son returns, the happier will he make that mother. Now listen to what I am about to say; your father's property belongs to yourself, and I have no power to prevent your wasting it; but my fortune is my own, and no consideration shall induce me to diminish it in your favour by a single fraction before you marry. I look upon it as a trust, which I will watch over faithfully, and protect even from yourself. So, when you are in difficulties, (and that time will soon come,) do not count upon me to pay your debts, and remember that it will be useless to give my direction to your creditors.' Louis affected to laugh at my predictions, and promised that his conduct should be most edifying. As I trusted very little to these protestations, I lost no time in arranging my own plans for warding off the disasters which I clearly saw were inevitable. I left my handsome apartments in the Rue de Varennes, and established myself in my present modest abode, to the no small surprise of my friends, who were without the key to the motives of my sudden avarice. I sold my horses, I retained in my service merely

my cook, and one man-servant; at my age, one can dispense with a lady's maid, and as I had my carriage no longer, a coachman was unnecessary; in a word, I reduced my expenses to the lowest point that my position in society would admit. Out of my income of thirty thousand francs a year, I made it an invariable rule to economize twenty, and there does not pass a twelvemonth in which I do not lay by more than that. Thus, whilst my wise son is burning his candle at both ends, I, like Harpagon, have blown mine out altogether, and the consequence is, that when people laugh at his extravagance, they do not spare my avarice, and in society my ear not unfrequently drinks in the whispered proverb—'A miserly parent will have a spendthrift son.'

"Admirable mother!" said M. de Mossy, affectionately pressing the kind old lady's hand.

"My son is a fine young man, and will, I trust, one day distinguish himself," continued Madame d'Epercy, with motherly pride; "his faults are the faults proper to his time of life, and although his head is giddy, his heart is in the right place. I am but an old woman, no longer of much use in the world; what can I do better than live for him? My avarice constitutes my chief happiness, because, when all these follies are over, and his fortune spent, I can make him rich again as ever. What would have become of the poor fellow, if I had not, to the great scandal of my cook, taken the trouble to learn the price of a pound of butter and a salad? What point do you suppose he has already reached?—the Sardanapalus!"

"Has he made away with everything?"

"At one moment I feared it was so; but more recent inquiries have somewhat reassured me. No, he has not devoured it all; but the first course has disappeared. The estate of Tillots is merely burthened with a mortgage of sixty thousand francs—almost half its value. As for his money in the funds, that exists no longer, as you may readily believe."

"That is always the first to go. But what are those papers in your hand?"

"We are coming to them immediately. Notwithstanding my declaration to Louis on the subject of his future debts, you will easily conceive that I have had more than one application from his creditors—from him never; he is too proud for that—but from upholsterers, from horse-dealers—in a word, from all those who were impatient for their money, and who came to see if his old mother were foolish enough to allow herself to be fleeced. I have always bowed these gentlemen very politely out, telling them at the same time that I had nothing to do with my son's debts. The day before yesterday, however, my firmness, which I had flattered myself was immovable, for the first time failed me. The day before yesterday, as I was telling you, a well-dressed man, of very respectable appearance, was ushered into the room. 'Madame,' said he, in the softest tone imaginable, showing me these papers at the same time, 'these are three bills for a thousand francs each, accepted by your son. Yesterday, the day on which they became due, they were several times presented at his house, where no one could be found to take them up. This refusal

to pay days me under the disagreeable necessity of protesting the bills and of seeking the reimbursement of my money by all the means provided by law, amongst which restraint on personal liberty is included. Before proceeding to such painful extremities I thought it right, madame, to make an application to you, quite as much for your sake as my own. I thought you might prefer paying these three thousand francs, which are indeed but a trifling sum, to seeing your only son sent to gaol."

"And you paid the bills?"

"This inhuman Jew, for he could have been nothing else, spoke in so quiet and respectful a tone, that I felt completely convinced that if I sent him away empty-handed, he would commence proceedings instantly. I pictured to myself my poor Louis under lock and key, and all my inflexible resolutions gave way at once. I took three billets de banque of a thousand francs each from my secretaire, and exchanged them for these slips of paper. But at the moment that I consummated my folly, Heaven inspired me with an idea from which I look for most salutary effects."

"And what is it?"

"If Louis hears that I have paid these bills," said I, soliloquizing, "he will think no more about the matter, and the money will be thrown away without any advantage gained; besides, if it is known that I have made this first step, there is no reason why I should not be beset with his creditors from morning to night. In *my* hands then these bills are but waste paper, for my spendthrift son will never believe that I can have the heart to make use of them; in the hands of a third person, however, they may give me some power over him."

"And you mean me to be that third person?" said M. de Morsy, looking steadily at the old lady.

"No one else. When I sought a friend to whom I might confide this Damocles' sword, whom should I fix upon but you? Here then are the bills, properly endorsed, and payable to your order. I trust we have now a hold upon M. Louis, and that the fear of a prison, if he do not change his mode of life, will induce him to accept my propositions. For these five years his youth has been some excuse for his follies, but he is now a man, and a longer perseverance in them might seriously compromise his future prospects. I have resolved to try a coup d'état. Louis must leave Paris for a time."

"You are perfectly right, madame," said the marquis, with a readiness of assent that brought a sly smile to the lips of Madame d'Epernoy.

"I felt certain you would agree with me," continued she; "moreover, I am convinced that you have some little personal interest in Louis's banishment, and as self-interest forms the best security for the stability of all treaties, I am certain to find in you a faithful ally."

M. de Morsy blushed slightly, in spite of his age, and his answer betrayed embarrassment.

"Madame," said he, "I really do not know to what you would allude. I feel a sincere friendship for Louis. I am at a loss to conceive——"

"Enough, enough! We will talk of that hereafter. Do not let us get our skeins entangled. At the present moment we will think only of this naughty boy, whom I am determined, by fair means or by foul, to bring back to the right path—five years of folly are quite sufficient."

"But, madame, cannot you, who marry all the world, find a wife for him?"

Madame d'Epenoy clasped her hands, and cast up her eyes despairingly.

"Do you not know," she said, "that I think of nothing else, day and night? That it is the subject of my meditations, my cares, my dreams? Why do not I find a wife for him? What woman in her senses would marry him? I do not speak of girls speculating for an establishment—they never refuse an offer; but what prudent man, what reasonable woman, would accept as a son-in-law a giddy, extravagant, hair-brained fellow like Louis? My natural partiality does not blind me to the truth; at this moment he is not marriageable. On this account I wish to get him away from Paris. Let him travel for a couple of years, or, what would be better still, let him get attached to some embassy, some mission—let him do anything in the world that will give him the appearance of employment. At his return, his follies will be forgotten, his judgment ripened; and as, after all, my fortune remains still untouched, I will undertake that he shall make a marriage that a prince might envy."

"But should he refuse to go?"

"In that case the bills must do their office."

"You have not the courage to allow him to go to gaol."

"Spare the rod, and spoil the child."

"Your feelings as a mother will revolt against such a step."

"Ah, you think I am weak because I am indulgent; but you are mistaken. If Louis will not listen to reason, I will prove to him that real love knows how to chastise. Take them," continued she, with a faint smile; "you shall see that, if necessary, I can say with Brutus,

'Proculus—à la mort que l'on mène mon fils.'"

"I did not believe that you were so Roman a mother," replied M. de Morsy, smiling in his turn; "nevertheless I trust we shall not be forced to have recourse to extreme measures."

"When will you open the negotiation?"

"This very evening I am to meet him at the Théâtre Français."

They ceased speaking for a moment. Madame d'Epenoy again smiled, as she looked at M. de Morsy, who on his part fixed his eyes upon her with a certain expression of anxiety, which seemed to demand some explanation of her meaning.

"Madame Gastoul is then going to the Français this evening?" she said at last, significantly.

The slight blush which had before tinged the cheek of M. de Morsy rose to it again.

"I do not know, madame," he said hesitatingly; "but why do you ask me?"

"To prove to you that if I confide my secrets to your keeping, it is not for the sake of learning yours in return, and that for the best of all possible reasons, namely, that I know them already."

"My secrets! I have none, I assure you!"

"There is no need to blush. Allow me to compliment you, my dear marquis. I did not think you were so young."

Although the turn taken by the conversation appeared far from agreeable to M. de Morsy, he made no attempt to change it. Besides, in his companion's present humour for raillery, any such manœuvre had very little chance of success.

"I see clearly that you are determined to turn me into ridicule," said he with affected gaiety, "but on what subject I cannot guess."

"I have no inclination to ridicule you, for whom I entertain all the friendship imaginable; but your want of confidence must be punished as it deserves. Learn then, most sensitive and most discreet of men, that I know all."

"You know——?"

"I know that there lives, somewhere between the Rue du Mont Blanc and the Rue Taitbout, a young and very pretty woman, who counts in the first rank of her admirers—first, a *mauvais sujet* of six-and-twenty, whose mother I have the misfortune to be; secondly, a man, somewhat older, but quite as agreeable, to whom I have the pleasure of speaking at this moment. From this I conclude——"

"Has any one dared to say that I am in love with Madame Gastoul?" cried M. de Morsy with emotion.

"Do not interrupt me. From this I conclude that in commissioning the elder gentleman to send away the younger on his travels, I have put the business into excellent hands. And, upon my word, I think I merit all your gratitude for thus finding you an opportunity of serving one of your oldest friends, while at the same moment you rid yourself of a troublesome rival."

"Has any one dared to tell you that I love Madame Gastoul?" replied the marquis, with increasing agitation.

"Have I not my police to instruct me in all the scandal of the town?" said Madame d'Epenoy, laughing. "Not that I have had to employ my secret emissaries on this occasion, for your passion is so well known that I have heard of it from ten people at least.

"Are you serious?" cried the marquis, in a tone so troubled, that the old lady gazed at him in surprise.

"Why, you do not mean to tell me," said she, "that you really hoped to have concealed your feelings so entirely as to mislead every one? Had a boy of sixteen been foolish enough to persuade himself of such an impossibility, I could have understood it; but at your age you ought to be aware that the world is an Argus, more clear-sighted a thousand times than the Argus of fable, and one whose hundred eyes are never closed."

"So I have betrayed myself," said the man of fifty, with an accent of bitterness, and as though he were speaking to himself; "the infernal malignity of the world has discovered those feelings which I thought were known but to my own heart. Perhaps at this moment they furnish a subject for its senseless ridicule. If she knew—"

"She! Madame Gastoul!" interrupted Madame d'Epenoy quickly; "upon my word, marquis, you remind me of a certain general of the empire, so rapidly do you lead me on from surprise to surprise; can you seriously suppose Madame Gastoul to be ignorant of your attachment?"

"Did she even suspect it, I should fly to the end of the world to conceal my folly."

"In that case you may as well send for your post-horses."

"It is impossible she can entertain such a thought?"

"And I tell you that she knows the state of your heart as well if not better, than you do yourself."

"In the name of Heaven, tell me all you know."

"I know nothing, but that the fact is as I say. Do you think a woman does not perceive such things by intuition?"

M. de Morsy rose, and, with a vehemence so startling and unexpected that Madame d'Epenoy trembled whilst he spoke, exclaimed, "Madame, you little know the pain you have occasioned me."

"You agitate and frighten me," said Madame d'Epenoy; "come, sit down again, and tell me all your sorrows. It will relieve your heart to speak of them, and perhaps they may not be without a remedy. Remember that I am one of your earliest friends, and have a right to expect your confidence. Do not I repose full confidence in you?"

"Well then, if you desire it, I will tell you all," answered M. de Morsy, reseating himself with an air of dejection. "You shall hear the saddest, most hopeless, most humiliating of all confessions, the confession of an old man's love."

It would be highly presumptuous in us to attempt to establish the least analogy between the Marquis de Morsy confiding to his respectable contemporary the secret of his quinquagenarian amours, and the pious Æneas recounting his heroic adventures to the queen of Carthage. Yet the two recitals had one thing at least in common; namely, the religious attention with which each was heard.

Having paused to collect himself for a few moments, the marquis commenced in the following strain:

"However extravagant my folly may appear to you, you cannot condemn it more severely than I do myself. Other old men may persuade themselves that they are still capable of inspiring love; I have not even this self-deception to plead in my favour. I am fully aware that at my age the power to please is gone without return; I know that no qualities of mind or heart can replace the advantages of youth. I am not blind to my grizzled locks, my wrinkles, and all the other evidences of advancing years which I bear about me;—and yet, I love!—With sadness, with bitterness, with humiliation, it is true; but what avails all this, if, whilst I blame, I cannot cure my infatuation? This then is my deplorable, my ridiculous condition;—at fifty years of age I am in love.

"You would ask how this madness possessed me? My summers are usually passed in the Limousin, where I have an estate adjoining M. Gastoul's. There it was that, two years since, I beheld his wife for the first time. You know how beautiful, how attractive she is!

I no sooner saw than I admired; I no sooner knew than I loved her. I loved as I have loved but once before; it was thirty-two years ago; that date alone sets the stamp of madness on my present feelings."

"Thirty years ago!" said Madame d'Epenoy, with a melancholy smile, in which her early powers of pleasing seemed for the moment to live again.

"How beautiful you were, and how violent the passion with which you inspired me! I may recal this to your memory," continued M. de Morsy with emotion, "for never was deep attachment so ill requited. But what had I to hope from you, admired and courted as you were? I, an obscure conquest, a silly dreamer, little better than a child! Did you waste one single thought on me, whose dearest wish would have been to die at your feet? I knew not, I dared not ask! Such as you then knew me, the same am I at the present day. The thirty years which have since then rolled by, have left my character unchanged. I am still, what I always was, at once romantic and diffident. At twenty, these defects may be excused; but at my age what name do they deserve? Her presence, like yours in our early days, causes me an embarrassment which I cannot vanquish; does she look at me? I dread lest she should read my secret thoughts—the sound of her voice agitates me; and if I but meet her unexpectedly, the tell-tale blood rises blushing to my cheek. In a word, I experience all these various emotions, at once torturing and delightful, which you first taught me how to feel; with this single difference—and what a difference!—that thirty years ago I had a right to love."

The marquis sighed dejectedly, and remained for a moment with his eyes fixed upon the hearth, whilst his confidante gazed at him in silence, and with an air of sympathy. Although the decision of her own character rendered the chronic timidity of her quondam admirer marvellous to her, Madame d'Epenoy could not be indifferent to the sufferings of a heart whose first affections had been offered at her shrine! To just to impute this after-passion to him as a crime, when thirty years had elapsed since she had been the object of his adoration, she could not but feel at the same time somewhat sceptical with regard to the fabulous constancy on which M. de Morsy plumed himself.

"Your tale is most edifying, as the picture of a modest and timid attachment," said she smiling; "but you can hardly expect me to believe that, since 1804, your heart has not become a little more callous to such feelings."

"The heart never grows callous," replied the marquis; "its essence is love, and when it ceases to love, it ceases to beat. I do not claim to be considered as a model of immaculate virtue; I confess that I have had some adventures of gallantry in my time, yet I have really loved but twice, and that, alas! is too often."

"Too often by once, or too often by twice?" inquired Madame d'Epenoy gally.

"I do not blame myself for the past, but for the present."

"Am I to understand then, my poor marquis," resumed the old lady, with something of long-buried coquetry in her manner, "that your second passion is so much more fatal to your peace of mind than the first?"

"The sorrows which I then experienced were as the joys of paradise to the torments I now endure. I was young, the future was bright with promise, my heart was buoyed up with hope; the dreams I then encouraged were presumptuous, but not mad. Devoted at the same time to your service and the emperor's, I brought to both an equal ardour and enthusiasm, Alas! my blood has been shed, and my tears have flowed, unstanched by glory, undried by love. And yet, how gladly would I dream again those visions which I can no longer trust! Vain wish! life has but one spring, its flowers blossom not a second time. Can you feel for the tortures that burn within me? I am an old man, and I love!'"

"Is it of a woman of fifty-five that you ask the question?"

"Ah! how sincerely do I pity you, if you have passed through this ordeal! To feel his soul a vortex of passion, which his utmost efforts cannot keep down; to dread lest some chance spark should reveal the volcano which boils beneath an icy exterior,—such is the lot of the old man who loves, and yet retains his reason. This is my existence! I hoped that I had at least succeeded in concealing from every eye the secret of my weakness; but you would destroy that last hope, you would have me believe that all the world, that she herself, had discovered it."

"All this does not make your case so very desperate. Let the world say that you are in love, why need you trouble your head about it? As for Madame Gastoul, you may feel assured she has already pardoned you. And now let us come to a point on which I am personally interested; it appears that my wise son Louis has the presumption to be your rival?"

"It was predestined that I should drain the cup of ridicule to the dregs," answered M. de Morsy sadly; "that I should enter the lists as the rival of a young man of six-and-twenty, handsome, agreeable, enterprising,—in a word, as certain of success as I am of defeat."

"Louis is, indeed, all you say," answered Madame d'Epenoy with a mother's pride.

"I feel most kindly towards your son, and have no right to blame him; yet I will own to you, that during the last three months, the sight of him has more than fifty times tempted me to the commission of some tragical outrage."

"A most consolatory confession, truly, to offer to his mother."

"Fear nothing on that account; however great my folly, I am not so frantic as to quarrel with a man young enough to be my son, who would entrench himself with mock humility behind the respect due to my gray hairs. No, Arnolphe will not assail Valère; but be assured that he will spare no pains to give him an opportunity of carrying his conquests into Sweden or Bavaria."

O, from the first, I fully counted on your assistance," said Madame d'Epenoy smiling. "Now, are you sufficiently calm to listen to reason?"

"I listen to it from morning till night. My reason and my folly are constantly pulling me different ways. But when reason has spoken, folly perseveres in its old course."

"But yet love supposes hope, and if you have no hope——"

"Not only have I no hope, but even should a favourable chance occur, I would make no effort to improve it."

"Bah!" said Madame d'Epenoy, incredulously.

"I give you my honour that I speak in all sincerity. No! I should not value a success which must be obtained by unworthy means. I know but too well the stratagems employed in such cases by men of my age, the hypocritical manœuvres by which they enslave a woman's mind, become her confidants, her flatterers, even her accomplices, until, masters of her secret, they exact the price of their discretion. This infamy has its rules, which are as systematic and invariable as a game at chess. In my place, what do you suppose would be the conduct of one of these *intriguants?* At this moment he would think he had the game in his own hands. Far from standing in the way of your son, he would endeavour to remove every obstacle to his success, and the breach once made, his victory would follow as a matter of course. This is what happens every day, but the bare idea of such a triumph fills me with horror. I become an accomplice in her disgrace, with the hope of profiting by it,—never! Even could I forget my age, its secret influence would still make itself felt. The attachment with which she, thoughtless as she is, inspires me, partakes as much of the tenderness of a parent as of the passion of a lover. A few years more, and I shall really be *an old man.* Perhaps then, free from this ardour, which I blush to own, I may be content to love her as if she were indeed my child. Even at this moment my affection has never passed the limits of respect, and her honour is dear to me as my own. Conceive my anxiety, then, in seeing her exposed to all the perils which surround a young and lovely woman. May heaven shield her! In this I pray, not for her only, but for myself; I feel that should that angelic being fall, my heart would break."

Although Madame d'Epenoy might have considered this allusion to fallen angels a little indiscreet, she noticed it no farther than by saying, in a tone of good-humoured mockery, "It is impossible to play the fool with greater delicacy! Thus then stands the case; at your age, when, if ever, you should be a little reasonable, you are risking the happiness of your life on a single chance, and what a chance! the virtue of a woman of two-and-twenty, very pretty, very agreeable, consequently very much admired, and, if I am rightly informed, married to a fool!"

"A greater fool than imagination can conceive!" replied the marquis, whose indignant feelings burst all bounds. The senseless brute! the idiot of a husband!—I beg a thousond pardons, but the very thought of him excites me to fury. Not a day passes, but I am forced to repair his follies. He appears to desire, above all things, what others chiefly dread. In a word, to give you some idea of his blindness, who do you think is at this moment the person whose society he most covets, upon whom he lavishes every offer of service, every demonstration of friendship?"

"My son," said Madame d'Epenoy at once.

"Has any one told you this?"

"Are you surprised that I should guess it?" asked the old lady, laughing. "Why, it is the commonest thing in the world. Louis understands

what he is about, and M. Gastoul plays his part with a good grace. Let us now return to what more immediately concerns yourself; I will not tell you that you are acting like a madman, since you plead guilty to the charge, but I do tell you that, cost what it may, you must be cured. A moment ago I was your confessor—now I will be your physician. Answer then frankly the questions I am about to put to you. What sort of life do you lead? What are your habits, your occupations?"

"I have already told you I am a drone, a dreamer. Should the republic triumph, my fate were certain—to be cut off from the body social as a useless parasitical member. In the mean time I quietly enjoy the fortune which accident has put into my hands, and which it is very certain I should never have had talent sufficient to acquire. The interests and the passions which keep those about me in continual excitement, I am indifferent, or a stranger to. I care little by what party we are governed; indeed I scarcely know the members of the cabinet by name, and when, if ever, I read a newspaper, I begin more frequently with the feuilleton than the leading article. I contribute nothing to the service of my country but the amount of my taxes; I never even attend at an election, so little interest can I feel in these petty struggles. As a child, I had no taste for mathematics; as a man, politics are my aversion. They furnish no food for the heart or the imagination, and with me the heart and the imagination form the essence of existence. In life I have found but three things worth living for—war, love, and music!"

"They are, indeed, three fine pursuits," interrupted Madame d'Epenoy; "but the two first are only suited to early life, and the third is hardly sufficient to fill up a man's existence. We have now discovered the cause of your disease; the remedy is self-evident; it is occupation of some sort or another. *Do*, it matters not what, but do something. Enter upon some active career, which, by requiring the constant exercise of your mental faculties, will free you from these romantic chimeras, which are at once the food and poison of your life. You will say that you are too old to commence your novitiate; but every age may find employment, if it will but perform the duty that lies nearest at hand. Tell me now, had you to choose a career, which would you prefer?"

"None; all are alike distasteful to me!"

"Surely you must be conscious of a disposition for something or other?"

"For nothing in the world."

"O, do not hope to discourage me! Of what does your property in the Limousin consist?"

"Of meadow lands, woods, and an iron foundry in very bad condition."

"Then put it into good condition. Instead of leasing it out, take the management of it into your own hands. There is no cure for love like industry."

"A smelting-house is very picturesque at night; but it has no variety—always the same thing. At the end of a month, I should be tired to death of it. Besides, I am not poor enough to desire to make *money*."

"You might establish a newspaper."

"Thank you. I am not rich enough to run the risk of ruining myself."

"Not poor enough, not rich enough! I see you are determined to make difficulties if you can. Well, we must think of something else. Your family has been long settled in your arrondissement, and I am convinced that your personal popularity is universal there. Employ yourself seriously in consolidating the influence it gives you. The moderate party is, after all, the most numerous. Far from its being a disadvantage, your lukewarmness may, in certain cases, be of the utmost service to you. Your repugnance to politics cannot be unconquerable; the first step once made, I feel certain that you would, like other people, acquire a taste for them; why should you not, at the next election, place yourself upon the list of candidates?"

"In what have I injured you, madame?" asked the marquis reproachfully.

"Where is the unkindness of wishing you to become a member of the chamber? It is a fine position; you will be a legislator."

"I am not sure that I would not rather be an iron-founder."

"A jest is no answer."

"I assure you I am speaking seriously. How can I, who must have an *homme d'affaires* to manage my private fortune, dream of becoming the factotum of my constituents?"

"What have your constituents to do with the matter? But I see that you are a perfect child, and that it is useless to reason with you. Besides, all these expedients would be but half measures, and we must, if possible, strike at the root of the evil. You must try something more effectual; you must take some decisive step which will change your mode of life completely and irrevocably; in a word, you must—"

Perceiving that the marquis was about to take up his hat, which on entering he had laid unceremoniously upon a chair, Madame d'Epenoy paused.

"What are you doing?" said she.

"Nothing; pray proceed."

"You are surely not going to run away?"

The marquis smiled.

"I see that the shell is about to burst, and I take my precautions accordingly."

"Well then, yes—scoffer that you are," resumed Madame d'Epenoy, laughing in her turn; "yes, you must marry! I have told you so a hundred times, and, if necessary, I will repeat it ten times as often. For what you yourself acknowledge to be your folly, there is but one remedy, and that is—marriage."

"Prenez mon ours," said the old bachelor in an undertone.

"My dear marquis, you are an impertinent fellow. I can understand no such allusions in speaking of an amiable, well-educated, virtuous, reasonable woman, a woman, in short, worthy of your affection, and capable of rendering you happy."

M. de Morsy rose, and taking the old lady's hand, raised it with respectful gallantry to his lips.

" I am aware," he said, " that your portfolio contains a very interesting collection of *demoiselles à marier*, and I trust with all my heart that you may succeed in finding for each of them a responsible editor at the very least, but——"

" Do not reckon upon me for one of them. That is what you mean to say, is it not, you irreclaimable Cœlebs? But your struggles are vain; sooner or later your turn will come. In the mean time, let me see you again to-morrow. I shall be very anxious to hear an account of your conversation with Louis."

" At two o'clock I will be here," replied the marquis, and so saying he took his leave.

As soon as he had dined, M. de Mersy ordered his carriage, and drove to the Theatre Français, where his heart was destined to encounter a cruel trial.

THE PARTING; OR, SOFTLY BREATHING LIP OF BEAUTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE KEEPSAKE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Softly breathing lip of beauty,
Fondly rapt, on thee I dwell,
Though the soldier bows to duty,
Love must own thy witching spell.
Oh! when wastes the lamp of feeling,
In the dying warrior's breast,
Then may tones, thy sweetness stealing,
Lull his fading soul to rest.

Never more those tones may greet me!
Love and genius waft around,
Never more those young eyes meet me,
Brightest gems, in sorrow drown'd:
Still, in darkest hour of danger,
Still that form shall hover near,
And this heart, to fear a stranger,
Melt at Ida's parting tear.

O those eyes! how sweet they languish!
O those lips! how pale they grow!
On that brow is written anguish,
Must I—can I—leave thee so?
Dark forebodings cling around me,
Fancy's wizard reign is o'er;
Fate! whose icy chain has bound me,
Whispers, we shall meet no more!

CURIOSITIES OF LEGAL EXPERIENCE.—No. VII.

BY A SOLICITOR.

THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

On first coming up to London, one looks with huge disdain at the miserable flower-pots and green caterpillar-looking mignonette boxes stuck up in the window-sills; but after being "long in populous city pent," how greatly these things rise in estimation, not indeed for their own attractions, but for the scenes they recall! Perhaps no human being ever entirely loses all love for the country. Even Jack Falstaff, though a haunter of taverns, a comrade of the wild prince, and himself the king of good fellows, even he, though town-bird as he was, "babbled o' green fields," when life ebbed low, and left bare the long-hidden thoughts of former days. So it is, no doubt, with the dried old parchment lawyer.

> "The primrose on his widow's brim,
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> But it is something more;"

it is, in fact, a little pet from Nature's family which he has taken to live with him, that he may not feel quite deserted by her. Yet it is a miserable sickly life for those poor orphan flowers. Perhaps a thirsty auricula with ragged dusty leaves fainting beneath the hot sun in a red brick window-sill, is the best possible emblem of "the pursuit of nature under difficulties."

London, however, has its bits of country. Besides the great parks, and the numerous squares with their railed inclosures, there are several snug greeneries to be met with, the most popular of which is the Inner Temple Garden. It boasts only a flower border all round, a gravel walk to match, and a tolerable extent of green turf in the centre; but then the south side opens to the broad Thames, and light wherries, heavy barges and dashing little steamers, glide and paddle by incessantly, while the grass on a summer evening is covered with groups of gossiping nurserymaids, and such an army of merry romping children! Tall piles of chambers fill in the three sides not bounded by the river, and numberless windows overlook the whole garden, so that it is by no means a secluded bower for lovelorn swains; yet, somehow or other, nurserymaids of eighteen will flirt with young templars now and then under the lime-trees, or exchange glances and smiles as they pass by the ground-floor windows. These pleasing relaxations, however, are not quite devoid of danger, as a learned friend of mine unfortunately experienced. For the benefit, therefore, of our posterity who may come after us, I propose to record his adventure.

Mr. Henry Gomus had recently been called to the bar, for which he possessed no one qualification, physical, mental, or moral. He was "learned by curtesy," and by that only; was bad at thinking, and worse at speaking; his figure was short and stumpy, and his face

entirely innocent of expression, yet, with a sort of thick-skinned asinine insensibility, he boldly entered the lists against all the learning and ability of the English bar. If to attempt great enterprises with small means be heroic, Mr. Henry Gomus was undoubtedly a hero. His father was a respectable attorney in Gloucestershire, for whom I acted as town-agent, and this circumstance it was which produced a connexion between the son and myself which would scarcely have arisen otherwise. There are certain matters, of course, for which one man in a wig does just as well as another, and the fees in which, sometimes half-a guinea, sometimes a guinea, are known among junior barristers, by the name of "Sugarplums." Of these I commonly gave Mr. Henry three or four in a term, but took special care never to trust him with anything of the slightest importance. It so happened, however, that at the last county sessions he had been concerned in a case which the magistrates referred to the Court of King's Bench in London. On such occasions the junior counsel on each side settle the papers between them, and an appointment for that purpose had been made for nine o'clock in the evening of the last day of Trinity Term, 18—, at the Chambers of Mr. Schoales, the opposite junior.

June 16, 18—. Looked over my papers in "Rex v. the Parish of Amesbury;" point seems to be whether a child born in a gipsy's tent is settled in Acton parish, or in Amesbury, the said tent happening to be pitched exactly on the boundary between the two. Well, I don't know much about it, but I must do my best, and trust to good luck for the rest. As to Mr. Gomus, he's nobody.

Half-past eight P.M. Posted off to Paper Buildings. Gomus has very good chambers there on the ground floor, except that the windows are almost on a level with the garden walks. Still it is a pleasant look-out for him.

I knocked, but no one came. A second and a third time I hammered away, and at last the door was opened by the little man himself, looking so flushed and scared, that I immediately concluded my learned friend had been fast asleep. "Hoh," said he, "Hah, yes—about the Amesbury business. Ah—new point rather—no case on it," &c. &c., running on in his usual bold disjointed way, to which I was pretty well accustomed. By-and-bye it struck me that there was something odd in his manner; he kept watching my eyes and sidling about before his desk in the strangest way, talking all the time like a man who is afraid to be silent. I scrutinized the desk in vain to discover the cause of this extraordinary agitation; it was a heavy, old-fashioned piece of goods, covered on the top with black leather, and having two rows of drawers in front, between which there was an interval for the reader's legs. The bottom drawer on the left hand was partly open, and I began to fancy, from his disordered appearance, that he had been drinking when I knocked, and had hastily crammed bottle and glass away. Whether this was so or not, his nervous trepidation increased every moment; "he started like a guilty thing" when his clerk's key turned in the outer door, and prepared to accompany me to the consultation with ill-concealed reluctance.

"Tim," he said to the clerk as we were going out, "don't disturb the papers on my desk, nor meddle with the drawers."

"No sir," replied the Hibernian, not a little surprised at this injunction.

"Don't open them—nor shut them, Tim."

"No, sir," he repeated, widening his eyes in amazement, which was not a little increased by his master turning round in the passage and reiterating impressively for the third time,

"Now, mind Tim, don't shut the drawer."

His behaviour at Mr. Schoales's, where we found the opposite party waiting for us, was so peculiar, that the learned counsel had recourse to his snuff-box several times to pass off an irresistible laugh. Many bad jokes were made about the unlucky accouchement in the gipsy's tent, which Mr. Gomus seemed by no means to relish; and as to settling the case, he agreed to everything that was suggested, without even the show of opposition; so that notwithstanding I made fight as well as I could, we got through the business before ten o'clock, and I returned with him to his chambers, as it began to rain, and I had left my umbrella there. Tim let us in, when the very first thing the little man did was to march up to his desk. The drawer was shut! He started back with an involuntary shout, then rushed forward and began kicking at the mysterious drawer, stopped a while to listen, and finally sank back into his great easy chair, with such a face, so pale and woe-begone, as might well have frightened Priam. In a moment he was up again.

"Tim," he said abruptly, "has any one been here?"

"Not a sowl, sir," replied the clerk.

"You hear him, Mr. D., you hear him," he cried, turning to me; "he admits no one has been here, and you can prove that the drawer was open when I left."

"Certainly," said I, completely mystified.

"Tim, Tim Lanagan," he resumed, in a solemn tone, "I now ask you, upon your oath, who shut that drawer?"

Tim winked, and nodded, and pointed back his thumb at me, but the master was too much excited to notice it.

"Upon your oath," he shouted, "who shut that drawer?"

"Well, then, if I must say it," replied Tim, doggedly, "it was I did."

"Enough," said Gomus, waving his hand theatrically—"enough. Unhappy man! You have done a fearful deed. Blood, the blood of an innocent being is upon your hands. Only this very morning you were a respectable clerk, with a salary of fifteen shillings a week, besides the half-crowns, and now you are a manslaughterer, a felonious individual, an outcast from society!"

"No, I'm not, sir," interrupted Tim; but the counsellor went on without heeding him.

"Your wife!—Who is to tell her that she has lost her husband and his salary at one fell swoop? And that young and beautiful mother,—what *shall* I say to her when she comes for her darling boy?"

"Say he's in bed in the next room, and you'll tell no lie, any way," replied Tim briskly.

"Eh? what?—in there on the bed?—not stifled, not smothered

in the drawer? Hurra! hip, hip, hip, hurra!" shouted the little man, as he rushed into his bedroom.

"It's all right," he cried exultingly, as he re-entered with a fine fat baby in his arms—"it's all right. O my darling dear, I'm so delighted to see your dumpling face once more. You don't know the trouble you've been to me, you don't, you little roly-poly—dumpty, dumpty, dumpty, dy!"

Here he recollected that I was a spectator of his vagaries, so he stopped all at once, looked excessively foolish, and, desiring Tim to take the child into the other room, and to stay with him there, he began his explanation to me with rather a sheepish air, from a consciousness that appearances, at least, were strangely against him. After a great many hems and haws, and sundry remarks on the uncertain nature of circumstantial evidence, he came at last to the pith of the matter.

"You see," he began in his slow, drawling way, "I was sitting by the window, reading up that case about the gipsy, when a very pret—ahem—respectable-looking young woman went by with a child in her arms. I looked at her, as any one might do, you know, and she looked at me; and so, after she had passed three or four times, I—I happened to drop my paper-knife on a lot of wall-flowers, and she was good enough to pick it up for me, you know. Of course I was obliged to say thank you, and, being uncommon fond of children, I said what a pretty baby she had, and asked how old it was, and whether it was her own. She said that would be tellings, and so it went on, until I asked her to come in for a while and sit down, as the poor baby looked very tired. O dear no! she wouldn't hear of such a thing! and so, as the window was so confoundedly low, and she stood close to me, just by way of a joke, you know, I whipped the child out of her arms, shut the window, and told her that now she must come in to get her baby back again. Well, Tim was gone to Pimlico on a message, and I danced the little thing up and down for five minutes or so, that the girl might have time to get round to the front. Then I opened the door. There was nobody in the passage; so I waited a little while more, thinking she might be shy of coming at first, but it was no go at all. She has never been near the place since, and though I sat at the window till dark, I could see nothing of her in the gardens either. It's too bad," said the little man, almost crying with vexation, "it's really too bad to leave me nursing that infernal little cherub for a whole hour. I was afraid every minute that somebody would catch me, and when your double knock came, I was so flurried that I didn't know what to do, and at last I popped the varmint into that drawer. When I found it shut just now, and that nothing squalled inside after all my kicking, I made sure the poor thing was smothered like the babes in the Tower, you know. By Jove! wasn't I frightened!"

"And so you really mean," said I, "that the girl has left the child with you altogether?"

"It looks uncommon like it," returned the counsellor, shaking his head. "Yet it cannot be neither, it's so strange, so unnatural, so horrible even to think of. But then," he burst out again, striking the table

with his fist, "why don't she come? why the devil don't she come for the child?" a question by no means easy to answer.

The young shaver now began to be uproarious, and I suggested that he might possibly be crying for his supper.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Gomus, "what on earth shall I give him? I've nothing in chambers but a dozen of sherry and a cold pigeon-pie. He wouldn't eat that, would he?"

"Send Tim out for some milk," I replied, "and I dare say we can manage to feed him."

Tim was accordingly despatched to the Rainbow tavern, the landlady of which goodnaturedly gave him a small jugful of milk, which I, being a family man, and experienced in such matters, poured into a teapot, and tying a double fold of linen over the spout, soon had the little fellow imbibing at a great rate, to his evident satisfaction. In the mean time, Gomus set to work to get up a substitute for pap. He brought out the lamp-stand, lit his lamp, and set the chocolate-pot on with some milk and a quantity of crumbled bread. Jim milled this compound until it became smooth and sticky, something like bread-sauce, and a teaspoonful of it was then crammed into baby's mouth, but the article didn't suit him at all. He sputtered, made wry faces, was evidently wide awake to the attempted imposition, and testified his indignation by a most awful roar. The next point was, how to stow him away for the night, since Gomus by no means approved of him for a bedfellow.

"I shall roll atop of him," he urged, "or perhaps kick him right out o' bed, or something of that sort—besides, I never did sleep with a baby, and I don't like it."

In this emergency, Tim Lanagan suggested that if one of the largest tin boxes was half filled with something soft, and suspended from the clothes-horse, it would make an "illigant" cradle. The suggestion was approved, the tin box cleared, a small pillow stowed away in the bottom of it, and a very nice little bed made up with some old flannel waistcoats and white silk handkerchiefs. Tim next broke off the lower bar of the clothes-horse, and hung the tin box very handily on the upper one by means of divers pieces of red tape. Baby was then laid gently in, and the contrivance really looked extremely well; but, unluckily, Tim, to show off his "illigant" cradle, must needs rock it back and forward, until at last the red tape gave way at one end, and "down came baby, tin box and all," with a terrific bang. The poor little thing was really quite stunned by the fall, and I insisted on it that no more experiments should be tried, but that Mr. Gomus should give up a share of his bed for that night. By way of precaution, however, a long sea-serpent of a bolster was laid down the middle, as a boundary-line for the protection of the weaker party; and when all these preliminaries had been satisfactorily adjusted, I took my leave, followed by Tim, at a little after midnight.

Now Tim Lanagan, one fine morning, had married a lady's maid, a good deal older than himself, but possessing a small stock of money, which was forthwith laid out, partly in a little shop for millinery, and partly in a cab, which Tim undertook to drive. Neither of these speculations prospered; Tim's cab broke down, and Betty's establish-

ment broke up, so that by the year's end Mrs. Lanagan was glad enough to re-occupy her old post with her former mistress, Miss Louisa Harwood. That young lady was about six-and-twenty, and lived with her brother, a respectable solicitor in Essex Street, close to the Temple. On first coming to London, Mr. Gomus had brought an introduction from his father to Mr. Harwood, and followed it up so vigorously, that I never called at the house without meeting him there. Latterly I understood him to be actually engaged to Miss Harwood, who was said to have five thousand pounds of her own, and was a lady-like, agreeable sort of person enough, though a *leetle* prudish. Tim Lanagan, indeed, thought her so stiff and formal, that he gave it as his decided opinion "that her mother must have brought her up on biled pokers, undherdone." Her brother was a mere man of form, extremely anxious to be "respectable" and "correct," and having no higher standard for right and wrong than the opinion of the world—"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" It was through his influence that Tim had become Mr. Gomus's clerk, besides being allowed at the same time to live with Mrs. Lanagan in Essex Street, and, under these circumstances, there was evidently no small danger that this affair about the child might come round to Miss Harwood's ear, and damage the counsellor irreparably. I therefore laid strong injunctions on Tim to keep the matter a profound secret, especially from his wife, which he promised most faithfully to do, wishing that "the divil might fly away with him if he said a word of it to Betty, or any living sowl."

June 17. This morning, after reading my letters at the office, I called at Paper Buildings, curious to know how matters stood. The girl had not made her appearance, and the unlucky barrister had been obliged not only to nurse baby for two or three hours during the night, but had the greatest difficulty in keeping him quiet when the laundress came to lay out the breakfast-table in the morning. It was really very annoying, nor was it easy to say what was best to be done. Under the circumstances, it would hardly be fair to send the child to the Foundling, and yet how to get a nurse for it, without implicating Mr. Gomus's character, was rather a puzzle. On this latter point he was extremely sensitive, protesting that he would rather keep the little creature at chambers for a month than have any scandalous story got up about it.

"If they were to hear of it in Essex Street," he observed, "it would be a fine business—I suppose they'd never speak to me again."

"They," in this instance, I presume, meant Miss Louisa. At last it was arranged that an advertisement should be put into the papers, so worded as to be understood only by the party addressed, giving notice that if the child was not claimed within three days, it would be sent to the Foundling Hospital, and referring all inquirers to my office in Chancery Lane. In the mean time, the child was to pass for Tim's, and he was to procure a nurse for it in his own name—a piece of service which that model of a clerk undertook in consideration of two guineas down, and a promise to hold him harmless, whatever might happen; "for," said he, "if Mrs. Lanagan were to get scent of it, there'd be thunder and lightning not mintioned in the almanick."

It happened curiously enough, that both Mr. Gomus and myself were engaged to dine with the Harwoods on this very day, and accordingly at five o'clock we met again in the Essex Street drawing-room, where four ladies and two young gentlemen in gay waistcoats made up as large a party as the establishment could "take in and do for." Every one seemed to understand Mr. Gomus's position with the fair hostess, and the seat beside her was conceded to him as a matter of course; but from my position at the foot of the table, in such brief intervals of rest as an unoffending individual can enjoy who has to carve successively a roast turkey and a hare, I saw, or thought I saw, symptoms of quarrelling on the part of the lady, notwithstanding the counsellor's perpetual chit-chat and elaborate attentions. She was certainly more prim than usual, and sat up in her chair very straight, looking down at him from her half-closed eyelids, that I wondered to see the little man so completely unabashed. Perhaps he would have been less cool had he known what had passed in Miss Harwood's dressing-room not half an hour before we arrived.

Mrs. Betty Lanagan, as has been already intimated, was some years older than her husband, and as yet had no child by the marriage. These circumstances acting on a naturally suspicious temper, had made the poor woman ridiculously jealous of Tim, who, though, I believe, a very well conducted man, could not resist an Irishman's propensity to take a rise out of Betty now and then by affecting to be smitten with the milk-maid, or the greengrocer's daughter, or any one else, in short, that came in his way. To find out these pretended intrigues, Mrs. Lanagan kept up a gossiping acquaintance with certain female Paul Prys in Little Essex Street and Milford Lane—philanthropic beings, who loved their neighbours even better than themselves, judging, at least, by the extreme interest they took in the said neighbours' concerns. From one of these she heard, that very afternoon, that Tim had been making inquiries about a nurse for a child, and her jealousy flamed up in an instant. The late hour at which Tim had returned on the night before, increased her suspicions. His story was, that he had been detained at chambers on particular business, and, to find out, if possible, whether this was true, she stepped across to Greyhound Court to see Mr. Gomus's laundress, who was one of the secret spies she employed to keep watch over her husband. On mentioning the report about the child, the laundress immediately recollected, that when she washed up Mr. Gomus's tea-things that morning, she had found some linen tied over the spout of the teapot, and milk inside, adding, that she wouldn't be certain about it, but that something like a child's cry had issued from the bed-room. She noticed, too, that Tim was at the chambers when she came, which was very unusual, and that he seemed particularly anxious to get rid of her. This was confirmation strong to one of Betty's temper; so off she bounced in a fury, and made straight for Paper Buildings, determined, as she said, to know the rights of it at once. Her guarded single knock was answered by Tim in person. Trembling with impatience, she inquired if Mr. Gomus was within, and finding he was not, she pushed suddenly by the as-

astonished clerk rushed into the bed-room, and found there a justification of all her suspicions, in the pretty baby with fat cheeks and long clothes which lay staring on the counterpane. A scene followed of sobs, and hysterics, and angry reproaches, which affected Tim's good-nature so much, that he would infallibly have told all, if Betty had not roused his temper by abusing him on a point where, as she well knew, he was peculiarly sensitive.

"I don't believe a word of it," she repeated, in reply to his explanations. "I don't believe one word. It's one of your Irish lies, sir, I know it is."

"Ah! then have it your own way," said Tim sullenly. "But as to Irish lies, Mrs. Lanagan, I'd have you to know——"

"O don't tell me, sir—don't speak to me, you villain. I know your mean false ways well enough. You think to persuade a body to anything with your smooth spoken blarney. Oh! I'm a miserable woman! Oh! I always thought I was a miserable woman! But I might have known what to expect when I demeaned myself to marry a common, ragged, vagabond Irishman."

"Common in your teeth, and ragged too, ye dried-up scarecrow!" shouted Tim in a rage. "Demane yourself to marry an Irishman? Chah! The poor ould crature, didn't ye jump sky high to get a boy like me, one of the finest pisintry in the wide world, ay, or out of it either. Irish vagabone, indeed! That for ye, Mrs. Devilskin. Ould Ireland for ever, whirra-hoo!"

"I'll go this minute and tell my missis, that's what I will," said Betty, as she made a precipitate exit.

"Go to the divil, and don't come back again," was Tim's affectionate rejoinder.

There she goes in her tantrums, he soliloquized, and for what, I'd like to know? Sure I couldn't be the father if the masther is, the little game cock, unless I was the mother, which I couldn't be, and was'nt, I take my davy. "He treats his wife abominably." I—But, as his passion cooled down, he saw at once the mischief that might be done if the threatened disclosure was made.

"It's little *I* care for her telling the mistress," he muttered, "but it would be a pretty scrape for the masther, I'm thinking. What'll I do to stop the tongue of her? Och! murder, murder, that'll be a hard matter, any way, and she raging red-hot mad about little dirty clothes here. Ah, my pet, but it was early to be putting you *into draiers*. Well, well, I'll just wait a bit till Betty's rasonable, and it's only talking sugar to her for a while, and I'll bring her round in no time, I'll engage."

But for once, Tim Lanagan was wrong in his calculations, for Betty told her mistress everything while she was dressing for dinner. To Miss Harwood, however, the case not unnaturally appeared more suspicious against Gomus than his clerk; and though she was much too correct and reserved to make Betty her confidante on such a delicate subject, she resolved to drop a hint upon it to the counsellor, and judge for herself, by his manner of answering, whether he was implicated or not. As Tim Lanagan kept his own secret, we were, of course, wholly ignorant of what had

occurred, and Mr. Henry obeyed the summons to coffee, and joined the ladies in the drawing-room in blissful unconsciousness of the plots and schemes against him.

"Well, Mr. Gomus," said our host, "I hope the circumstances answers your expectations?"

"Why, pretty well, pretty well, considering," replied the counsellor. "My father raked up a good many briefs at Gloucester, but all junior ones. I'm sorry to say except one."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Miss Harwood, in a whisper to me. "I should have thought one leading brief on the first circuit remarkably fortunate," observed Harwood.

"Ah, perhaps so—yet I don't complain, especially as it was a breach of promise case. I gave them a let-off upon it for damages, you know it is."

"O don't tell me, sir—don't speak to me, you villain. I know you mean false ways well enough. You succeeded, no doubt?"

"Why, no, not altogether. The jury found against us with five hundred pounds damages, but I discovered that the plaintiff had only claimed three hundred, so I knocked off the other two at one slap."

"Oh," remarked Harwood, rather drily, "By-the-bye, how does Tim Lanagan get on as a barrister's clerk?"

"Very well, very well," replied Gomus, sipping his coffee.

"His wife," said Miss Harwood, in a severe tone, "tells a very different story."

"Does she indeed? Well, I find him very useful—he makes pens capitally."

"I was not speaking of that," retorted the lady sharply; "it is his moral conduct I refer to. He has formed the most improper connexions."

"I regret exceedingly to hear it," said Harwood, with a true puritan's shuffle; "morality is everything with me. Worth makes the man, as Mr. Pope judiciously observes."

"He treats his wife abominably," pursued Miss Harwood, evidently bent on mischief. "She even declared that this very morning—I scarcely know how to mention it—but she positively says that—in short, that she detected him nursing a baby!"

There was a general titter in our little circle, and Gomus became fixed and speechless, like a man suddenly confronted by imminent danger.

"My dear Louisa," said her brother, reprovingly, "there must be some mistake. Where could she possibly have seen him?"

"It was in Mr. Gomus's chambers," answered the lady, bridling up, and playing with her teaspoon.

There was a blank pause at this announcement, and I really felt for the counsellor. To my amazement, however, he remarked in a quiet tone, though two or three notes basser than usual, "Well, I could not have believed it. I had no idea he was so immoral. Of course I shall discharge him immediately; it's great impertinence in him to bring his bantlings into my chambers. People who didn't know me might think it strange."

"Ahem—m—m," coughed our host, sonorously.

"I shall discharge the laundress too," continued the little man in a

kind of monologue; "she must have known about it, and I shouldn't wonder if she was the mother herself."

"What, your laundress?" exclaimed Harwood; "why, she must be sixty at least."

"Pshaw," replied Gomus, with great readiness: "I didn't mean she was the mother—of course she couldn't be! Grandmother I should have said."

"O!" said the host.

"Hem!" echoed the hostess, while the four muslins and the two waistcoats, which made up the party, tittered audibly. The counsellor saw that the jury were against him, and determined to make a grand effort for an acquittal.

"Hem," he began, with admirable coolness, "I trust you don't susp—imagine that I am in any way involved in this affair. I hope you don't suppose me for one moment capable of—of such a thing. I assure you I have not the least guess whom the child can belong to—not the slightest idea, upon my honour."

Here he was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Betty, and two other servants, all crying at once, "O sir! O miss! such a thing! The Temple's all afire!"

"What! Fire!" exclaimed every one in great excitement.

"Yes—it's afire," repeated the whole bevy; "it's all afire, and the hingins is tearing along like mad. They say it will be all burnt to cinders. And, sir, sir, [to Gomus,] the policeman said Paper Buildings was all of a blaze."

"My chambers on fire!" shouted the little man, starting up aghast. "Good Heavens! it will be burned—the poor baby will be burned to death. Save the child!" he called out distractedly, as he rushed down stairs. "Twenty guineas to any one who saves the child."

The two waistcoats followed immediately, and I only delayed till Harwood changed his shoes; but when he came back ready for the fray, Miss Harwood also appeared in walking trim, attended by Betty.

"Brother," she said, "I shall go with you. Our friends will excuse me, but I *must* know what all this means, I *will* find out the truth about this child;" and the lady's eyes lightened as she spoke, though whether it was "light from heaven" may well admit of a doubt.

We got admittance into the Temple through the small gate in Devereux Court, and in three minutes stood fronting the north end of Paper Buildings, which was already one sheet of roaring flame. The wind too was northerly, and drove the swirling eddies of fire and smoke right on the remainder of the block, so that there was every appearance that the whole would be destroyed. Two engines were at work in the garden, supplied with water from the river, while three more stood in front of us, with their long hose fastened on to a turn-cock under the dining-hall. Firemen were visible now and then cutting away the roof with their axes, and from the windows of the yet unburned chambers, books, beds, and all sorts of furniture, were pitched into the garden by a hundred busy hands.

"Do you live in the Temple, sir?" said a gentleman in his shirt-

sleeves to a spectator in a Mackintosh; "pray let me put these papers in your rooms;" and in a trice the templar's chambers were crowded with drawers and tin-boxes full of deeds and papers, besides pictures and miscellaneous articles in great variety. Clerks and porters were hurrying about on all sides, and though the mob was excluded, yet so many persons were necessarily let in to work the engines, and the place became so wet and miry, that it was no longer pleasant for a lady to remain. The Inner Temple Hall, we had observed, was open for the reception of whatever property might be saved, and Harwood being known to the porter, we easily got in, and looked down on the busy scene more at our ease. The confusion was so great that it would have been ridiculous to look for Gomus then, so I was amusing myself by watching the men who came into the hall with different things they had saved, when among them I discovered Tim Lanagan bending under the weight of a huge old-fashioned eight-day clock.

"Hullo, Tim!" said I; "so your master's chambers are blazing among the rest then."

"Troth, they are then," replied the clerk; "and all the furnitur' in them is blazin' too by this time. Not a rag or a stick of it left, barring the big clock. Och! but the master 'ill be mad entirely when he hears of it."

"Hear of it, Tim! why he has been at the fire this quarter of an hour."

"Ah, then why didn't ye tell me?" he said, starting off with great vivacity; "I'll engage he's in a fine way about the babby."

At this exclamation Miss Harwood and Betty looked unutterable things, and the former suggested to her brother that he ought to go out and assist in preserving the endangered property. To this he immediately assented, from his habitual wish to be "correct," and to do what people would think right; but as for myself, the hint was entirely thrown away, since it was quite obvious that no real service could be effected. The fire still burned so fiercely that it was intended at one time to blow up the centre building as the only chance of saving the remainder, and artillery-men from the Tower actually arrived for the purpose; but at last, by cutting away the roof and by the aid of a strong party-wall, the further spread of the flames was arrested. At this moment a young woman rushed into the hall, frantically crying out for her child.

"Where is my child? Where is my Charley?" she repeated, clasping her hands in great distress. "O, I have murdered him—I know I have. He's burned to death in that horrid place!"

"Was your child in any of them chambers, missus?" inquired one of the Temple porters.

"Yes, yes," she replied eagerly. "Is he safe? Is he quite safe?"

"Why, as to that I can't say," returned the man; "but I heard Mr. Gomus just now talking about a child that was in his rooms, and offering fifty guineas for anybody to save it."

"Where is he?" cried the poor girl, hurrying away. "Where is he? O, I must find my dear Charley!"

"Well," said Miss Harwood, glancing at me, "after that I think there *can* be no excuse."

Here Gomus, followed by her brother, came hastily in.

"Where's Tim? where's my clerk?" he demanded, quite out of breath with excitement. "Has he brought anything from my rooms?"

"Only that ere, sir," replied the porter, pointing to the big clock.

"The villain, the cold-blooded villain!" exclaimed Gomus; "to save that, and leave the poor child to perish!"

"O, then there *was* a child in your chambers," interrupted Miss Louisa, sharply.

"Yes, there was," shouted the counsellor; "there was a child there, and I don't care who knows it now. Poor little thing!" he continued in a lower key; "it was but this very morning that I dandled it in my arms, and then it laughed and crowed. It will never laugh again now."

"Brother," said Miss Harwood with great dignity, "I shall retire. After what has passed, I should consider it a great impropriety to remain a moment longer."

"I am sorry," remarked the brother solemnly, as he offered his arm to the enraged fair one; "extremely sorry to find how much appearances may deceive us. No character, to my mind, is more detestable than that of a base seducer."

Just as the two were leaving the hall, a porter ran up with the announcement that the young woman had found her child.

"It was at the porter's lodge, sir, where your clerk brought it when the fire broke out first."

There was a great bustle on the stairs, and presently the girl herself appeared with the baby in her arms, crying and laughing, and kissing it alternately. Tim Lanagan and a crowd of persons followed her, and Gomus immediately recognized the damsel of the Temple Garden. Before, however, he had time to ask a single question, she uttered a shriek of surprise, and to the astonishment of all present ran up to Mr. Harwood, addressed him as her "dear Charles," and reproachfully inquired how he could leave her and little Charley so long without ever coming to see them?

"It's two months and more," she sobbed, "since you've been anear us, and I had no money left, and the lodgings wasn't paid for, and I thought—Oh! oh!—that you had deserted us quite—Oh! oh! oh! And I didn't know where you lived, nor what to do, and so," she said, looking down, as the gentleman took a fancy to Charley, and seemed very good-natured—"I—I left him there for a little time, only a very little time, and he was near being burned alive, he was indeed. Won't you kiss him?" she said, holding up the chubby little fellow, who laughed and stretched out his hands as if he too recognized papa.

This was too much, and the unfortunate Harwood, who had changed colour like a chameleon during this public exposure, now rushed precipitately from the hall, followed by a general roar of laughter.

"It's his own," screamed Gomus in an ecstasy of delight; "old morality's own. Ho, ho, ho! won't you kiss him? says she—ha, ha, ha!"

"And he looking physic at the cratur—whoo, hoo-oo!" bellowed Tim, while another peal from the lookers-on showed how heartily they joined in the fun.

"I say," said Gomus to the girl when he recovered breath, "it's a very good joke as it happened—devilish good; but I'll thank you not to leave a child at my chambers again."

"No, sir," she replied with a demure curtsey, though I think she had a great mind to laugh too.

During this scene, Miss Harwood and Betty had shrunk back into a corner of the hall, not having courage enough to pass the noisy group between them and the door. Mr. Gomus had too much good-nature to leave them in this awkward situation, so he advanced to Miss Harwood with his chin in the air, and magnanimously offered her his arm. The lady accepted it in great confusion, which I endeavoured to diminish by joining her on the other side; upon which Tim Lanagan made up to Betty with a ludicrous imitation of his master's gravity, and taking her under his especial protection, we left the hall in grand procession as solemn and stately as so many beadles. The passage into Fig Tree Court is too narrow for three, so that I unavoidably dropped behind between the two couples, and was thus enabled to overhear the following dialogue.

"Tim, love!"

"O, bother!"

"Tim, dear, you was always a good-natur'd darling creatur, and I know you won't be cross with me, will you?"

"Indeed, then, I've reason."

"You don't know one's feelings about babbies, Tim. You're not a woman."

"Ah, then, Betty, but you're cute to find that out, any way."

"I'll never vex you again, Tim. Oh! if you'll only—oh! oh! forgive me this once. Oh! oh! oh!——"

"Well, then, behave yourself. Don't be pillaloing that way, like a stuck pig in a gate. Behave yourself, I tell you, and may be you'll have a babby of your own some fine morning."

The couple in front were much too dignified to make up matters so easily, yet it must have been managed within a reasonable time, since Miss Louisa became Mrs. Henry Gomus in less than six weeks after. One reason for this early marriage, according to the lady, was that her brother's house was no longer a proper place for her, an opinion which her brother also seemed to entertain, since he never showed his face there until she had left it. Soon afterwards he joined that small but edifying body who follow the ministry of the Rev. Josiah Muggleton; and among these chosen brethren no one now occupies a higher rank, or possesses more of the odour of sanctity, than little Charley's papa.

THE LAST NEW BOOK.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I GAVE my girlish leisure to the joys of lettered lore,
I read uncounted volumes, yet I ever wished for more;
On the publisher's advertisements I kept a watchful look,
And went with anxious ardour to secure the last new book.

The flag of knowledge to my friends I readily unfurled,
All asked me "what was doing in the literary world?"
They "knew that in its mysteries such interest I took,
No doubt I guessed the author's name who wrote the last new book."

Tours, history, and essays—poems, memoirs, and romance,
I journeyed through them all, and yet was ever in advance,
The cheerful and spontaneous "Yes," not once my lips forsook,
When asked the welcome question—"Have you read the last new book?"

Those palmy days are over—yet I study as before,
But altered are the ranks and files of literary lore,
Tourists, biographers, and bards spring up in every nook,
And publishers in every street announce a last new book.

My paper-knife unceasingly its active duty plies,
Yet still fresh publications come—still Alps on Alps arise;
The leaves are damp as I could wish, yet am I doomed to brook
A doubt if I have actually obtained the last new book.

Sometimes I fancy that I hold the treasure that I seek,
When I hear in consternation that it left the Press last week;
Nine works in three succeeding days a like excursion took,
And the Athenæum warns us of a coming-out new book.

They flit round me like shadows, and like shadows they depart,
I stand like panic-struck Macbeth with aching eyes and heart;
Exclaim with him, "I'll see no more," yet cast a shuddering look
On the phantom of "another and another" last new book!

Yet the trials that I suffer other readers must endure,
They tell me of their troubles, and they ask me for a cure;
Must we? impatiently they ask, "such disappointments brook,
And pass our lives in vain attempts to grasp the last new book?"

Alas! my friends, expect me not to aid you with a scheme,
Ye cannot multiply your hours, ye cannot read by steam;
Fairies and Genii long ago their leave of mortals took,
And none will show you where to find the *real* last new book.

Go, fix the eagle in its flight, the sunbeam in its slope,
Catch a firm cloud before it fall, (a plan advised by Pope,)
Suspend the forest's leafy growth, enchain the bounding brook,
Then boast in fearless triumph, "I have read the last new book!"

TALES OF THE PUMP-ROOM. No. IV.[1]

OTHELLO.

THERE were times when the major ceased to recognize in the count's altered demeanour a trace of his old companion in arms. If at one moment he appeared as formerly, joyous and brilliant, full of wit and anecdote, lending to the smallest particulars, by his grace in handling them, an interest peculiar to himself, and which rendered him the life of every company, and a universal favourite—at others he showed himself the exact opposite. He would become first silent and almost sullen, his eyes sunk and his lips compressed; and then absolutely gloomy, returning, when aroused, only short and uncourteous replies. The major, who could not forbear keeping an eye on him, soon discovered the expediency of getting him at such times to come quietly home; as in the next stage of his humour he never failed to take up as personal, the slightest innocent remark, and would give way to bursts of temper wholly unaccountable.

Their long intimacy in former times had given Major Laran an ascendancy, which was often now beneficially exerted to prevent similar outbreaks in society; but it was only to witness their unrestrained violence when once more *tête-à-tête* in the count's rooms. He would storm and swear in half the languages of Europe, and then give way to lamentations, and even to tears, "Am I not an unfortunate wretch?" exclaimed he on one of these occasions—"to trample underfoot my most sacred duties, to cast from me the sincerest love, to torture a heart which beats for me alone? It is bad enough, after having aimed at the part of a Kosciusko, to be a needy vagabond, who has recklessly sported away his own happiness. But thus to requite so much devoted love, and faith so confiding—it makes me hate myself to think of it!"

In vain did his friend turn to the most obvious topics of consolation. "You yourself acknowledge," said he, "that the attachment commenced on the side of the princess—and she can only expect on your part such returns of faith and truth, as circumstances may render possible."

"Ha! of what do you remind me?" exclaimed the unhappy man; "and what reproaches are contained in your very exculpation? She, she also to be betrayed! How childish, how innocent, was she when the sunshine of her eye first lighted on the abandoned wretch who could forget beneath it all former resolutions, all earlier ties, and plunging in a vortex of pleasure, steep his conscience in forgetfulness! Yet could I—" (as if soothed by her very image to a milder mood—) "could I fly from her, when reading in that very eye that I was beloved, when hailing on her fair cheek the rosy dawn of a passion, to which every unconscious glance seemed irrisistibly to challenge a return."

[1] Continued from Vol. xxxii. p. 369.

"I cannot choose but pity you," said his friend, "pressing his hand sympathisingly, "where is the man who, thus challenged, could long remain prudent?"

"And then, when I was privileged to tell me of my adoration—and she with gentle graciousness avowed her reciprocal friendship—when that sweet blissful understanding came to be established between us, in which a passing look, or stolen pressure of the hand, is more eloquent than volumes, and days are lived through on the bright hope of one brief hour's, ay, minute's, evening interview—when on the recollection of these precious moments I existed, till the revolving hour filled up once more my Circe's cup of forgetfulness, was that a time when I could be a man and fly?"

"And who had a right to demand the sacrifice?" said his friend mildly. "It would have been rank cruelty rudely to repel a predilection on which the blight of adverse fortune was sure ere long to fall, and in whose utter hopelessness lay, perhaps, its secret charm. A little more prudence may suffice to disarm the world's censures; and for your own, there seems, methinks, nothing in the transaction so black and guilty as your language would lead one to infer."

The count lent an impatient ear to his friend's palliating speeches; his eyes rolled wildly, his brow and cheek grew dark, his teeth gnashed fearfully together. "You must not judge me so leniently," said he in a hollow voice, "I deserve it not—I am a wretch, from whom you ought to turn with abhorrence. Oh! that I could purchase oblivion, and blot out years from my life's history!—I will—I must forget—if I do not forget, I shall go mad. Send for wine, comrade, to quench the burning thirst within, and with it drown both guilt and memory!"

The major was a thinking man, and pondered deeply over these effusions of remorse and despair, and this was the result of his cogitations. "The poor feliow," said he to himself, "was always flighty, and such persons easily fly from one extreme to another. He one minute sees his love in a heinous light, because it may seriously compromise its fair object—and in the next, his remorse is swallowed up in present enjoyment." The wine came, the major filled the count a glass, which he rapidly swallowed, and as he walked restlessly up and down the room, he more than once repeated the draught; standing each time, as if irresolute, before his wondering friend, who, without interrupting, took note of his strange proceedings.

"Major!" exclaimed he at length, throwing himself down again on his chair, "what feeling upon earth do you hold to be most intolerable?"

De Laran sipped his wine, drop by drop thoughtfully, to gain time for an answer to this abrupt inquiry, and then replied,—"Doubtless the point on which we are most open to enjoyment, must also be the most susceptible of pain—so I should say tarnished honour was the most unbearable of sensations."

The count gave a grim smile, and said, "I thought you, major, more of an oracle than your response proves. Tarnished honour, indeed! and have you no deeper line to fathom the soul's depths with? The man whose honour is unjustly blemished can rise superior to the wrong—the author of it may see and repair his fault—a brave man

has ways and means to wipe the blots from his once more stainless escutcheon. But dig deeper, brother," cried he, grasping convulsively the major's hand—"deeper into the soul, and tell me of a feeling more dreadful far than this!"

"I have heard of one," replied De Larun, "one to which men like us are necessarily strangers. The feeling, I mean, which he must have who despises himself."

The count grew pale and trembled, and stood gazing some time in silence on his friend. "Well, well, comrade!" said he, "that strikes deeper! men like ourselves, as you say, have nothing to do with it, and yet—the devil lays snares of wonderful fineness abroad in the earth, and the cleverest are sometimes caught. Do you know anything of the misery of irresolution?"

"No, thank God—I never experienced it—my way has always led me straightforward to my goal."

"Straightforward to your goal! was any man ever so highly favoured! Have you forgotten the morning when we rode out of the gates of Warsaw? Our opinions, nay our feelings, were with that master-spirit who led us willing captives in his train; but whose were all the time the hearts of the Polish lancers? and when our trumpeters woke, with airs familiar to us from childhood, the dormant echoes in every breast—to whom then, comrade, did our hearts yield allegiance?"

"To their Fatherland," replied the major with emotion—"yes, then, then I felt for once the misery of a divided heart!"

"'Tis well with you who can say 'for once.' The devil can play with hearts a mighty pretty game. He shows us a charming object, and gives us a spell of what we think happiness; then, presto! he shifts the glass, and shows us an object higher and fairer far, and tenfold bliss beyond!"

"Very possibly; but what is man endowed with sense and strength for, but to abide by what he has chosen?"

"Ay, that is the thing! muttered the count, half consciously, as if struck with a thunderbolt—that is just why he must despise himself! and wherefore should I make myself better than I am? Comrade, you are a man of honour—flee from me as from the plague—I am lost to all sense of honour! You are a man of strength of mind—despise me, as I must despise myself—for—for—I am——"

"Hold! be quiet!" interrupted his friend; "some one knocks at the door. Come in!"

"Pardon, Messieurs, si je vous interrompts," said the little manager, bowing obsequiously, as he entered the count's apartment.

"What news do you bring us?" inquired the major, sooner restored to self-possession than his unhappy friend—"pray be seated, and, while you pledge us in a glass of our wine, tell us to what we are indebted for your visit."

"To the melancholy fact, that Othello must and will be performed. All my remonstrances being fruitless, I put the opera in rehearsal, safe, as I thought, in the solemn promise of our prima donna, that an opportune hoarseness should prevent the representation—when lo! Old Nick himself brought to town yesterday evening the famous

Signora Fanutti from the —— theatre, with recommendations to our court. At the head of the list of parts, which she submitted along with them, stood Desdemona; and Othello, as a matter of course, is commanded for next Thursday. I all but wept when I heard it—God knows I can do no more—and yet, believe me, I have fearful presentiments."

"Old gentleman," cried the count, who by a strong effort had managed to rally, "lay aside your gloomy forebodings. I'll ensure you that not so much as a hair in the head of any royal personage shall suffer. I'll go forthwith to the churchyard, get some one to show me the grave of the smothered heroine, make her my best bow, and request her for once to descend in the scale of victims, and be satisfied with throttling me. I am but a poor count, it is true, and no scion of royalty, and yet an ancestor of mine, it is said, once wore a crown."

"Do not scoff so recklessly, Monsieur le Comte," said the old man beseechingly. "I shudder to hear you, and think how easily you might be taken at your word. These are no laughing matters, believe me. This very last night I did nothing but dream of a grand funeral by torch-light—a royal one, and no less, by its melancholy pomp!"

"A sorry sight!" doubtless, old friend, said the major cheerfully; "yet a mighty natural one, you'll admit, for one whose day-dreams have for days been of the same sable complexion!"

The old man was not to be laughed out of his solemnity. "Methinks you, Monsieur le Baron," continued he, "should be the last to make light of my dream; for though I had never in my life the pleasure of seeing you till you accompanied the count to my lodgings, you and I walked side by side in last night's sorrowful pageant, and I remarked that you wept, as if from the heart."

"Better and better!" cried the major—though his light tone seemed involuntarily subdued—"and so Fate sent me here, for the notable purpose of parading with you in dreams through a town, where, until yesterday, I was an absolute stranger."

"We'll talk no more about it, if you please, sir," said the little man meekly. "What must be must; but the time may come when we shall all live to wish it were but a dream! The object of my visit was to request your presence at the rehearsal. Your liberality entitles you to every attention in my power, and you will, no doubt, wish to be introduced to the new prima donna."

The friends, for different reasons, gladly acquiesced in the proposal. The count, who seemed, as usual, ashamed of his late vehemence, hailed anything as a relief which might enable him to fly from himself; while the major, in whom his friend's late half revelations had awakened some very painful misgivings, shrunk instinctively from their possible renewal, and yet more distressing completion.

The painful subject was, however, not renewed by the count, who, though at times still gloomy, and even desponding, kept a more rigid guard over his lips, as though fearful of the escape of some fatal secret. The baron, indeed, saw little of him for the few following days, which, whether from congenial taste for the occupation, or more probably from the lover-like wish of enhancing, by every suggestion of an accomplished mind, the gratification of his idol's ruling passion, were

passed by the count chiefly at the theatre; superintending every rehearsal, and beguiling, by his exquisite musical connoisseurship, and the felicity of his emendations on the performances, even the little manager out of his cherished forebodings.

The day meantime approached when Othello was at length to appear, more perfectly, nay splendidly got up than on any previous occasion; and so unconsciously had the interest of the piece been enhanced, even to the actors themselves, by the singular circumstances which had occasioned its long suppression, that it was no wonder they should resolve to surpass themselves in their efforts to fulfil the high-raised public expectations, and to signalize henceforth with brighter auspices, the debût of Rossini's masterpiece in T——.

The public again experienced a double source of excited curiosity, in the far-famed piece itself, and in its principal part being sustained by an actress, who to a first-rate voice united the reputation of great tragic powers. This naturally revived the recollection of its original dramatic heroine, and her unfortunate catastrophe, with the train of royal "woes" of which it had been (like the wrath of Achilles) the "fatal spring." The old began to circulate in whispers these forgotten but ominous histories; the young, even while deriding, to repeat and exaggerate them; till the lower order of playgoers were almost worked up to believe that Old Nick himself would take a prominent part in the representation of Othello.

The baron, who, in other societies, had daily opportunities of hearing these discussions, could not forbear remarking, that at court alone, where he passed more than one evening, not a word was said on the subject by any one; till at parting, the princess Sophia smilingly whispered to him, "We are indebted, I believe, as much to your aunt's nodding plumes, as to the count's diplomatic threatenings, for our victory about Othello. How I do long for Thursday, and my darling Desdemona's song! 'her nurse,' she said, 'died singing it,' you know—and die when I may, I should at least wish it to be my lullaby!"

"Is there then truth in presentiments?" thought the baron to himself, as these lightly-whispered words fell with leaden and ominous import on his ear. "If not, what meant all these strange links of connexion—the legend of the murdered actress—the fright of the old manager—his dream of the royal funeral, and this fair creature's harping on death and Desdemona? What if the beautiful vision, as she flitted full of health and life through the apartments, with a word of mirth for one, and of kindness for another, and a smile for all, were really a doomed victim—were really and truly to die!" The next moment he was tempted to laugh at himself for entertaining so absurd a notion—he across whose mind no shade of superstition had ever before so much as flitted! and yet, chide and mock as he might—exorcise it he could not—drown it as he might amid sounds of fatal gaiety, still the whisper would haunt him, "Die when I may, it shall be my lullaby!"

The day of days came, and with it a singular occurrence. The baron had ridden out early with the count and other officers. On their return to town they were overtaken by a heavy rain, which wet them

to the skin, and the count's apartments lying nearest to the gates, he invited in his late major to avail himself of the opportunity of changing his wet garments. Furnished with a hat and great-coat belonging to his friend, Larun was walking home to his own quarters, when, after traversing two or three streets, he heard a sound as of footsteps closely following him. He stopped and looked round, and right behind him stood a tall emaciated man, enveloped in a shabby cloak. "For you, sir," said the stranger in a hollow voice, and with a searching glance, placing in the astonished major's hand a small billet, and vanishing round the nearest corner.

Larun might well ask himself, as he gazed at the tiny epistle, written on the finest paper, inclosed in a neat envelope, and sealed with a costly cameo, who, in a city of strangers, could possibly have addressed it to him? But address there was none—it was left blank; and concluding the whole to be a hoax, he carelessly tore open the note without waiting to get home; till having read the first few lines, he grew pale, and feeling almost faint, put it hastily in his pocket, and made the best of his way to his lodgings.

Thinking the twilight of the streets must have deceived him, and that he could not have read aright, he called hastily for lights; but the blaze of the lamps served but to show more distinctly the dreadful and threatening expressions of the letter.

"Wretch! who couldst leave thy wife and helpless innocents to perish of want, while sharing the world's pomps and pageantries! what dost thou in this place? Is it to bring scandal on a princely house, and involve its daughter in misery like that already the portion of thine unhappy wife? Fly! for ere this shall meet thine eye, the Pr. Sph. will have been made aware of the shameful secret of thy double perfidy."

Not a moment's doubt could Larun entertain that these lines, misdirected into his hands by the accidental loan of the count's garments, were addressed to the latter—or that the cyphers Pr. Sph. indicated the fair and cruelly betrayed victim of the wiles of his quondam friend; while the contents of the billet too well accounted for the bursts of passionate remorse and self-upbraiding, which had flashed so often and painfully through the thin veil of reckless gaiety and courtly refinement. The major was himself a man of calm and cautious, though determined character, little subject to violent impulses, and generally master of his emotions; but, on the present occasion, all his equanimity gave way; contending feelings of indignation and contempt, and finally compassion, successively swept through his mind. The thought of the unconscious smiler in the royal box, coupled with the image in the note of the abandoned wife and helpless little ones, raised a perfect tempest of scorn and ire in the bosom of the honourable soldier, and there were moments when his hand was extended towards the wall, to clutch the pistols with which honour seemed to dictate to him to act the part of their avenger. But contempt for the betrayer, mingling with intense compassion for the betrayed, paved the way at length for milder sentiments towards the former, and especially for that line of conduct by which the latter might be best shielded from the knowledge of her lover's baseness. "He must be

get off, and that instantly!" cried he; not for worlds must she ever suspect how ignobly she had placed her affections! She may weep, yet live to forget him—but to despise him would kill her outright!" Expressing, in a few brief cold words, the necessity for his instant departure, inclosing in corroboration the fatal billet, and accompanying the mandate of exile with its means, in the shape of a far larger sum of money than he could well spare—he despatched the whole by a trusty servant to the count

It was now time to go to the Opera! How gladly had the baron foresworn, for that day at least, the sight of mankind! but he thought it his bounden duty to shield, if possible, the princess from the threatened intimation of her lover's crime; nor could any means of so doing suggest itself, short of a promise from herself, to receive, or at least open, no anonymous communication. He was throwing on his cloak to hasten to the theatre, when his servant returned, and laying on the table the packet addressed to the count, informed his master that he had found his excellency already gone.

"Gone! impossible!" exclaimed the astonished major.

"His chasseur is below, sir, with a letter from his master—shall I show him up?"

Larun gave a nod of assent,—the poor fellow was ushered in, and with tears in his eyes delivered the count's parting epistle. It ran thus:

"Farewell for ever! The billet which, I have just learned, fell into your hands an hour ago, will leave you at no loss for the motive of my abrupt departure. Will my comrade in seven battle-fields spare an illustrious lady the pain of seeing my name placarded in the newspapers, by discharging the trifling debts which I have neither time nor means to call in?"

"At what time did your master set off?"

"Within this quarter of an hour, major."

"Were you aware of his intended departure?"

"Not in the least, major; nor, unless I am much mistaken, was the count himself, for, up to a late hour in the afternoon, it was his intention to go to the Opera. About five o'clock he walked out, bidding me follow him. Opposite the Lutheran church we met a tall thin man, who at the sight of my master seemed terrified out of his wits. He stopped him, however, and asked anxiously if he were Count Zroniefsky? and if he had received, a quarter of an hour before, a certain note, which my master told him he had never heard a word of. Then the stranger took him aside and said something in a whisper—but be it what it might, I am sure it was anything but good tidings; for my master grew pale and trembled, made the best of his way home, told me to pack his trunks immediately, sent the groom for post-horses, and me with the bills to your honour; and before I came away, had driven off towards the south gate. By the way he took leave of me, sir; I scarce think we shall see him here again!"

The major listened somewhat impatiently to the faithful yäger's long story, and bidding him, at its conclusion, return on the morrow, took his way to the theatre. The overture had already begun as he entered a box whence he knew he could observe what went on in the

royal one opposite. There—in all the charms of her natural loveliness,—

"When unadorn'd adorn'd the most,"

sat once more, by her mother's side, the beautiful Sophia. Her eyes seemed radiant with pleasure, and a smile of triumph played about her dimpled mouth, probably at the fulfilment of her long-cherished wish, and the sight of the brilliant audience assembled to do honour to her favourite Othello.

A brief glance, however, around the circle, was succeeded by more anxious and searching ones, in evident quest (as of yore) of some individual object. Alas! poor too confiding one! in vain does thy heart beat responsive to thy lover's supposed vicinity—in vain dost thou bend that fond gaze on vacancy—in vain with practised ear seek to detect his footsteps in the corridor—in vain, at every opening of the door, stretch back thy swanlike neck to meet only disappointment—on him that door, emblem of that of hope and happiness, is for ever closed—to thee that tall and manly form, those fascinating but treacherous smiles, are lost for ever!"

Wearied at length, the princess dropped her opera-glass, and as it sank listlessly on the edge of the box, Larun could fancy he saw the hand on which it rested describing there unconsciously the cyphers of a beloved name, so soon perhaps to be razed with scorn and horror from her memory. Was it a presentiment of what awaited her that passed there as a cloud athwart her no longer smiling face, thus knit together for a brief moment her beautifully-arched eyebrows, and let fall, as if in grief, the silken curtains of her long dark eyelashes?

The baron felt his eyes fill, as, gazing on this lovely creature, he pondered on that sad weakness of humanity which, unresisted, nay cherished into culpable passion, could make such fell havoc of human happiness and human character, and transform one, once the soul of honour, and made for better things, into a faithless perjured violator of the most sacred ties?

Often since has Larun declared that the most painful moments of his life were those which, at the close of the first act, he passed in the royal box. He felt upon entering it almost as if himself the guilty person by whose act of double treason the heart of Sophia was destined to be broken, and could scarce bear to look upon her as she sat, unconscious, and still happy before him, knowing, as he but too well did, what nameless misery might shortly be her portion.

With somewhat mitigated disappointment, her oft-turned eye met his as he stepped into the box, and, spite of the intervening obstacles of a prince and two obsequious generals, she beckoned and made way for him behind her.

"Are you not gratified—delighted," exclaimed she, "that we have accomplished our joint enterprise? And yet," added she, sinking her voice to a whisper, and slightly blushing, "one of our Othello conspirators has not yet come to share our triumph. The count must surely be behind the scenes, earning fresh thanks by putting this finishing stroke to his exertions in our favour."

"May it please your highness," replied the major, struggling with great difficulty for composure, "I am the bearer of the count's *excuses*. He has been called away suddenly for a few days?"

"Away!" repeated Sophia, turning pale. "Away! and the day of the new opera! what business could have summoned him hence so hurriedly? But I see it all," added she, relaxing into a smile; "it is a joint trick you are playing me. Do you expect me to believe he would go off thus without taking leave of his friends? No, no, I see now it is only a hoax, and I begin to guess too from what quarter there came a certain billet."

The major felt such a shock, that he was forced to cling for support to the back of the nearest chair.

"A billet!" echoed he, with a faltering voice, as dark forebodings began to awake in his mind.

"Ay, a nice little billet," interrupted the princess, sportively displaying its corner for a moment beneath the broad bracelet which encircled her lovely arm, and one, the mystery of which I might have guessed from the cunning manner in which it was delivered. I see by your eyes that you were in the plot, and though I have had as yet no opportunity to open it, (for such jests are not for the public,) you may as well tell me the contents before I get to my boudoir to read it."

"I beseech your highness, for the love of God, to give me the note," said Larun, in a perfect agony of terror at the imminence of the danger; "it was not, I have reason to think, designed for your highness, and has reached you altogether by mistake."

"Ay, indeed! so much the better, and the more likely to enlighten me as to certain people's secrets. It is to a lady, at all events, and really droll, if not meant for me, that it should have fallen into my hands."

Fain would the baron have renewed, with the energy of despair, his entreaties and warnings; but the prince came *mal à propos*, putting his head between them, the two neglected generals made good their way under his auspices to the princess's elbow, and there was nothing for him but to retreat. Haunted by a thousand terrors, he went back to his own box, now shading his eyes with his hand that he might not see the doomed victim of man's treachery, and then once more involuntarily fascinated to take his last look of one whom something whispered would never smile again.

The diamonds in the princess's bracelet-clasp, as, reflecting the thousand lights around, they darted their rays across to him, went straight to his heart like so many arrows.

"What a world of woe lurks under those ill-fated jewels!" muttered he to himself despondingly. "Will not the spring of that clasp in her secret chamber prove the opening of the door of an unfathomable abyss of guilt and sorrow? Her pulse now beats healthfully beneath the glittering band, even as her heart's beatings are for one, though absent, yet beloved. Will not both be fearfully stilled when the seal shall be broken, and the unsuspecting eye falls on the damning evidence within?"

Desdemona meantime had sat down to her harp. Its low wailing tones woke suppressed emotion and deep sympathy throughout the house; her voice at length rose above them, and she sang her well-known prophetic requiem. Who has not experienced with what

intense yet inexplicable feelings of personal sadness the wonderful simplicity of that most tragic of ditties never fails to touch even the callous heart? while to the more imaginative it is as though in breathless, painful expectation of the impending catastrophe, one already heard in the distance the stealthy step of the assassin—already felt the deepening night of inevitable destiny—already shuddered beneath the rustling of death's inexorable wings. Yet she, the innocent unsuspecting victim, sits the while at her harp, a stranger to fear, pouring forth, unconsciously as her sister swans, the accents of a dirge, felt to be funeral by every one beside—invoking a slumber, known by all else to be eternal—calling in tender impatience on her destined murderer—praying for, and blessing him, who, ere accomplishing his bloody purpose, was to make her die a thousand deaths by harsh and unhallowed words.

Larun's eyes wandered sadly from the princess to the songstress—from the woes of fiction to the kindred griefs of reality. A prophetic tear, wrung perhaps by her own secret sorrows, hung on the beautiful eyelids of Sophia, as lost to all, save the syren sounds of her favourite melody, she heard and saw nothing beyond.

"When I die, this shall be my lullaby!" rang on the major's memory. "She spoke truly," thought he; "this night has the requiem of her youth's happiness at least been sung."

With the close of the dirge Sophia seemed to have lost her interest in the business of the stage, in which others were wholly absorbed; her averted eye sought her bracelet—she played awhile with its bright clasp; a brighter smile chased for a moment her late painful emotion—a glance of intelligence cast towards the major's box rivetted his corresponding gaze. Gracious Heavens! she has snatched the fatal paper from its lurking place, and is hiding it in her handkerchief. He fancies he sees her stealthily break the seal, and, goaded by desperation, Larun rushes, he knows not whither, along the corridor. Guided by instinct rather than design in the direction of the royal box, and but a few steps from it, he hears a tumult in the house, sees people leaving their boxes, servants and bed-chamber women rushing distractedly past him, and receives in answer to his well-nigh superfluous inquiries the already-anticipated reply, "Princess Sophia has been seized with an alarming fainting-fit."

Sunk in melancholy, his very heart-strings torn with genuine sympathy in the late distressing events, Major Larun was sitting a few days after alone in his room, his head leaning on his hand, his cheek blanched, his eyes half closed, and tears, the strong man's unwonted tribute, stealing at times unheeded from them. He pondered on the fearful intrigue, in whose very inmost web a strange fate had involved him; traced all those slender threads, invisible to all eyes perhaps save his own, by which its meshes had been complicated, and those further ramifications of the courtier's skill by which it had been made to double at length, and inextricably involve in its net a young, unsophisticated, and ill-fated heart; and it is little wonder if he dwelt with undiminished bitterness on the primary author of the deadly havoc—his quondam friend and comrade, once so bright a meteor on honour's horizon, once so renowned a soldier, and now a wretch,

villain, capable, in the face of all the inevitable misery which had ensued, of devoting his unrivalled power of fascination to the betrayal of the fairest young bud of unexpanded womanhood which ever bloomed in cottage or in palace.

He was the more haunted by the vision of this suffering angel, that there mingled in his bitter musings the anticipated pangs of a scene which shortly awaited him. That every morning he had been sent for by a lady high in the court, mistress of the household to the youthful princess, who informed him without reserve that her young lady was dangerously ill—indeed, that the physicians gave little or no hopes of her—pronouncing her disorder a shock upon the nerves. She further told him that the princess had made her aware of everything, and withheld from her no particular of the distressing circumstances connected with her illness; and having learned that there resided at present in T—— a person, (viz. Major Larun,) the previous intimate acquaintance of Count Zroniefsky, had made it her most earnest and urgent request to be permitted to hold with him a few minutes' private conversation.

So earnest indeed, so verging on desperation had been the intreaties of the poor young creature, whose life seemed prolonged for the accomplishment of that one sad object alone, that the scruples of one so much a slave to etiquette as Madame de V. had at length given way, and she ventured to propose introducing the major to the desired interview the same afternoon.

Larun had not found in his heart to decline. Though well knowing it was out of his power to afford the consolatory intelligence yearned after by the dying victim, he also well knew how strong was that longing for the balm of human sympathy which the interview he so dreaded might tend to appease. But what was he to say to her? Was it not to be feared that the very sight of Sophia, reviving the cruel memories of the last few days, would so thoroughly unman and overcome him, as to add, by his visible emotions, fresh poignancy to hers. It was, while sunk in similar cogitations, that he received a message that the lady in question awaited him in her carriage, and took his place in it in silence by her side.

"You will find the princess extremely ill," said his companion, weeping; "I have given up all hopes. Nor can I imagine that any healing virtue, baron, can reside in the interview on which my poor mistress so fondly reckons. If you can afford her no comfort we shall see her young life expire, like the flickering flame of a lamp that burns out for want of fuel. And could you even furnish her with the sole hope and consolation to which her heart clings, it would be so wholly at variance with the claims of her rank and situation, that I could almost find in *my* heart to wish she might die rather than bring disgrace on her royal house."

"You may keep yourself easy—there will be death in my words," said the major, with a bitter smile. "But has anything transpired of this sad history? What is the family's opinion of her illness?"

"Oh! neither the family, the court, or the city, think otherwise of her disorder than, as I formerly told you, that it is a fever from cold.

The silly common people lay it all upon the opera, and say that Othello will be her death. What we both are aware of is known to no one. Some ladies, indeed, had shrewdly conjectured how things might be, but without positive knowledge."

"And yet," replied the major, (recalling the words of the ambassadress, and fixing on the lady at his side a penetrating look,) I fear she may owe her death to a piece of most unjustifiable officiousness. That some one suspected the *liaison* and pryed into its truth, is unquestionable, and equally so that to effect breaking it off, the history of the count was traced out——"

"Do you really believe this?" interposed the old lady, getting pale, and her lips quivering, as she strove to escape from the major's searching glance.

"Yes, as I said, the count's entanglements were unravelled," continued Larun, "and means were taken to intimidate him, hence by threats of informing the princess of his marriage. So far, the plan had nothing amiss in it, nor had such a wretch deserved to be more leniently treated. But it was pushed farther, and by way of at once curing an unhappy lady of her misplaced love, she was suddenly, barbarously, and unwarrantably made aware of the count's secret, as if such tidings could be slept off and forgotten before morning. Verily, the nostrum was better calculated for the iron nerves of a dragoon, than for the soft and gentle heart of a tenderly-nurtured child."

"I must beg leave to remark," said the court lady, with somewhat of her earlier self-possession and stateliness, "that this tender child is a scion of a royal house, prepared by her education to rise superior to such unbecoming considerations. And were it really the case that such a plan of operations had been laid and executed, I really could not blame those engaged in it for their praiseworthy intentions."

"They have at least gained their object—she will die!" interrupted the baron, impatiently.

"Their object! Do you mean to say we wished to kill her!"

"Pardon me, madam," said Larun, in a tone of cutting coldness, "I named no one, I merely spoke of the actors in a cruel, and as it has proved, murderous conspiracy."

The old lady bit her lips and was silent. In a few minutes the carriage stopped at a side-door of the palace, and an ancient domestic led the way through a labyrinth of corridors and staircases. By degrees they became wider, and more handsomely lighted, and the major perceived they had reached the inhabited portion of the chatean. This servant pointed to a side-door, and after passing through a long suite of rooms terminating in a saloon belonging apparently to the princess's apartments, his conductress requested the baron to rest himself awhile till she should return to summon him.

Long indeed seemed the quarter of an hour which elasped ere she came back, and longer her prosings respecting the sacrifice of etiquette she had made, in deference to the princess's urgent request, by promising to remain out of ear-shot of the conversation, which she, on her part, expressly stipulated should not be prolonged beyond a few minutes. As Larun followed her into the apartment, how painful was the contrast between the empty pomp of the silk-clad walls and

gilded cornices, the fanciful draperies, and bright Turkey carpets, and the fast-fading form of the lovely young creature, who, clad in simple white, and pale as monumental alabaster, lay extended on a splendid ottoman!

Various, nay opposite as were the circumstances under which they now met, they revived, strange to say, the deep impression which the first sight of the youthful princess had made on the baron. For, though then dazzled for a moment by the brilliant freshness of her bloom, the bright sparkle of her eye, and the winning smile which then played habitually around her rosy lips, it was on reflection the simple style of her unadorned beauty, and the innate dignity, softened but not obscured by the most graceful affability, which had so indelibly rivetted her image on his mind. And now, spite of the cruel frost which had nipped that brilliant bloom, of the deep cloud which had shrouded for ever the radiance of that eye, and the saddened expression which had stolen over the once-laughing mouth, did there not linger on the whole changed aspect of the most interesting of sufferers, an unearthly charm more resistless, more bewitching far?

The major stood a few minutes in silence, contemplating with deep emotion the beautiful wreck before him. The princess, pointing to a seat near the foot of her sofa, addressed Larun in a voice, which, if it had lost the bright joyous bell-like clearness of its former music, sank all the deeper in the listener's heart.

"It were idle in me, Monsieur le Baron," said she feebly, "were I to leave you long in uncertainty as to my motive for requesting this visit. I am aware that the count confided to you, as to a friend of long standing, some circumstances which it were better had never occurred. You remember the evening of Othello, and my mentioning to you the receipt of a note, which you manifested great anxiety to recover from my hands. May I request to know your reasons?"

"My reasons, your highness?—because I thought I could not only guess the contents, but already knew them."

"You did!" exclaimed she, a tear starting in her beautiful eyes—"you did! From the very moment I first saw you, I believed you a man of honour; why, then, in God's name, if acquainted with the count's engagements, did you not earlier send him from me, and spare me at least the pang of being forced to despise him?"

"Because, as God is my judge, and by the honour you justly suppose so dear to me—I was as much a stranger as your highness to the count's secret ties, till apprized of them by a similar billet, which fell into my hands instead of his own, but an hour before I entered the grand-ducal box. And when, acting on the information, I took measures for enforcing his instant departure, I found he had been otherwise warned, and was already gone. From a hint in my billet I gathered that a similar shock impended over your highness, and thence my eagerness to shield you from it by recovering the fatal paper."

"You do not surely believe in these inventions?" said Sophia, while her streaming eyes belied the tenour of her too partial words—"they were a master-stroke of some manœuvring people who wished

to make a breach between us. Read this billet—the one I told you I had received, and you must be convinced of its falsehood."

He read as follows:

"The count Von Z. is married; his wife resides at Avignon; three children claim his paternal cares. Can an exalted lady be so great a stranger to honour or to pity, as to wish his longer estrangement from such hallowed ties?"

The handwriting and seal were the same as those of the letter he had himself received; and Larun gazed silently on the fatal lines, forbidden, by strong conviction of their truth, to deny their authenticity, yet reluctant to plunge a dagger, by its admission, into the already bleeding heart of their victim.

"You see," continued poor Sophia, as if afraid of letting him speak, "when first, in my thoughtless curiosity, I broke the seal of the note, and saw the dreadful words, 'wife and children,' I felt as if I had read my own death-warrant. My senses forsook me, and my health at once gave way. But no sooner do I feel a little better than hope revives within me, and I cease to believe that Zroniefsky could be so wicked, or could have so barbarously deceived me. I wish I could but see you smile, major, though it were in derision for my allowing these foolish lines to agitate me so dreadfully. But you surely think yourself—don't you, that it is all a deception?"

The baron's agitation at least equalled that of his auditor, who hung on his lips, as though life and death were suspended on his answer. Her eyes once more resumed their wonted lustre, the soft persuasive smile hovered round her beautiful mouth—her whole aspect shone, as if responsive to the good tidings of some angelic messenger.

And what could Larun do or say? He answered not; and his eyes sadly sought the ground. And then it was pitiful to see how visibly the livery of hope forsook the again faded features—how the bright eye sunk once more in dim eclipse—and the pale lips were painfully compressed—and the hectic flush which had so lately mocked the cheek with hues of returning health, gave way to utter ghastliness. Unable for farther effort, her head buried in those fair hands through which tears forced their unresisted way.

"I see," said she, almost inaudibly, "you are too high-minded to flatter me with hopes which a few days might suffice to put to flight for ever. I thank you—even for this appalling certainty. It is, at least, not worse than the killing suspense I have for days endured. And now, my friend, take with you this little casket, containing much which is, or has been, dear to me. Let it be forwarded to him—or no—leave it me yet a little longer—it shall be sent to you when I require it no more. Methinks that will not be long," added she, after a few moments' rest; "I am certainly not addicted to superstition, and yet why should I have been taken ill just after that fatal Othello?"

"I could not have supposed this idea would have come across your highness's mind, even for a moment."

"You are right, it is very foolish of me; but that same night I was carried so ill home from the Opera, I dreamt I was to die. A melancholy, dark-looking lady came up to my bedside with a down quilt of

red silk under her arm. She spread it over me, and pressed it down harder and harder, until I was all but suffocated. And then who should arrive but my great uncle Duke Nepomuk, (just as he hangs yonder in the gallery,) to free me from the deadly pressure—but the strangest of all is yet to come—"

"Well?" asked the baron, again faintly smiling—"what ensued between the duke's picture and Desdemona?"

The princess seemed dreadfully struck.

"How came you to know," said she eagerly, "that the lady was Desdemona? I beseech you tell me why you said so!"

The major was somewhat at a loss how to reply.

"What could be more natural," replied he, after a pause, "than that you should dream of Desdemona, when you had just that very evening seen her smothered under a red *Dorset?*"

"Ay, but the wonder was she should occur to you as well. But more wonderful still, though I waked when the grand duke came to my assistance, ay and remained wide awake, as awake as I am now—I saw the young lady, with the *plumeau* under her arm, go slowly out at the door! Every night since, I have the selfsame dream—only she smothers me worse and worse, and my uncle is longer in coming to take her off me—but I always see her plainly, and in reality, going out at the door! And late last night, when I felt a little better and had my harp brought and played over my dear Desdemona's song—the door opened, (I know you must and will laugh at me,) and the same lady looked in and gave me a friendly nod."

Sophia had told, half in jest, half in earnest, the history of her feverish visions, but she grew serious, nay solemn, as she added, "Baron, when I am gone you will think sometimes of me? The memory of one like yourself is worth living in."

"Let me intreat your highness,' replied Larun, with difficulty suppressing his emotion, "to lay aside thoughts and expression so unfavourable to the recovery, in which all have so deep an interest."

The mistress of the household appeared at the door, and by her signals put a period to the audience. Sophia gave her hand to be kissed by the major, whose lips, he often declared, had never before or since been impressed with so much of mingled love and reverence on that of any human being. He exchanged with her one long last look of mutual good-will and reciprocal feeling—the old court lady's formal aspect broke the spell—he rose, and made, under its freezing influence, the painful effort of bidding adieu, in terms of idle compliment, to one for whom his heart was breaking.

"I hope," said he, "to see the court ere long restored its fairest ornament."

"You hope, major," replied she with a sickly smile; "farewell! *I* have no more to do with hope."

For the next day or two nothing was thought or talked of in T—— but the illness of their beloved young princess. A slight amendment, followed by relapse, harrowed with suspense the feelings of her doating relations. Early one morning, alas! a servant brought to Larun a little casket; and one glance at the sacred deposit, and at the bearer's sable livery, sufficed to inform him that the princess was no

more. For the first few moments he felt as if the loss of this fair being were personal to himself alone. It had been his fate to lose much that was near and dear, in a world of grief and change—but never had a bereavement sat more deeply on his soul than the present one. It seemed as though earth contained for him but one business—that of fulfilling her last behest; and he would have quitted at once a town so filled to him with painful reminiscences, but for the wish to see consigned to their last repose the princess's mortal remains.

For the first time since her death did he quit the house, when the tolling of all the city bells, and the solemn chanting of requiems, and the long ranges of torchbearers, gave token that Sophia was to be borne to the family mausoleum. He neither heard nor heeded the whisperings of the multitude as to the nature of her illness, or the cause of her death; his thoughts rested only on that precious moment when her dying eyes had been bent on him with kindness, and his lips for the last time had pressed her now cold hand.

The insignia of her noble birth had been removed from her coffin, and her remains slowly lowered to join the dust of her ancestors. The crowd had dispersed; the attendants, extinguishing their torches, had silently retired; the major cast a parting glance on the spot of the angel's disappearance, and left the cathedral.

Before him walked with tottering and shuffling steps an old man, weeping bitterly; and when Larun overtook him and looked in his face, he saw that it was the opera manager. The old man drew up, gazed long and stedfastly at Larun, and as if yielding to an irresistible recollection, addressed him thus:

"Would you not now wish, baron, that it had only been a dream, and that sweet girl they have just laid in the grave had been still alive and well?"

"Of what do you remind me?" exclaimed the baron with an involuntary shudder. "Ay, true, it is, by Heaven, just as you dreamt! she is dead and buried, and we two walk side by side from her grave!"

"And therefore should men not make a jest of destiny," said the old man with sad solemnity. "Eleven days, methinks, have now elapsed since we brought out Othello—'twas on the eighth she died!"

"All accident—pure accident!" exclaimed the unconvinced Larun. "How easily could I upset your superstitious fabric! Do I not know too well what killed her? the dagger, sharper than Desdemona's, by which her heart was pierced—the monster, yet blacker than Othello, by whom that heart was broken! And yet, in the face of all this, you would have me connect her death with your unlucky opera!"

"Our disputes will not, alas! bring her to life again!" said the old man tearfully. "Believe what you will, my good sir, on the subject, I shall note it as it took place, in my theatrical register. I might have almost done it beforehand—so sure was I that it must happen!"

"No," replied the major, almost sternly; "no! it need not have happened—one word from me might, perhaps, have averted it. In God's name let me have no more of your Othello! the coincidence, I tell you once more, old man, was a mere accident!"

"And permit me to remark in return, that there is no such thing in nature as accident—all is the work of Providence."

The old man arrived at his own door—bowed meekly to the impetuous Larun, and pressing within his aged hands the yet colder one of the baron, took leave with these words—"The *fact* is, that the princess died—eight days after Othello!"

WINTER—A BALLAD FOR THE SEASON.

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

When winter with his icy hand
Has wither'd up the earth,
'Tis sweet to have a social band
Come crowding round our hearth,
With songs, and smiles, and whispers bland,
And cheering tales of mirth.

Unheeded comes the howling storm,
If friends of bygone years
Have met with hearts unchanged and warm
As when youth's dream was theirs,
And in our home some cherished form
Has banished all our cares.

But when amid the voice of glee
We hear the night-winds roar,
Our honest pride and joy should be
To aid the houseless poor;
For winter in his heart hath he
Who drives them from his door.

THE LOAFER.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

Yes, 'tis he, my dear friend; who e'er scenteth my fare,
As keenly as hound ever scented a hare,
Whose love is so great, and so rapidly grows,
That he lives on my pocket, and wears out my clothes,
Knows the hour that I dine, comes to breakfast and tea,
And borrows my bed—all in *friendship* to me.

When the Loafer, like poor Simon Spungy, can find
Some friend hath a dinner that tainteth the wind
To the stray passer-by, he just drops in a card;
"Not at home" is no use—he considers it hard
That they cannot see him, as he leaves town at nine,
And so, *pour prendre congé*, they ask him to dine.

My dear friend the Loafer you daily may meet
At New York in the Broadway, in town, Regent Street,
His feet cased by Hoby, his coat quite *parfait*—
Heaven help the poor tailor! the Loafer can't pay,
Though he's friendly with lords, whom he knows but by name,
And quadrilles at all parties of *Morning Post* fame.

The Loafer has plenty of small-talk and news;
His wits being his fortune, he lives to amuse.
If you've sent an invite to a few friends, he'll fall,
Like a perfumed *bon bon*, in an evening call,
Fill your ears with his flattery, himself with champagne,
And his very Addio says, "Ask me again."

A spaniel in spirit, the Loafer can hear
Unmov'd some opinions that please not the ear;
Receives censure and slight with as perfect good will,
As he does the score items that swell out a bill;
Will borrow with boldness, and often has found
His boldness, though worthless, worth to him a pound.

On the race-course the Loafer will elbow the Peer;
At the hunt he's the first, and the loudest to cheer;
If a toast is proposed he will double his draught,
And if none, he will fill for the pride of his craft;
He is always officious, but never next,
And clings, like a burr, to the end of your skirt.

The Loafer's a pupil of holy Saint Paul,
Who advises mankind to be all things to all;
In all ranks he exists, in all circles is found,
And 'tis quite *comme il faut* where these creatures abound:
I've known them, and met them,—we ne'er could agree,
So keep the pure Loafer at distance from me.

MEMOIRS OF AN ITALIAN EXILE.*

BY ELI BLACKGOWN, D.D.

CHAPTER XIX.

The last Farewell.

" Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva.
Nos patriam fugimus.

UNDER the most trying circumstances, in the heart of the most unsettled community, there are always a set of men privileged to witness public events with all the unconcern of happy neutrality. I do not here allude to those selfish, unnatural philosophers, who look on the rise and fall of nations with a kind of *suave-mari-magno* voluptuousness. I speak of humbler beings, too insignificant to be affected, too ignorant to be aware of civil commotions. There were many of our villagers, many of our suburban journeymen, who even at the moment of being coaxed and bribed, or otherwise bullied and cuffed, into assuming the tricolor cockade, would have been at a loss to distinguish the loyal from the insurrectional colours. Of all the revolutionary din that deafened them from sunrise to sunset, they only knew that something was going on that regarded them not; they stared at the more excitable part of their townsmen with a feeling of wonderment not unmingled with a vague sense of uneasiness and apprehension.

The town gates at Parma are invariably opened at daybreak. Long before that time, every morning, Sundays not excepted, numerous crowds of fruiterers, milkmaids, woodmen, butchers, and bakers, with carts, donkeys, and baskets, bound on their early errands, are wont to besiege the gateway. The country people outside, were on that fatal morning—March 13, 1831—arrested in their progress by the slowly-advancing Austrian soldiery; but the not less numerous crowd of outward-bound travellers had, unnoticed by us, made their appearance, and stood gazing and whispering in our rear.

The population of the neighbouring courts and alleys, squalid and wretched as it invariably is in Italy, in the vicinity of the town-gates, were soon roused from their slumbers. Dishevelled women and half-naked children joined the groups of early risers. They huddled up to the bulwarks, they sneaked along the walls, on all sides they thronged upon us. The poor people did not well understand what was going on. Still that there were white-dressed soldiers outside; that they advanced in a threatening attitude, that they levelled their guns against us, was obvious enough. A murmur of alarm and consternation spread among the wondering multitude They called out to us to lay down our arms, to throw open the gates. They roused the porter who slept in his lodge near the guard-room. Rubbing his eyes and yawning, the old grumbler, in his night-gown and slippers, shaking

* Continued from vol. xxxi. p. 367.

a ponderous bunch of keys, and backed by the tumultuous rabble, came forth to the discharge of his duties.

Bewildered as I was by long watching, and by the sense of my difficult position, I was not the man yet to suffer my will to be swayed by the interference of such cowardly hinds. I snatched the keys from the gate-keeper's hands, thrust him backwards, and ordered four of my men to lower their bayonets and clear the gateway.

The rabble drew back, of course, but their clamour grew louder, and their numbers increased. The aged porter, smarting under the blows he had received from the rough executors of my orders, harangued the incensed multitude. Thus, while watching the progress of the enemy before us, we had every reason to expect a sudden rush of the disorderly mass on our rear. Our best chances were now, either to be shot by the Tyrolese, or ignominiously disarmed and trampled upon by the populace.

An unexpected arrival brought the matter to a crisis. Some of my readers may remember in whose company I was when I was first startled by the cry of alarm in the evening. The uproar of that popular tumult, and my abrupt departure, had caused poor Judge Cornaro a headache and a sleepless night. He had scarcely shut his eyes, or allowed his wife a minute of rest. During the fretting and shivering of that feverish night, he had come to a resolution to abandon a town in which his nerves were always in danger of being put to the ordeal of such sudden alarms. At early dawn he had roused his household, ordered his horses, and was now driving to his country-seat at St. Martin's Abbey.

On he came, driving, as usual, at a rapid rate, and being near-sighted, could understand nothing of that motley confusion. He was, however, a well-known popular personage, and the people drew aside to make room for his horses. No sooner was he enabled to descry white coats and guns in the distance, than he pulled in his reins in great haste, and would have lost no time in making good his retreat, had not a person that sat all mantled and furred by his side, laid hold of the reins. That person was she who had so often played the part of my angel—Marina!

"De Negri!" exclaimed the well-known voice, "it is you? what means all this?"

"You see it, lady," said I. "The Austrians. All is lost!"

"For Heaven's sake!" she cried, "what do you mean then? what can you do with a handful of men?"

"Lady, I know not. I am distracted. I would fain stay and be killed."

"He is crazy, my dear," said the judge. "Come, madam, let go the reins: those fellows will shoot us on the spot."

"Yet a moment, sir!" exclaimed the generous woman. "Stay yet a moment!" she repeated with stern resolution: "would you leave here your friend to perish in his rashness?—De Negri, you are bound to obey me—jump up—we go not without you!"

"He is crazy! he is a madman! he would sacrifice us and our town!" cried the people all round, who had successfully crowded in the wake of the carriage. They all pressed forward as if at a given

signal; they urged my few companions against the iron railing; they wrenched their weapons from them, the keys from my hands. In that emergency, the judge, who, notwithstanding his age and habitual indolence, was still a very powerful man, laid hold of my coat-collar and lifted me up into the carriage. He then made his way through the crowd, with that masterly skill for which he was celebrated, and drove off.

"So we are out at last," muttered the poor gentleman, still half-frantic with terror. "Here they are, then, these soldiers of Austria. I thought so, I always expected it would end thus. God help us! God befriend us!—This is no morning to venture out—no chance of getting to St. Martin's to-day. Home, home! we must haste and bar doors and windows at home—and—now I am thinking of it, De Negri, my boy, I am sorry to be under the necessity of telling you so, but your company is anything but desirable in such a crisis as this. Why—you understand—you made yourself so conspicuous."

"Say no more, judge," I interrupted hastily. "Let not my company jeopardize the safety of my friends; leave me to take care of myself. God bless you!"

Saying this, I jumped from the carriage. Meanwhile want of rest and intense anxiety had well-nigh maddened my brain. I gazed at the judge's carriage as it drove from me, scarcely noticing Marina's salutations, who waved her hands towards me in a deprecating manner, as if to conjure me to provide for my safety.

Stunned and amazed, I walked from street to street without any well-determined object. There reigned a stillness and solitude such as might well befit a Sunday morning in London. The good people of Parma began to awake and to look out of their windows. Saddened more than surprised at the sight of their long-dreaded invaders, they withdrew their heads, as if eager to shut out the view of those hideous objects. Not a door, not a shop, was opened. The market-place was deserted, and even the cheerful peals of the sabbath-bells dared not interrupt the awful solemnity of the morn. Those of our militia-men who had peacefully resigned their posts to their conquerors, had sought the refuge of their dwellings. The members of government and other *compromessi* were either trying to abscond or devising other means of escape.

I rambled for more than two hours in the streets ere I began to feel uneasy on account of my safety. That fit of despair which had prompted me not to survive the disgrace of our defeat, but die on the town-gate, was not yet over. My hands rested still on my pistols in my greatcoat pockets, and as I stalked slowly along the ranks of that hated soldiery, I had no better wish than that some of them should dare to step forward and lay hands upon me.

All that, however, if I had better reflected, was yet a very remote danger. The Austrians came as Maria Louisa's allies, not as her executioners. They were not likely to interfere with the transactions of her police. Moreover, however important a personage I might fancy myself, there was none of them that knew me, none of them carried my portrait in his pocket.

I had, of course, stripped my hat of its tricolored cockade, and

although there might perhaps be more hatred and bitterness in my looks than in those of the staring burghers that crowded around them, it was not very likely that the Austrian soldiers would arrest a man merely on the ground of physiognomical surmises. But, along with the Austrians, other more keen-scented blood-hounds had entered the invaded town. Just as I crossed the main-square, I descried six Modenese dragoons standing on the threshold of the guard-room. One of them—I could swear I recognized the same man, who, with one of his comrades, only six days before, had that famous hot ride after me from the gate of Reggio to the bridge of the Enza—whispered his companions, and walked determinedly in my direction.

Then, I confess, for the first time I shuddered, and my courage forsook me. Yet I dashed from the square; hurried through a crooked lane that led to the University, and made my best speed towards that well-known edifice. As I touched the threshold of that ex-convent of Jesuits, I felt as if no man would dare to follow me within the once inviolable precincts of my Alma Mater. I have had already occasion to describe that wide mansion, and to state that my uncle, as chancellor of the University, had his residence in it. I was familiar with every nook and corner of its halls, galleries, and subterranean passages, and flattered myself that, once in, I could baffle the pursuit of a whole regiment.

Yet even on the threshold of that august building, the gend'arme did not give up the chase. From passage to passage, across the courtyard, along the cloisters, I fancied I heard his iron tread, quickening just as I hastened my flight. The courage of anger and despair finally rose within me. I stopped short, and pistol in hand turned to my man face to face.

Vain phantoms of a disturbed imagination! The moment I stood still, the dreaded tramp suddenly ceased. The man was gone! I then began to laugh at my terrors, and reflected how unlikely it was that a man would venture alone in such a morning so far from the head-quarters; I was ashamed of the trick I had suffered my fancy to play upon me.

That moment of reflection had the effect of awaking me to a due sense of my situation. I thanked that chance that led me to the very place that might afford, at least for the moment, the safest asylum. I walked up to my uncle's apartments.

Between me and my uncle, there had been of late no exuberant feeling of good-will or intimacy. Still, no sooner was I ushered into the professor-chancellor's presence, than he cordially thanked me for having repaired to his roof under such circumstances. He called for our breakfast, of which I stood in no trifling need, and then showed me up to the observatory, whence a most melancholy spectacle awaited me.

The Austrians, who had entered the town at daybreak from the eastern gate, were no more than eight hundred. But not long before noon a column of more than six thousand foot and two thousand horse, with a formidable park of artillery, advanced from the western road. Forward they marched squadron after squadron, and battalion after battalion, so that I thought there would be no end to them. A

dense cloud was gathering upon their heads, and, just as they made their appearance, began to let down that cold, drizzling rain, which, according to our old Italian prejudice, never fails to accompany the troops of that nation in their march. Mournfully did I gaze on their waving lines, on their streaming pennons, and on the green myrtle-boughs that adorned their helmets as emblems of victory. Sadly did I listen to their neighing steeds and to their braying clarions, and I leant for support against the balustrade of the turret, and lifted up my eyes to heaven with an aching heart. Where, thought I, was the justice of that severe dispensation of Providence? By what sin of ours or of our fathers, had it pleased God to bestow on those hordes of savage northerners, so wide an ascendancy of strength and number, to empower them to crush, fetter, and torture, the helpless children of a nobler race?

I tore myself from the heart-rending sight. I flung myself overpowered on a sofa in my uncle's dressing-room, and fell into a heavy slumber. Late in the evening my uncle proposed to remove me to a safer retreat. One of his friends, the owner of a large estate near the Po, had applied to and obtained from the Austrian head-quarters a passport for himself and family, without which no person was suffered to leave town. That gentleman's carriage and the darkness of night favoured my evasion, and ere midnight I found myself tranquilly resting under a friendly roof, in the midst of a wilderness of corn-fields and rice-grounds.

Two or three days elapsed, after my first domestication with my uncle's friend, before I fully recovered from the fatigues and anxieties of the recent vicissitudes. But, with the restoration of my forces and spirits, my natural restlessness awoke within me. My host's mansion—in fact, a large farm in the plain—was but a cheerless residence; and the company of his two spinster-sisters, notwithstanding the sympathy evinced towards their hapless recluse, was not much calculated to relieve its monotony. The gentleman-farmer himself was rather an agreeable companion, especially after his third bottle at dinner; but the cares of his tenants, of his stables and kennels, engrossed all his time, and the *ennui* of my *incognito*, my constant longing for news, and my fretful impatience of confinement, put his best spirits to a sad trial. At the end of a week I could not, for my life, endure it any longer. I procured a suit of countryman's clothes, disguised myself to the best of my abilities, and took leave of my reluctant host and of his compassionate spinsters.

On my first outset chance presented me with the very companion I would have gone a hundred miles to meet. As I crossed the Taro a little above San Secondo, I was hailed by one of the watermen of the ferry-boat, in whom I recognized my stout armourer Pippo Galli.

He was one of our thousand and one fugitives. He had for a week resided in the waterman's house in the hope of evading detection or pursuit; but was now determined to repair to the fortress of Bardi in the Apennines, where he had understood Captain Gottardi and several hundred patriots had taken up their quarters, determined to defend that impregnable stronghold against all odds.

Towards Bardi, therefore, we set out together. We journeyed that

day more than twenty miles across the plain, and arrived at sunset in the vicinity of Ozzano, the country-seat of a young friend of mine. Contrary to the Italian custom, the whole population at Parma had this year migrated into the country in the heart of winter. We found our friend and his father at home, and were courteously invited to stay with them for the night.

But we were informed we were bound on a bootless errand. Those of our friends that had repaired to Bardi, with a view to garrison and provision that old citadel, had found nothing there but bare walls and rusty cannon, and, seeing no better prospect before them than sheer starvation, they had given up the old rookery in despair, and made their best way along the Genoese Apennines into France. Meanwhile General Zucchi, added our informers, was assembling all the national forces in Bologna. Nothing, they said, was easier for two hearty young gallants like us, than to make our way across the hills, in spite of all the brigands of the Duke of Modena. I, especially, was a sportsman and traveller; there was hardly a wolf's path on the Apennines unfamiliar to me.

Our friend's words were not lost upon us. Early in the morning we were furnished with mountain-staves, and set out for Bologna. The young heir of the house would gladly have accompanied us; but he was an only son, and his mother threw herself on his path in an agony of tears.

From the vale of the Taro to the Baganza, and thence across the hills to the river Parma, and further on to the banks of the Enza, we sped. Heavy, cold rains accompanied us all the way, and every path was slippery, every field was flooded, every torrent was swollen.

But I was on my own ground. I knew my way to an inch, and avoided the beaten track, and shunned unpleasant encounters. The stormy weather was our auxiliary; it drove our adversaries from our path, and we proceeded, at no great distance from populous villages, without meeting a living soul. We had called at a friend's house, at the Castle of Ravarano, for our noontide meal; in the evening we applied to another friend, near Montechiaro, for dry linen and warm lodgings;—here we were, indeed, inhospitably turned out of doors, personal fear having blunted men's hearts to other feelings; but we plunged ourselves and our drenched clothes into the hay of a neighbouring barn, and slept as soundly as on a pillow of down.

Shivering still with the cold and wet of the eve, we rose at dawn for our wet and cold journey of the morrow. We ascended the Enza up to Traversetolo, and crossed the Modenese frontier not far above the Quattro Castelli. Here I found I had outstepped the boundaries of my usual rambles, and the aspect of the country became less familiar to me. We wandered at chance into the depth of a chestnut wood; we called at a woodman's hut, offered money, and asked for bread, milk, and a guide.

Bread and milk the good man gave us, but money he took none, and as a guide he offered himself. He pulled on his thickest shoes, buttoned up his heavy gabardine, threw his axe on his shoulder, and said, "Follow me."

He showed the way across hills and forests, along rugged cliffs and

barren dales, smoking his short clay pipe, and humming his mountain ditty. We followed in silence. At close of day we stopped at the door of a deserted hut on the banks of the Panaro, three or four miles above the town of Sassuolo: our guide left us to find such accommodations as that squalid dwelling afforded. Late after midnight he made his re-appearance, followed by four stout lads, armed with long staves with iron spikes at their ends. Those were trusty watermen from Sassuolo, without whose assistance it would have been madness to attempt fording the river. Our guide spread some cold provisions before us, our fire was lighted, and we indulged in the luxuries of that wretched abode till the signal of departure given by our guide found us almost unmanned for further exertion. Up, however, we started, and reached the water-side in a pitch-dark night, under a deluge of rain. The watermen unhesitatingly plunged into the chafing billows, propped their long staves against the huge rolling pebbles, lifted me up on their arms, and, joined in a compact group, ventured across the stream. Again and again, as we went, the daring convoy waved and tottered. More than once the united efforts of the lusty watermen seemed to give way before the overpowering current. More than once their feet slipped from the well-known ford, and we stood in imminent danger of sinking. The men held on bravely, however, and in about half an hour they threw me safe and sound on the land.

By the same contrivance, my friend and our guide were carried across the river. Presently we passed the Modenese lines, and entered into the territory of the church. We bent our course towards the plain, and joined the main road not far beyond Castel Franco. Here we rewarded and dismissed our guide, and bargained for our passage on a heavy-laden wagon bound to Bologna.

Disappointment and sad news awaited us at Bologna. There, as at Parma, the fond illusion of the non-intervention had been cherished till the Austrians were at the gates. The Modenese fugitives, eight hundred in number, who, after the invasion of their town, sought refuge among their brothers of Romagna, were well-nigh refused admittance. It was thought that by giving free passage to an armed force, a pretext might be given to the Austrians to violate the neutrality of the papal states. A compromise was finally entered into, according to the terms of which the Modenese were allowed to cross the frontier, but disarmed and disbanded. In the mean time the Austrians opened hostilities by seizing on the city of Ferrara. Bologna was thus threatened from the north and east, and General Zucchi pronounced its position untenable. A hasty retreat was resolved upon. Nearly three thousand, between townsmen and strangers, ill-armed and equipped, marched from Bologna, abandoning that doomed city. Their number increased as they were joined by the *compromessi* of every town they travelled through. They never, however, exceeded four thousand, whilst the Austrian army, which trod on their footsteps, amounted to four times that number.

It was Zucchi's mind to encamp at *Cattolica*, a strong mountain pass near Rimini, where, it was reported, invading armies had in former times been successfully arrested in their progress. But the Austrians pressed him close, and just as the main body of his troops

had left Rimini, his rear-guard was attacked by a body of Tyrolese and Hungarians at the very gate of that city. In spite of numerical inferiority, and of the suddenness of surprise, our national troops stood their ground like soldiers. The only gun in their possession was levelled against the advancing column with good effect, and, taking advantage of the confusion into which the assailants were thrown, a few of our cavalry, headed by a Modenese youth, by name Raimondi, who in that encounter slew three Hungarians with his own hand, completed their rout by a brilliant charge, and forced them back to their camp.

Yet even the signal success at Rimini failed to inspire the Italian leader with confidence in the cause of his country. The project of fortifying *Cattolica* was given up, and Zucchi made his best speed towards Ancona, trusting to the strength of that citadel for a last stand against his northern pursuers. Meanwhile, General Armandi, who commanded that garrison, entered into a negotiation with the Pope's legate, and raised the pontifical standard. The revolutionary army, thus placed between the Austrians and the papal garrison, was compelled to accede to Armandi's capitulation. Its chiefs embarked for Marseilles on board a *Tartana*, which fell into the hands of the Austrian cruisers almost in sight of the harbour, and the remainder broke up.

And now all was panic and confusion at Bologna. The re-installed papal authorities, in the absence of the greatest body of Austrian troops, unable to resort to more violent measures, were glad to rid themselves of the stragglers of our disbanded militia by granting passports to all that applied for them. Most of our fugitives directed their course towards Tuscany, whence they hoped to embark for Corsica, but I was not yet well determined on expatriation, and we took our *feuille de route* for home. We secured places in the *diligence*, recrossed the dominions of Este on the main road in perfect safety, if not without vexations, and were set down a few miles from our town gate.

That night we stopped at St. Martin's Abbey. On the morning I despatched a messenger to my father, and another to the convent of St. Martin's, requesting to be permitted to sojourn under its roof for a few days. Late in the evening my father himself rode out to inform me that Judge Comaro was too hopelessly frightened out of his wits to have any regard for ancient friendship. He conjured us, for heaven's sake, to quit St. Martin's without delay, lest the vengeance of the law should visit our misdeeds upon his head. My father furnished me with money and advice, and that very night we started once more towards the hills.

Here, however, I perceived the vicissitudes of my life became more and more exclusively personal. The interest which might be attached to events that decided the fate of towns and states could no longer be exerted in favour of the peregrinations and hardships of an obscure individual. I am warned by my subject to hurry through the few remarkable passages of my life previous to my banishment, at which epoch I intend, for the present, to draw my narrative to a close.

Suffice it to say, that for the whole of March, April, and a part of

May, I seldom slept two nights under the same roof, and not unfrequently passed the night under no roof at all; that Maria Louisa's reorganized dragoons chased me, like a hare, from place to place; that again and again, at dead of night, they startled my family from their sleep, with their unexpected summons in their search of me; that my only chance of baffling their pursuit consisted in gaining ground upon them by forced marches, in waylaying them by a variety of disguises, misleading them by false reports, and bewildering them by a rapidity of movement amounting, as it were, to ubiquity. Neither was I alone thus hunted across the country. Hundreds of fugitives were equally rambling far and wide, in vain endeavours to effect their escape. But by degrees the first panic abated, and, one after another, those that had less reason to fear—among the number even my good companion Filippo Galli—ventured to steal back to their homes. The country had subsided into comparative security. Charles Felix of Sardinia was dead, and the Prince of Carignano, under the name of Charles Albert, peacefully ascended the throne. The affairs of Belgium were drawing to a close, Poland was abandoned to her fate, and Europe was evidently settling in a state of repose which could not be broken for a quarter of a century. Our case began to look desperate. The Italian governments felt themselves firmly re-established, and had leisure to proceed to deeds of proscription and bloodshed. Already Menotti and Borelli had expired on the scaffolds of Modena. Gregory XVI. scrupled not to violate the capitulation of Ancona, and his prisons groaned with hundreds of victims. Our government had not yet well developed its own line of policy; but sinister rumours were abroad, and the names of devoted victims were designated in ominous whispers. Not a few of our *compromessi* had already had the misfortune of falling into the hands of justice, and every arrest was the source of new alarm, and sent a fresh set of anxious wanderers abroad.

Others, however, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of government, and were heard of as safely landed in France. Our friends at home spared no expense to provide us with the means of evasion, and before the middle of May the most fortunate had put the Alps or the sea between them and their foes.

Nearly alone, I lingered still behind. The constant success that had hitherto attended my wanderings inspired me with a rash confidence. The excitement of that vagrant life was not without its charms for one of my age and temper. I looked on an exile's fate with all the prejudice of Italian local patriotism. That the sun shone, and the air was vital in foreign regions, I might perhaps have brought myself to believe; but I fancied that the whole world had no home, and had no charm for me, out of sight of Marina.

Marina! The desire of seeing her blinded me to the peril of my situation, deafened me to the remonstrances of my friends. I must see her. Were the scaffold erected, and all the satellites of Maria Louisa stationed at her door—ere I listen to the voice of reason, or yield to the counsel of affection, see her I must!

The idea gained ground in proportion as love was irritated by ab-

sence, till it became paramount in my deliberations. At ten o'clock on a Sunday morning in May, I appeared before the gate of Parma. I walked steadily down the main street of San Michele, and turned towards the Piazza del Duomo. The persons of my acquaintance stared as if my ghost had walked among them. They shook their heads and drew aside, as if there were danger in the very contact of the proscribed rebel. Austrian soldiers, and even ducal dragoons, most probably with the warrant for my arrest in their pockets, were occasionally to be met with in the crowd. Some of them were startled at my sight, and stopped to look after me. But even in the madness of that daring intrusion, I had well calculated the chances of the day. Backed as they were by an Austrian garrison, our *sbirri* stood still in awe of the people. All their arrests and perquisitions had, as yet, invariably been effected by night, and from the ferment that my very appearance created, they were made aware that they could not, without rousing a tumult, lay hold of me.

However they might watch my movements, it was quite evident that I had taken them by surprise, and was suffered to proceed unmolested. I made straight for Judge Cornaro's house, gained admittance into the drawing-room, and stood alone before the affrighted Marina.

There is nothing in the world I would not give to be able to recal to mind and describe the particulars of that awful interview. She rose from her seat—she raised both hands to her eyes, and stood entranced, gasping for breath. Then she gazed at me with a wild glare, laid her hand on my arm with a convulsive grasp, and shrieked in a choked voice: "You! you! you!"

I threw myself on my knees before her. I poured forth the most raving, incoherent speech, vowed my life and soul to her, and conjured her to suffer me to die at her feet.

"Rise, for the sake of God's mercy," she interrupted. "Leave me, leave this house. Promise—swear by your God, by the fair name of your mother—nay, then, by your love—that you will lose no time, and do all in your power to seek your safety abroad."

"No, Marina," I exclaimed, "God is my witness I cannot. Reflect to what fate you would doom me. Think of the desolation of an exile's life. Marina! do you bid me leave you and live?"

"Alas!" she rejoined, in an accent of solemn bitterness, "can, then, nothing cure you of your all-engrossing self-love? as if your life belonged to you alone! as if you owed nothing to your God, to your country, and—me! De Negri, are you my own, and dare you thus to do away with yourself?"

"Say that word again, lady," I cried in a transport of joy. "Yet, bid me live and endure for your sake! say that you claim me as your own; that all the rest of my days, that the lingering agony of the wandering outcast, are sacred to you!"

"Unfortunate man, what avails it?" she replied, mournfully pressing my proffered hand. "What am I to you? Have I aught to bestow in return for this unbounded devotion. But, good Heaven!" she suddenly exclaimed, reawakened to a sense of our danger, "waste not your time in vain discourse. Respect me, respect my husband's

house, if you have no regard for yourself—leave me! God bless you, and may he forgive this hour of anguish you have caused me!"

"Nay, Marina, you must hear me. I ask no return for my unlimited love—you are another's wife—my friend's wife. But I leave you never to see you again! Marina, never again! There is death in the thought of it. Yet I am bidden to live—so be it; but only under this condition, that you regard me as your own—that I live only for you. Am I answered?—am I accepted?"

"Away, away, for God's sake! Insist not, harass me not, in these moments of terror. You will hear from me: you'll let me hear from you. But now, if you love me, leave me."

"No, no, no! now or never! say the word—am I answered?"

"You are then, ungenerous man, you are mine. I claim you as my own, my best, my only friend. For the sake of Marina, live to see the dawn of better days. Go—your life is dear, is necessary to me, and I shall have no peace, shall enjoy no rest, till I hear of your being far and safe. And now," she continued, pushing me towards the door, "now you are answered. Spare me! Release me! Be off—and so may Providence always watch upon you, as Marina's heart and soul will never be parted from you!"

A few seconds after this I was once more in the street. I walked across the piazza in a state of perfect unconsciousness, till I was startled by some one who seized hold of my arm. It was my good father, who had heard of my unexpected return, and had ran anxiously all over town in search of me. I threw my arms around his neck, and gladdened his heart, by announcing that I resisted no longer, but was ready to depart at a moment's bidding. And now we entered into a hasty deliberation. It was resolved that I should again repair to the University, where my father, if he could hit on a plausible scheme of escape, would be sure to find me in the evening. Soon after dusk he called at my uncle's, bearing the happy tidings that all was ready, and we had not a moment to lose. We descended the staircase, crossed several courtyards, and entered that wing of the University palace, which contains the medical schools and the dissecting theatre. There we were greeted by Professor Pascali, who was waiting for us. A large coffin was produced, borne by two men, wearing the livery of the establishment. I was lowered into the anatomical coffin, a winding-sheet was thrown over me, the lid was let down, the coffin lifted up, and we started.

The funeral convoy—too common a sight, and too hideous to excite either surprise or curiosity—proceeded uninterrupted to Porta San Francesco, the way to the cemetery. The town-gate was still opened.

"Any contraband goods?" asked the gate-keeper.

"Nothing but fresh pork, your honour," quoth one of the porters, with whom that was a standing joke.

"Go on, you nasty cur," growled the gate-keeper, holding his nose betwixt thumb and finger.

"*Hodie mihi, cras tibi!*" retorted the sexton; and with this brief flourish of tombstone morality, we were suffered to pass. At about half a mile from the gate we were met by my father and Pascali,

who had hastened to meet us in the professor's gig by a different road. We took a hearty leave of our friend and departed, father and son, on our way towards the Apennine.

A scene of tumult and outrage was meanwhile acting at Parma. A body of gend'armes had, ever since my first appearance in the morning, secretly encompassed my house, waiting for the silence of night, when they might venture to knock for admittance.

My eldest sister, Charlotte, was at that time domesticated with one of her aunts in the country. The only man-servant had been despatched on horseback with a message from my father to the very friend to whose house we were now repairing.

No one was at home but my poor sister Louisa, with the two youngest children, and a set of chicken-hearted house-maids. My sister had just had a heart-rending interview with me at my uncle's, and her heart was still fluttering with the anguish with which the loving creature had forced herself from my embrace. The unexpected summons of the agents of justice, their rude threats and oaths, their vain boasts of the precautions that had been taken to secure my seizure, joined to the real uncertainty of the success of our scheme, spread terror and desolation into our unprotected household. My sweet Louisa underwent the severe ordeal with the firmness of a heroine. She was the only one of the family that had presence of mind sufficient to enable her to show the way to those ruffianly alguazils. But when at last the house was cleared and the door bolted after them, she sunk on her couch overpowered. She was laid down with a burning fever that confined her to her bed for two months.—Such, alas! was the result of my imprudence!

Meanwhile, my father and I struck across the fields and made our best speed to get beyond reach of the patrols that encompassed our town for several miles around. Indefatigable walker as I was, I could, however, hardly keep up with my elderly companion. My father preserved still, in his fifty-sixth year, all the vigour and elasticity of unbroken manhood. The best part of his life had been spent in the camp. Born in Piedmont, of an ancient family, in the Vale of Aosta, he had been, as a younger son, destined to the church by his father. He broke loose from his seminary at Turin, ran across the country in his gown, and joined the *sans-culottes* of Massena, who were then toiling through the defiles of the Alps. From that time till the peace of 1814, he served in the French ranks. At the epoch of the restoration, captivated by the charms of a young Parmesan lady, he settled with her at her house in Torrechiara, a village on the hills eight miles from Parma. There, with four other children, was born the hero of the present memoirs, and there the family resided, till, at the death of his wife, my father deemed it expedient to remove to the capital.

But the love of war and action was not yet extinct in his bosom. At the first outbreak of the Greek insurrection, in 1825, he left his children to the care of his brother-in-law, the professor-chancellor, and started in quest of adventure. After a campaign of two years he returned home disabled by two wounds, for which he received no thanks but such as are generally awarded to all that meddle in other people's

quarrels. He recovered, however, and, as I said, he had still strength enough left to outspeed me on a pedestrian match, in which my life, or at least my liberty, was at stake.

Alas, my poor father! he looked me mournfully in the face during our rapid progress, anticipating the forthcoming hour of parting. He was fond of classical quotations, as all those who have long been estranged from their school associations are apt to be. As we drew near the hills, and breathed the balmy air of their spring-mantled vine-yards, he waved his hand round to show me the beauty of that charming scenery, and repeated those hackneyed but not less pathetic lines.

"Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva,
Nos patriam fugimus."

How many times have these lines recurred to my memory! At break of day we arrived at our friend's house at Oriano, where my father's servant had preceded us. There were no sobs or tears at our parting. My father shook hands with me with soldierly firmness, threw himself on his horse, and hurried back to town. I never saw him again! He had since several years been complaining of bitter pains in his chest, which, it appeared, our cold Lombard winters tended to aggravate. Three years after that fatal last night I received one of his letters in Malta. He was dying by inches, he said, and wished to see and bless me once more before he was summoned away: he hoped for a respite from the milder climate of Malta. A fortnight afterwards another letter announced his departure. For three months I heard no more of him, but stood doubting and wondering on the mole of Valetta, expecting him at every fresh arrival. A letter from my sister at last unravelled the fatal mystery. My father had set out in November. He had met with cold winds and storms on the Apennines, and reached Pontremoli in a state of utter exhaustion. He had resisted the entreaties and remonstrances of his friends, who, alarmed at the progress of his infirmity, pressed him to stay. He would die, he replied, in the arms of his eldest son. At Leghorn, on the eve of embarking for Malta, he was taken dangerously ill. No one was there to tend him but mercenary strangers. He died on the morrow. I never learned any further particulars.

Once determined on my escape, nothing could be easier than to effect it. Through the exertions of our friends, a high road to France had, so to say, been opened by the means of a number of passports, which an unfaithful officer had purloined from the *bureaux* of government. With the aid of expert guides, I travelled across the Apennines to Pontremoli, and along the sea-shore to Chiavari. Here I produced my forged feuille-de-route, and was enabled to embark at Genoa.

It was again on a Sunday morning, the 5th of June, 1831, I stood on the quarter-deck of the steamer Sully, aside from the crowd of passengers. There had been a strong gale in the night, and the atmosphere was as pure as it must have been on the second day of creation. Astern of us, in a wide amphitheatre, rose the proud

edifices of the marble city. Above, behind, all around, the Apennine summits shot up, bleak and rugged, but mantled with green up to the most impervious crags. The fragrance of that long-continued forest of orange-trees, wafted on the northern breeze, reached us far away on the main. Italy had put on her paradise smile, as if willing to mix some sweet in the bitter cup of that last farewell, even while, by the spell of that parting impression, she made the broken-hearted exile aware of the full extent of his losses, and bade him abandon all hope of happiness on this side of the grave; and I stood rivetted on deck like one lost to all consciousness, and gazed on the fast-receding shore in silence and stupor, till my head was dizzy, till my eyes were dimmed and moistened.—On the following morning I awoke in a foreign land.

And Marina!—The first letter I wrote to her was left unanswered, the second was sent back unopened. My last interview with her had been severely commented upon by public rumour, and roused the tardy suspicion of her husband. He had forbidden her all further intercourse with me, and insisted that my letters should be returned. His conduct brought me back to my senses. I felt the impropriety of pursuit, and determined to atone for it by self-abnegation and sacrifice. Ever since I have been a wanderer. Ever since, during these long ten years, I hardly ever mentioned her name in my letters to my friends at home, and hardly ever heard of her.

Yet I was still her own. From land to land I have carried my unavailing regrets, my despondency, and weariness of existence. Occasionally I have run after pleasure, and endeavoured to forget, to live, and love. But the image of Marina, my solemn vow, our parting scene, rose between me and my less noble inclinations, and I was soon made to feel that she reigned and triumphed alone.

Three months ago at a foreign coffee-house in New York, I found among a pile of European newspapers a number of the "Gazzetta di Parma," which gave the announcement of her death. I wrote to her husband. I made an open confession of my more unhappy than guilty love. I wished—for I still deluded myself with vain hopes—to have from him the confirmation of our irreparable loss. I conjured him, since death had freed Marina from all earthly engagements, to suffer me to worship her memory with him. I begged for a last relic of her, for something that I might press to my lips, that I may wear on my heart to my dying day.—Emily, you have seen his answer. That lock of black hair was severed from Marina's temples.—And now, Emily, you know all. How I have loved—with what hopeless constancy—with what disinterestedness I have clung to the memory, nay, to the shadow of that ill-requited affection, you may easily judge for yourself. Yet, up to the last stroke of adversity, I confess some faint glimmer of hope—of guilty, unnatural hope—still remained. Her death had at last severed the last link that might still bind me to existence; and when I left New York, it was with the full conviction that want and misery would soon achieve the work of sorrow.

Emily! I have seen you, and have consented to live. I have laid my existence at your feet. I have given you the supreme arbitration

over my destiny. My heart—I have said it—was not new to the sweet sensations which you awoke within it. You had a rival in it, who at first seemed to preclude even the possibility of the intrusion of another object. The image of Marina has not faded even before the novel spell of your charms. But that image has assumed an ethereal, spiritual substance. It occupies no space, though it dwells in the heart's core. My vow to her has been fulfilled, and now she exults in heaven that Providence has thrown on my path another equally gentle, equally tender heart, as a reward for my long-tried devotion. She will share with you her empire over my soul, but I am sure she will bless me the more fervently, the more sincere, the more ardent my affection for you.

To the best-natured of English readers, Eli Blackgown, D. D. greeting.

Here the manuscript of our young guest is drawn to a close. We understand that he has equally written the details of his various vicissitudes, and of his wanderings abroad. He is now setting his other papers in order, and a new series may eventually appear at some future period in print. In the meanwhile, sweet Emily declared herself satisfied with what she had read, and sent back her verdict in a letter to her lover, bidding him "live and hope!"

Several months have now elapsed since that day, and while I am here winding up our friend's narrative in my mongrel English, the two betrothed lovers are standing yonder on the balcony, in the pale moonlight, whispering, I presume, some of that nonsensical trash in which, praise be to God, since Hosannah Flinch's defection, I have never been known to indulge.

Written at the Parsonage,
Oswald Court House, Oswald County, Virginia.

SONG.

" Herz, mein Herz."—Beethoven.

Cease, my heart, to beat thus sadly!
Whence these sighs, these flowing tears?
A stranger's home receives thee gladly;—
Whence thy grief—thy trembling fears?

Whence my grief?—the heart's full swelling?
Lone—deserted—here I stand;
Though beauty deck the stranger's dwelling,
It cannot be my native land!

My native land—my father, mother,
Could I but see you once again;
And thou, my tender sister, brother,
And ye my native hill and plain!

Hear the bells so clear resounding,
When the shepherd seeks the shade;
See the lambs so gladly bounding,
Careless, o'er the verdant glade!

See the mountains, heavenward swelling,
And the glacier's snow-topp'd head,
Where the chamois finds a dwelling,
Where no hunter's foot can tread.

And the peaceful roofs, sweet smiling,
Homes of all the heart holds dear—
Friends who never knew beguiling,
Neighbours who the heart could cheer!

Strangers have no love to give us;
Cold the pressure of their hand;
Strangers smile not to receive us;—
'Tis not so in Switzerland!

Cease, O heart! in vain the sorrow;
All thy yearnings now are vain;
If God but wills, thou art to-morrow
In Switzerland, thy home, again!

N. J. Lucas.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.[1]

No. XXXIII.

MR. JUSTICE CRAMPTON.

A SNEER is one of those facial ornaments which it costs little to assume; but if you ask the sneerer why he so distorts his visage, the only reason he can give you is, that he dislikes the man; and if you press him for the motive, his reply is still, because he dislikes. This is a branch of that circular reasoning which is very current among a certain class—like the sagacious fellow, who being asked at a college examination, "what was a tangent?" very philosophically replied, "That which goes round and round a circle and never touches it." The subject of our memoir has had a fair share of suffering from the sneer-mongers. One political adversary entitled him Philip the False; a second, Philip the Feeble, while a third, wiser still, saluted him as the Sober, which is the most just of the three. Now we have no inclination to argue such men out of their opinions, however ill founded, but we are strongly inclined to set them in a fair train of arriving at more sound and just opinions. The character of Mr. Justice Crampton speaks to none of the violent passions of our nature, it has little to commend it to political zeal, and it owes nothing to the blind and headlong vehemence of party spirit. Johnson said he delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate the good from the bad qualities in the same person. Our feelings are exactly similar, and we have always endeavoured in these papers to reduce the theory to practice. But the moral pleasure is enhanced by the fact, that, in analyzing individual character, all the qualities are on the side of virtue. The only charge—and that is of a political nature—we have heard brought against Judge Crampton is that he stinted the measure of Irish reform. Without entering into the question of what share he had in its preparation, or attempting to plead in extenuation of the restriction, it may be generally affirmed that the statesman admits the full truth of many a proposition in the abstract which he cannot apply to the business of government. He has interests to deal with, prejudices to combat or conciliate, which baffle the best calculations of theory. In the cross play of human affairs circumstances arise which make it impossible to push forward improvement to the extent he would wish; he makes ameliorations by such instalments, as are consistent with the interest of all, in the hope that he may effect safe improvements hereafter. Whether this policy be sound or not, it was that on which he acted, and that he was sincere in its adoption we have no reason to doubt. It is not for this we respect him most; but it is because he was the first who, regardless of sneers or sarcasms, and impelled by a pure active spirit of benevolence, laid the foundation, in his advocacy of temperance, of a new

[1] Continued from p. 51.

order of things—the commencement of times in which gentleness, and goodness, and moderation, and charity, and conscientious exertions for the good of our fellow creatures, will at length have their day. This alone renders his career an object of national curiosity: of his efforts in the cause of human happiness we shall say a few words hereafter.

Mr. Justice Crampton first drew vital air in the Far West. Though not descended from the ancient sovereigns of Connaught, and claiming no royal lineage, yet his ancestors were of worthy repute, and held a high rank even among the veritable descendants of the O'Connors, Blakes, and O'Donnells. At a very early age he exhibited decisive proofs of scientific capability. The village geometer to whom his youthful education was entrusted, was not deeply versed in the exact sciences, a misfortune which brought him betimes into a dismal state of perplexity from the Euclidian puzzles in which the curiosity of his inquisitive pupil occasionally involved him. The bridge of asses seemed to be the boundary of his knowledge, and he could not, for the life of him, conceive how the angle A. B. C. and C. B. A. could be one and the same. From this Connaught *Proclus* he was removed to a person better qualified to dissertate on the mysteries of surfaces in the town of Galway, where he also studied the classics to prepare for college, which he entered in 1797. His career in the University was remarkably brilliant. In his undergraduate course he bore away every distinction in science. And though less remarkable for his classical attainments, yet his knowledge in that department approached a first-rate character. In mathematics he had no rival, and though many who have since risen to renown were among his competitors, yet he distanced them all, and bore away premiums and certificates almost without the appearance of an effort. In the language of old Anthony Wood, "he was esteemed a most worthy proficient in science and philosophy," and the name of Philip Cecil Crampton was bruited about as one likely to be famous in the history of scientific discovery. We heard that he published at this time some papers in the Transactions of the Irish Academy, but though we carefully looked over the records of that period, we were unable to find his name in the list of contributors. In due time he obtained a scholarship, and, in four years after was candidate for the higher honour of fellowship, which he secured, after one defeat, on distinguished answering. They who derive their knowledge of the amount of fellowship acquirements from the system of the English universities know little of the difficulties of our Dublin candidates. In Oxford and Cambridge the greater number of fellowships are connected with foundations; in Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and the other great schools, mere seniority, in many instances, gives a right to the honour. In our university, varied and solid attainments are necessary in physical and mathematical science, logic, moral philosophy, history, chronology and Hebrew, and classical literature. Even the roll of books looks terrible without treasuring up their embarrassing and multifarious contents. We do not thence infer that every fellow must be a Newton or Gassendi—many of them are sufficiently dark in knowledge of a solid or even common character. For instance, one very prominent

eman, more remarkable for the bigness of his head than the
s of its contents, conferring with a brother dignitary on the
ity of the late government to the established church, wisely
, "What think you of that tithe bill?" "Why," replied the
thetic brother, "it seems to me they would, if they could, de-
us of our lawful *tenth*." "Tenth, indeed! so far from leaving us
h, *they would even reduce it to a fifth*," was the sagacious rejoinder
s son of science, who could not distinguish between the value of
actions.

is, however, is only the exception; generally they are men of
, and what they lack in genius they make up in hard and unre-
ig industry—a quality in its effects akin to genius. Mr. Cramp-
as not a very desperate plodder; he had the reputation of being
gay and sociable in his habits—fond of the amusements which
orld affords, though never cultivating them to the extent of abuse.
young man having his fortune to make, a fellowship is a glittering
and as valuable as brilliant. If not ambitious of a lofty name,
ibles the fortunate possessor to enjoy a tranquil and enviable
e, and realize the wish of the poet Gray, in eternally reading
s and romances—a practice in which many of them indulge to
s. Mr. Crampton pursued a happy medium—the triumph won,
s content with what he had achieved, and attended to his pupils,
of whom are now at the head of their several professions. Had
ntinued in the drudgery of the lecture-hall—testing young aspi-
in the mysteries of *Bramantip*, and his puzzling confederates, he
, instead of being a learned expounder of the common law,
have been one of the senior council of eight with an income of
five thousands a year, or a bishop with something more, sporting
wn in the House of Lords. The monastic life of the University
t please him long; he wished for a more active life, and a wider
or his ambition than the examination-hall. His accomplished
e, the Surgeon-General, brought him into the society of Charles
al Bushe, and an acquaintance originated which ripened into the
ardent attachment. The Solicitor-General persuaded Mr. Cramp-
try his fortunes at the bar. He obeyed the advice: the leisure
fellowship, and its liberal emoluments, enabled him to prosecute
udies with success; while a promise of the professorship of com-
aw, when vacant, added to his zeal for legal knowledge. He
alled to the bar in 1810.

arely happens that fellows make successful lawyers. One would
lined to think that the hardy and correct discipline of the mind
exact sciences, is the best preparative for the study of the
nd the surest road to success. It leads to severe investigation,
at close, precise, logical reasoning which is the life and food of
argument. Yet we see such men in almost all instances dead
es. The late Vice-Provost was one of the nobles of the robe,
e never untied a motion-paper, albeit professor of civil and
law! Doctor Phipps is another instance of forensic nonentity;
or M'Donnell was for years innocent of a fee; what the most
rend Doctor Prior might have accomplished, had fate thrown
n the *pavé* of the Four Courts, is only now matter of conjecture;

but we should augur a brilliant career from his fervid eloquence and unrivalled argumentative powers. In our own day, we see Mr. Longfield labouring under comparative obscurity as a practitioner, although no man at the bar surpasses him in all the qualifications that mark the consummate lawyer, save one, which is a necessary ingredient to success: he has no nerve, although a very huge man. Timid as a child, he falters and shrinks from the echo of his own voice. Many have risen to the highest reputation with a fraction of his knowledge, which extends to every branch of the law; for they possess what he wants—boldness and self-reliance. He blushes to his very finger tips, and grows alternately pale, when he rises in court; and though the judges treat him with marked respect, and would urge him on, his constitutional bashfulness forbids him to march. The only exception to this catalogue of unsuccessful candidates, was Mr. Crampton. His scientific habits did not incapacitate him, and he soon got into the trick of business. With a remarkable fine and prepossessing person —a mild and gentlemanly address—considerable fluency of speech—activity and attention to whatever was entrusted to him, and above all, an exquisite felicity in reconciling the favour of the bench, he soon got into notice. He went the Connaught circuit, and his first display of importance was in Galway. The question was a right of way, in which he addressed the jury with great tact, and, as it happened, with effect. The going judge, Fletcher we believe, paid him an high compliment, and thenceforward all was smooth sailing. The Connaught attorneys, a shrewd and sagacious tribe, thought that a man who bore away so many rich academical prizes, must possess a superior intellect. There was about them too a provincial patriotism, which deserves all credit. Connaught was long deemed the Cimmerian land, famous only for punch-drinking and horse-racing, with the frequent exercises of the hereditary pistols, and it was considered a disgrace to the heir not to add one at least to the many ancestral blood-marks which graced the barrel. Here then was Mr. Crampton, a pure Western, who had purged away the foul stigma of occidental incapacity, and raised his province a step in intellectual progress. He was too a sensible and clever fellow, diligent in business, bland of temper, listened to by the bench, admired at the bar, and liberal in politics. We must, said they, stand by him. This generous resolve was faithfully acted on, and though Mr. Crampton's unfortunate addiction to temperance lowered him somewhat in the esteem of the social down-west attorneys, who loved alike a long drink, and long bill of costs, still he was the favourite advocate employed in almost every case. His circle soon become wider, his name more generally known, and his practice increased. It never was of a first-rate character, but always abundant; just as much as he could get through with satisfaction to himself and his clients. The life of a working lawyer presents a singular destitution of biographical resources—one day follows another in the same mill-horse round, with the most monotonous uniformity. There is no break in the dull tenor of his life—nothing to diversify or create a general interest. We must then pass over the first twenty years of his professional labours, and descend to our own times. This duty is not very agreeable, but the inquiry is

necessary. The usual tendency to easy faith and indiscriminate praise on the one side, and to perverse hostility and unmerited censure on the other, has in both been carried to extremes. The middle course is the wisest and safest. It is a writer's duty to exercise his judgment in an independent estimate of the actions and conduct he narrates; and we shall endeavour to avoid Gibbon's pointed rebuke, when he characterized biographical memoirs, with reference to their defects, as either, "servile panegyrics or flat apologies."

Mr. Crampton's character for liberality was no passport to Tory favour. He was at all times the warm friend of Catholic Emancipation, when its advocates on the Protestant side made solid sacrifices for the assertion. He was also a reformer of average strength, not soaring into the lofty regions of Radicalism, nor groping through the foul mists of the opposite principle, but always maintaining a fair and honourable mean. When Lord Grey came into office, politicians of his temperate calibre were in great request, and he was soon singled out for official honour. The promotion of Mr. Joy and Mr. Doherty made Mr. Blackburne Attorney and Mr. Crampton Solicitor General. It was stipulated that he should enter parliament, as the presence of one of the Irish law officers was indispensable to carry through many important measures, and Mr. Blackburne did not relish the duty. He was twice returned for the boroughs of Saltash and Milbourne Port. The government then had ample work for all its debating staff, especially the Irish portion. The desperate assaults of Mr. O'Connell rendered the situation of ministers very uncomfortable; while the Tories, frantic with the loss of power, which the contemplated reform seemed likely to annihilate for ever, were most incessant and energetic in their attacks. Between the two opposing and vehement powers, ministers had a difficult task; and as Mr. Crampton had to account for the acts of the Irish administration to both extremes, his position was by no means enviable. Mr. O'Connell was quite enough for any one law officer—night after night, his galling and impassioned declamation, hurled against the Irish policy of ministers, kept the Solicitor-General perpetually busy. Dislike and danger surrounded him on every side, in and out of parliament. Here he was watched by O'Connell, there by Sir Robert Peel—now Fergus O'Connor pounced on him, and now Sir Charles Wetherell. Where was he to find refuge? Only in the consciousness of having honestly done his duty. Against such vigilant and active enemies, he contrived to maintain his ground with varied success. He was wholly unacquainted with the forms of the House, which require considerable experience, and though called on nearly every night to answer for the malfeasances of administration, his mistakes were very few. He was expert in reply, and though twitted by Mr. (now Baron) Lefroy "for the enlarged and enlightened views which the Solicitor-General brought to the consideration of great constitutional principles," yet this very pungent sarcasm stumbled, by the rule of contraries, on the truth, for Mr. Crampton's views were often both comprehensive and enlightened. His speech on the English Reform Act was decidedly an able one. The subject was exhausted, but some of his arguments were striking and commanding, and we have always regarded the peroration as highly eloquent.

"I have," said he, "from my earliest years, loved and venerated the British constitution. I have looked up to it as the most perfect of human institutions, and I have always felt and expressed my strong indignation at those abuses and corruptions which certain low minds would represent as its most essential and valuable parts. It is not the object of this bill to destroy the constitution, or to innovate upon its principles. Our object is to strengthen, not to destroy—to cure what is diseased, to restore what has been taken away, to replace what has been removed, to repair the ravages of time, and to remove the effects of usurpation. If this be a revolution, it is a glorious one; if this be a Radical measure, it is a radical cure; and if we who advocate this cause be Radicals, we glory in a title which intimates our wish to abolish all the abuses, while we preserve all the essentials of the noble fabric of our constitution."

In this glowing panegyric Mr. Crampton was then in earnest—his liberal pulse beat high, and during the whole progress of the bill his zeal was very remarkable. On one occasion his impetuosity well nigh brought him into difficulty, and the Tory side of the house was thrown into hysterics by the unconstitutional doctrines of the Irish Solicitor-General. The circumstance created what in fashionable parlance is called a great sensation, and was for a day the universal talk of clubs and coteries.

In a fierce attack on the rotten boroughs, Mr. Crampton said something about an inherent power in the crown, by virtue of the prerogative, to withhold parliamentary writs from schedule A, if the Lords proved refractory. How far this was in accordance with constitutional doctrine we are unable to determine, though Mr. Hallam seems to declare in the affirmative. The Solicitor-General appeared of the same opinion, and if he had stood firm by his original declaration, and dared the threatened impeachment, he would have come forth unscathed, and borne the most popular character in England. The scene is highly picturesque.

Mr. Crampton.—"My opinion on this subject may be wrong, and if any error can be proved I should be most happy to yield to conviction. But no cheers, however loud; no declamation, however fine; no acting, however good; no gesticulation, however animated, shall ever induce me to give up my opinion, which I think is founded on truth and justice. I have come to this conclusion not on light grounds, and I will not be driven from it by a taunt or a sneer."

Hereupon there arose a loud tumult on the opposition benches. Some cheered—derisively of course—some coughed, and some crowed. The standing column of parliamentary etiquette, Mr. C. Wynne, and the standing column of parliamentary amusement, Sir Charles Wetherell, were up and stirring at the same moment. Mr. Wynne retired, and left the field open to

Sir Charles Wetherell.—"I move for the suspension of the debate on the Reform Bill. One of the king's law officers has asserted in this house, that the Lords have no right to criticize the Reform Act, and that the operation of disfranchisement may be performed by the crown, *propria auctoritate*. If the crown possess the power, then all legislation is superfluous; but I say that his proposition is monstrous, and inimical to the existence of the constitution."

Sir John Campbell rose to order, as Mr. Crampton's language was

not taken down when uttered. But this did not satisfy the knight of the braceless breeches—he would not be spoiled of his high quarry, and dashed on.

"I should like to know if the Attorney-General for England, or the Solicitor-General, will put himself in the breach, and strive to maintain so monstrous an absurdity. Let my learned friends come forward as lawyers, and as members of this house—let them come forward clothed in their robes of office, as the king's law officers, and state distinctly whether they are or are not participators in this monstrous, absurd, and unconstitutional doctrine. If they dare to maintain it, I will then move that the words of the honourable member be taken down, and that the further progress of the bill be adjourned until this matter is settled."

Mr. Crampton.—"I never stated that the crown possessed the power to suspend the writs of itself, but only on the recommendation of the House of Commons. The matter has been taken up with so much uncalled-for warmth, that one would suppose I had seriously advised the crown or the house to act on the power of which I think them possessed. I merely mentioned the matter as a speculative case. What I stated was my own private opinion, and I have had no communication with any member of this house on the subject. I cannot but consider the interference of the honourable and learned gentleman (Sir Charles) most unkind. He possesses great powers of language—he is a giant in this house, and is able to annihilate by his argument such a pigmy as I am—I therefore feel his interference as most unkind and ungenerous. I pledge myself as a man of honour, that what I have now stated is what I stated, or meant to state, in my first address to the house."

Lord Althorp.—"I need hardly state that the opinion expressed by my honourable and learned friend has been without the slightest communication with myself or any of my colleagues. I do not think it fair to make the government responsible for any statements which, in the course of debate, are made by gentlemen not members of the cabinet. I understand my honourable and learned friend to have stated a legal and not a constitutional case; but if I were called on to say whether that course was a constitutional one, I am ready to admit that I think it is not."

After a few words from Sir Robert Peel of a conciliatory character, who by his supposititious case first drew Mr. Crampton into the difficulty, Sir Charles withdrew his amendment, and suffered the debate to proceed.

Sir Charles Wetherell used to take the most acute delight in worrying Mr. Crampton. In every debate where he had spoken, the old gentleman was sure to follow, and indulge in that eccentric severity so habitual to his nature. This repeated dodging frightened Mr. Crampton, who set far too much importance on the venerable recorder's sarcastic wanderings. Undisciplined in parliamentary ways, he identified greatness with garrulity, and an old name with a high reputation. Had he boldly confronted him, instead of lowering his personal and official dignity by deprecating his resentment, the Opposition Quixote would soon have abated his arrogant tone. Mr. O'Connell quickly put a lock on the old gentleman's mouth. He commenced his nightly plagues with Mr. O'Connell, but he soon found himself in Balaam's box, and O'Connell put him down for ever by a ludicrous travestie of two lines of Shakspeare. The process was not difficult, but most effectual. Sir Charles's thermometer fell rapidly, and his spirits never rose once after, while a member of the House. He was

in fact, legislatively extinguished. Mr. Crampton had neither the energy nor promptitude of O'Connell, who knew his man well, and the most successful mode of attack. Unused to the wrangles and recriminations of the grand council, he shrunk back with alarm when he was assailed. On the withholding of the writs, the very ablest lawyers in Westminster-hall entertained similar views, and having once fairly put the question in issue, he should not have retreated an inch. A fiercer outcry was raised against Lord Camden and Dunning, when they bearded Lord Mansfield, backed by a powerful majority, and insisted on the right of juries to find generally in libel cases. They were decided, and they were triumphant. Had Mr. Crampton persevered, and the experiment was a noble one—public freedom would have been his debtor. He might have been wrong; but if so, he erred on the side of liberty, and with some of the first authorities of the day. Instead, he abandoned his position, explained away the ambiguity, and left Mr. Wynne and Sir Charles in possession of the field.

On the first election under the Reform Act, he tried the temper of the college electors. He had very strong claims on the new representative body. The University had been opened to the masters through his instrumentality, and he naturally expected they would have been grateful for the favour. He came unto his own, but his own received him not. The leprosy of liberality was about him, and they shunned him with an intensity to which bigotry alone is alive. No man could have more powerful pretensions. Trained up in the University, and one of its most distinguished ornaments—a scholar, fellow, and professor—of the highest and most unblemished character—devotedly attached to the Protestant church—and its most stedfast friend in time of danger, his claims were paramount. But all was of no avail. He was a reformer, and the officer of a reforming government. Could bigotry command stronger reasons for rejecting him? We never remember such a tumult as his presence excited on the first day of the election. The yells of a thousand demons seemed to be let loose in the hall. The barrier thrown up to keep out the gowned mob was scattered in fragments, and the space allotted to the candidates and electors flooded with an ungovernable multitude of sucking Orangemen. When Mr. Crampton attempted to speak, the uproar became most violent; he was saluted with a torrent of invective; and after many vain and good-humoured efforts to soothe their generous indignation, the assessor adjourned the election. On the following day he was partially heard, and his speech was a very fine one. "You may," said he, in conclusion, "hiss, and hoot, and clamour. I am not angry with you. I have borne all your turbulence and personal abuse with an unruffled temper, for I am conscious of no crime. My conduct is before all men, and I defy inquiry. True, I am a reformer, and I feel pride in the appellation; and let me tell you, in all candour, that in these principles I have lived, and in these, with the blessing of God, am I determined to die. Though I may be defeated, the principles which I advocate never can, for they are based on truth and justice. You may drown my voice, but the triumphant shout of Reform will rise above your puny cries, and a pebble will as soon retard

the mighty current of the sea, as your imbecile efforts the mighty and irresistible progress of constitutional liberty." He and Mr. Ponsonby were defeated by a large majority. Mr. Crampton continued in office until 1834, and a very troublesome reign was his. He conducted sundry prosecutions, and among the most unpopular were the tithe prosecutions in Tipperary. The cessation of his toil was, however, at hand—it was long and anxiously expected, and at length arrived. The death of Mr. Justice Jebb relieved the wearied solicitor. His escape was miraculous. The dignity was offered to Mr. Blackburne, and refused. Mr. Crampton was next. To him it was tendered and cheerfully accepted. In the midst of his rejoicing the melancholy tidings arrived that the Whigs had been dismissed. He felt wofully uneasy—his fate trembled in the balance. In the one scale, ease, honour, and emolument—in the other, disappointed hopes, and undiminished toil. The gods proved propitious, and the right scale descended. The Whigs had his patent made out before they formally tendered the seals, and he was sworn in only a few days before Sir Robert Peel took office. Never was a juncture so critical—his patent bore date the 21st of October, and before the end of the month his adversaries were in power. Had fortune proved unkind, as in the case of Mr. Blackburne, who long regretted that imprudent refusal, Judge Crampton might now have been standing in front of the crimson canopy, instead of luxuriously reclining under it; he might have been twisting the law, instead of fairly expounding it. From the Tories, promotion was hopeless. They justly suspected the man who prepared the Reform Bill for Ireland; and though there be many who doubt the sincerity of his liberal principles, from the narrow construction which he imposes on his own creation, yet the Tories too desperately hated him ever to take him to their councils, or prefer him to the bench when more steady partisans were at hand to claim the honour.

As a lawyer, Mr. Justice Crampton did not hold the highest rank, but he was always considered a safe and steady advocate. In knowledge of court practice, a very intricate and also a very emolumentary department of the profession, he was minutely versed; though in the profound principles of jurisprudence he could, when called on, make himself well up, proving alike research and ability. His arguments, scattered through the common-law reports, are compact and well-digested, and display learning, and logical facility, with a great deal of subtlety. He excelled in the art of gaining over the ear of their lordships, for which he was eminently calculated, by the pleasing amenity of his temper, which rarely knew a ruffle, and the persuasive, insinuating grace of his manner. He never got into a passion, nor resisted the inclinations of the bench. He listened with the deepest attention to the great oracles of legal exposition, and yielded submissively to their supreme authority. He was very skilful at Nisi Prius. Cautious, vigilant, and plausible, he watched every movement, and was ever at hand with his point; while his engaging deportment lulled the suspicion of the jury, and often inspired them with confidence when doubt and distrust were most needed. His cross-examination was masterly, and peculiar. He applied himself first to

those parts of the evidence which operated most strongly against himself, and exercised a surpassing ingenuity in weakening their effect; then taking up the weaker in regular gradation, he closed with one or two artful questions, whose answers either confounded or contradicted the witness, and this very just hesitation was construed by a significant nod to the jury-box into an anxiety to evade the truth. To his clients his conduct was most affable; never harsh or supercilious: with his brethren of the bar his intercourse was unexceptionable. Kind, gay, and good-humoured, he loved his joke, and took or gave one with equal satisfaction. One so little under the dominion of the principle which makes men severe, and the restraints which tend to make men stiff and formal, was certain to please. He carried with him to the bench the esteem which gathered round him at the bar, and is alike popular and respected by the profession. There was one man, with whom he was no favourite, and except the late chief baron Wolfe, we know none of the judges whom he particularly admired. Henry Cooper was eccentric and irritable, but exceedingly kind-hearted. He was in truth a rare being. Gifted with great natural powers, and versed in almost every branch of law, yet his practice never rose commensurably with his abilities. He was the first pleader at the bar—equally profound and acute in argument; and if he could only rein in the fiery volubility of his tongue, which carried him beyond all the limits of the intelligible—if he could only make the slowness of his speech correspond with the solidity of his matter, his reasoning would be resistless. But his extraordinary impetuosity marred all. He shot away like a blood-horse from the start, and with such amazing speed as to defy all traces of his progress. "Why, one's whole body should be absolutely converted into an organ of hearing to understand Cooper," was the witty observation of Lord Plunkett. He could not endure opposition when he felt himself right. On such occasions the least interruption from the bench used to convulse him with passion. The late Lord Guillamore, who loved a joke in his heart, was accustomed to worry him in his own quiet way with such expressions as, "Indeed, that is not the law, Mr. Cooper," or "that case on which you so confidently rely has been overruled;" and when fatigued with the sport, he edged on Baron Pennefather to pick some hole in Cooper's argument. And then such whirring, and blazing, and suppressed, though still audible execrations of "the old Limerick rogue," and "damned Dick Pennefather." He and Judge Crampton had some trifling dispute at the bar, and he retained a lurking animosity which in all cases he took no pains to conceal. We remember being once in the Court of Queen's Bench when he was arguing an *habeas corpus* motion. The child was taken from the care of the guardian, Mr. Cooper's client, and the case made on the affidavits against him was habitual and beastly drunkenness, which incapacitated him for the proper protection of the child's interests. His lordship's abhorrence of that vicious propensity was well known, and a more insinuating advocate than Mr. Cooper would have known how to attune his temper. He started off with the rapidity of a steam-engine, but forgot the safety-valve. He confessed his client loved a tolerable drink, and jestingly asked his lordship, "Surely, my lord,

you would not call a man a drunkard who took only half-a-dozen tumblers a night?"

"Indeed, Mr. Cooper," quietly remarked his lordship, without intending to give offence, "if you were to indulge to such an extent, I would consider you a most confirmed drunkard."

Poor Cooper, who imagined the answer was pointed at himself, swelled at once into an ungovernable rage, and with an attempt at coolness replied, "My lord," these words were calm enough, but the rest were spoken in a whirlwind; "no man can say that he ever got drunk at your table." Then turning round, he encountered the humourous face of Mr. Holmes. "Did not I hit the d—d teetotaller hard?"

"Not at all, my dear fellow," said the veteran wit, "the appeal to Philip Sober didn't at all lie."

With all his heat of head and inflammability of temper, he was a great favourite. He said many strange things—in fact, he was always saying them, for he blurted out without hesitation whatever came uppermost. On another occasion, when arguing on a *scire facias* with his usual strenuousness, he defied the court to decide against him. "I maintain it impossible that you can decide against me—the whole current of authorities is in my favour, and unless you overrule the judgments of the most learned judges in England, you are bound to grant this motion."

At this moment Mr. Monahan, who opposed him, appeared at the side bar, and having heard Mr. C.'s solemn defiance, interrupted him for an instant. "All I shall say now is, that the Court of Common Pleas decided the very same question the other way not half an hour since."

Cooper, whose hands had been resting on the table during this brief interlude, whipped off his spectacles, and darting a furious glance at his adversary, shouted out, "The Common Pleas! *what the devil do they know about it?*" The effect is lost on those unacquainted with his manner. The Chief fell into a laughing epilepsy—Judge Burton's habitual composure yielded to a smile—Judge Perrin shook the neighbouring lamp-post with more than his wonted violence—and when Judge Crampton suggested that the Common Pleas decided, no doubt, after due deliberation, Cooper, replacing his specs in the case, very distinctly ejaculated, "D—d humbug." We have, perhaps withdrawn ourselves at too great length from the direct subject of our memoir to revive the remembrance of Poor Harry Cooper, a man of unequivocal talents, but counterbalanced by great infirmity of temper. In one point of view, the character of Judge Crampton must be considered as standing higher than that of any other on the bench or at the bar. Distinguished in the law, he was equally distinguished in the sciences; thus uniting in himself a rare degree of excellence in both pursuits, to excel in either of which is deemed the loftiest praise. Nor was his eminence in the one pursuit of that doubtful kind that derives its value from such an uncommon conjunction. His success in the one was sufficient to have made him remarkable, had he done nothing in the other. In estimating his abilities, the distinctions he acquired in the sciences are forgotten,

and his capacity is tested merely by his attainments as a lawyer. This is a most unfair mode of judging his excellence, and it should be always borne in mind that at an early age he surpassed in scientific acquirements some of the most distinguished men of our times. To the humbler classes of his countrymen his name is well known as the originator of the temperance movement in Ireland, for he preceded Mr. Matthew by many years, and sowed the good seed for that philanthropic reaper.

A philosophical essay on the choice of hobby-horses would be a great addition to the history of the human mind. It would serve as a kind of connecting link between the libraries of useful and entertaining knowledge, and there is scarcely a man who might not be laid under contribution for such a work. Our learned judge might have a whole chapter to himself. When it was not a field-day with him in the courts, he would betake himself to the temperance committee to see how fared it with the arch enemy, John Barleycorn. This was the hobby on which he loved to amble. But let us not be mistaken. We say this in no unkind or irreverent spirit, for we look on Judge Crampton's labours in that cause to be above all praise. Standing aloof from all vulgar excitements, heedless of the transient politics and fugitive schemes of his times, and intent only on the permanent interests of mankind, he has laboured to promote them with an earnest and independent love of truth. Utterly regardless of the ribaldry, and laughing to scorn the silly merriment which the appearance of a judge among his humble fellow-citizens excited, he has pursued the path of reformation with undaunted intrepidity, and thus has he come under the guidance of principles which render the applause of mankind insignificant, or its neglect comparatively indifferent. It is refreshing to see such a mind as his filled with those pure and exalted sentiments—a judge of the land attending the meetings of humble mechanics, and leading them to virtue by practice and example. It is impossible to contemplate a nobler spectacle; and when public gratitude and a sense of good desert reward those who teach happiness to the people, the wisest and best will consecrate to that benevolent duty powers which would have been devoted to more splendid, though not more worthy undertakings. "Mackintosh," observes a beautiful writer, "surrendered his philosophy to compile a familiar History of England. Faithless to his Peris, Mr. Moore is teaching the commonalty of the realm the sad tale of the woes inflicted on the land of his birth. No longer emulous of Porson, the Bishop of London devotes his learned leisure to preparing cheap and easy tracts for the householders of his diocese; while Lord Brougham arrests the tide of his eloquence to instruct artizans in the principles of the sciences, which they are reducing to daily practise." Among this worthy class Judge Crampton holds fitting rank. He saw the miserable effects of intemperance on individual happiness and public morals. The vice was deep-rooted, almost beyond the hopes of philanthrophy, but he wisely thought that no strenuous efforts for the good of mankind were ever yet made in vain. When he, with a few of the "workers in charity," first raised the question—what is the use of drunkenness?—what object can be sought or attained by that

ruinous indulgence? it caught hold of the public mind, and was canvassed slowly but steadily. Thus arose the great portent of our time—a universal longing for sobriety. Crime has lost its stay, profligacy its excitement, and the land is fertilized. We do not for a moment forget the Rev. Mr. Matthew's share in this noble consummation. The great trophy and the triumph are unquestionably his; but with characteristic candour, he confessed that much of his success was due to the exertions of Mr. Justice Crampton. Society in Ireland now obeys a power which none may question or resist, while virtue demands the belief, and experience justifies the hope that its ultimate tendency is towards universal improvement; and if the great benefactors who have laboured in this cause find a place in our future chronicles, history will not fail to do justice to its great origin and fountain, Mr. Justice Crampton.

SONG.

"Och! plösse Lethe's strow wie sonss."—Langes.

O Lethe! flowed thy current still, how gladly would my lip,
To drown the memory of the Past, thy blessed waters sip;
But ah, no longer flows her stream, and Memory has the sway,
And thoughts of all the Past arise, and cloud our sunniest day!

The holy light of heavenly hope finds entrance to the breast,
And, pointing to Futurity, smiles all our fears to rest;
But ere the blessed smile of hope in clouds is sometimes cast,
It cannot pierce the blackening veil—the memory of the Past!

It rises in the midnight hour, it veils the light of day,
It clothes the youthful brow with age, it makes the heart its prey;
'Tis the worm that never dieth, living—gnawing to the last;—
O! the curse of Adam's children is the memory of the Past!

N. J. Lucas.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

A RUSH of joy came over the spirit of Willoughby Foss—he was happier than any king in Christendom, though he was jostled, and pushed, and crushed, and bruised, and beaten on every hand and side. He had just set his foot on the dirty, sloppy, muddy, messy wharf, against London Bridge, and he was in the midst of a crowd who were hurrying hither and thither, and right and left, and east and west, treading first upon his heels and then upon his toes; and women of all sizes, fat and thin, and tall and short, were screaming and calling, and children were shrieking and crying, and men were scolding and storming, and the wives were frightened to death, and the husbands were angry with the wives for daring to be frightened, and the porters were quarrelling with each other who should have the largest share of packages to carry, and were complimenting each other with all the rich varieties of the English language; and then there were cabs and coaches, and carts and barrows, and gentlemen in pilot coats, and diamond rings, and cigars in their mouths, and rosemary sprigs of youths with hats and boots of the latest fashion, who wished to be thought considerably older than they were; and there were others in a gone-by fashion who wished to be thought considerably younger; and there were men in the clumsiest of ankle-shoes and fustian jackets and shocking bad hats, kindly encouraging the literature of the country, by pressing the merits of the most refined and intellectual of penny papers; and there were travelling merchants with portable fires and steam chimneys, puffing off the finest of roast potatoes, and others with the most delectable of "all hot" kidney-pies,—and there were cabs, and coaches, and carts, and cars, and wheelbarrows, and such jostling, and crashing, and elbowing, as could or can only be found on a steampacket wharf in all the Queen's dominions.

The mighty panting, puffing, bellowing monster of a steamer had just rolled in its great unwieldy bulk, gasping like an expiring porpoise; but there were eyes that were gladdened by the sight of the dingy Tower turrets, and the thick yellow diluted mud of the Thames, and the forests of masts that reared themselves on every side, and the medley of ill-shaped and incongruous, dusty, dirty, marginal-fringe of warehouses along the river's edge, and there were ears which were delighted with the sounds emitted by the apple-women and barrow-men and basket-boys, and cabmen and coachmen and cads, and who thought the very mud delightful since it was concocted of English materials. Those eyes and those ears had been unblessed with sight or sound of *home* for the last seven years, and it needs not sunny skies, and verdant fields, and flowery plains, and noble architecture, to cause the recognition of *home* to give the heart a throb, and make the pulse beat high with transport.

But the sweetest of sweet things that gladdens the eyes and rejoices the heart of the wanderer come home again, is to catch the first glimpse of dear expecting eyes awaiting them. O the joy of being waited for! after feeling so lonely and desolate, to find ourselves suddenly relinked with home and its affections, by the sight of some kind and anxious face, whose straining eyes are looking for us, and whose owner is on duty to take us off our own responsibility, and carry us where a blazing fire and a cheerful meal and dear faces are waiting us. O the change, from discomfort and selfishness and hardship, to the love that would lavish everything upon us! Willoughby Foss looked round: a dirty lubberly boy, who had been lying on the steerage, sometimes sick and sometimes asleep, was in the arms of his mother, an old wrinkled woman, in a ragged red cloak: an emaciated pale-faced man was receiving the kisses of a wife, in whose face present joy was struggling with habitual dejection, while three little starving urchins were clinging to his knees and crowing with gladness: a very cross old gentleman who had been quarrelling with everybody that came in his way, and that was only those who could not keep out of it, all the voyage, was for the moment surprised out of his ill-humour at the sight of a round faced, chubby-cheeked, red-lipped comely damsel of a daughter; and a poor peevish old maid, who had done nothing but snarl all the way, forgot herself into actual good temper, at the sight of another poor peevish puckered-up face, which belonged to her counterpart, and her sister.

"Nobody waiting for me!" said Willoughby Foss, with a sigh. "Every beggar's brat has somebody to love them, and single them out of this pic-nic of a crowd but me! Well, no matter. If they don't look for me, I must look for them. I am in old England again! at home again!—psha! I have no home! Nonsense, don't make a fool of yourself, Willoughby Foss, England is home, and a good large one too! What a delightful pell-mell this is! and what a delightful thing it is to hear one's own language spoken! positively it is the sweetest language in the world!"

"Taters all hot! weal pies all hot! von't you buy!" broke upon Willoughby Foss's ear a perfect treat of sweet sounds.

A well-wearing, India rubber-like good temper is a most excellent thing; an article that can be knocked about, and exposed to all weathers, and bear the wear and tear, like a good serviceable home-spun commodity. Willoughby Foss had just one of these tempers on. The people elbowed him, and crushed and squeezed him—no matter—they were only brotherly embraces. He was sorely abused for not giving his packages to half a dozen different porters—no matter—he gave them money, and the abuse was in English; he got over the tops of his boots in mud—what of that? it was composed of English earth and English water. It was so foggy that he could scarcely see and scarcely breathe—but that was English fog, and what could man wish for more or better?

Willoughby Foss had no home to go to, so he went to an inn. He had an English rumpsteak to eat, English bottled porter to drink, and sat by a fire, made of bright, black, blazing English coals. But Willoughby Foss was restless as all people are when fresh from a journey. His feelings were wandering, his thoughts were unsettled, his head

ached; he fancied that the room was rocking, and tried to steady himself; and he had the horrid sound of the steamer yet fresh in his ears, and the throbbing, beating, bouncing motion, affecting him more forcibly than ever.

Willoughby Foss wished it were morning instead of night. Was it too late to go half a dozen miles into the country, and pop upon his friends? He would dress so quickly and go so quickly—and if he did, it would be midnight before he got there. Well then, but heigh ho! it must be left till the morning.

Willoughby Foss had not dressed with so much nicety for the last seven years as he did on the ensuing morning. He even went so far (about two doors from his hotel) as to buy himself a new black satin stock, and a pair of lemon-coloured gloves, two pieces of foppery for which he heartily laughed at himself; but he laughed still more heartily when he looked at himself in his glass, after he had had his hair dressed. As we have said before, seven long years had passed since he had been such a beau.

Willoughby Foss climbed nimbly up to the top of the stage coach. He did not care for cold; his heart was warm enough, and he wanted to look on every old stump of a leafless tree, on every old house, every stone, every cottage, every field, every hedge, every corner; nay, every heap of rubbish, which had been used to dot his way in the journeys of his boyhood, when he was accustomed to traverse the road on every holiday, every vacation time, every birth-day, every company-day; many and many a time going the six miles on foot, for the mere pleasure of stopping at the old hall for an hour;—how well he remembered making division marks of all these well-known objects—but, alas! the misjudging, heartless, soulless men, had pulled down some dear old decaying cottage here, and built up some vulgar red-faced houses there, and they had removed the sweetest of hawthorn hedges and erected the vilest of ill-favoured walls in their stead; and some mouldering willows were cut down that used to hang the most poetical of boughs, down into the prettiest of ponds; and the pond was filled up, and there were long rows of little tenements as cockneyfied as could be, and phalanxes of impudent-looking houses, with bills in the windows, "*To be Let;*" and the fresh grassy fields that used to be, were now covered over with stacks of burning bricks, emitting the most suffocating of smells; and great hills of ashes in one place, and heaps of lime and dirt in another; and here a great painted placard, "This land to let on building leases," and there another, "These carcasses to be sold," and a little further on another, "Rubbish may be shot here."

It required all the stock of funded good temper which Willoughby Foss possessed, to bear up under the sight of such injuries and desecrations as these. However, he consoled himself by thinking, "No matter! I shall find the old chimney-corner the same, and dear old Mr. Bellamy's face the same, and I shall find Christina—how shall I find her?"

Ah, how the heart that has been buffeted and beaten abroad, burns and throbs as it travels homewards, and how the eyes look searchingly and longingly for the first glimpse of the dear old well remembered spot! Willoughby Foss thought that his eyes ought at least to have

distinguished the old gable-fronted house, which he was panting to reach, the full six miles from London Bridge, and laid all the fault on the horrid improvements which the vile mercenary men were perpetrating. "They may talk of the change that foreign travels make in people," said Willoughby to himself, "but I say that it is the people at home that change. Have I ever seen a foreign face to compare with Christina Bellamy's, one half so kind and good in its expression; and though I am come back not a farthing richer than I went, don't I know that I shall be as welcome to my old sofa corner, as if I had returned a nabob? Ah! what a fool I was not to get rich—but then some way or another my conscience wouldn't let me—but if I had, I would have tried my luck with dear Christina. Heigh ho! I wish I was only half as rich as Rothschild."

A quaint-looking gable-fronted house, standing about a stone's throw from the high road, presented itself at last. It was one of those old places that any new possessor would immediately have set about modernising, but which must have been endeared to an old occupant by the very process of its decay. The small deep-coloured red bricks were cornered and corniced, and embrasured with stone; the frameworks of the windows were likewise of stone, massive and deeply set. The door was entered by a porch, and overhung with the loose unfastened branches of a vine, whose few remaining leaves were crisped and seared into autumn russet; while, to add to the discomforture of the aspect, the long unmown grass was overstrewn with a thick layer of melancholy fallen leaves. The trees thus laid bare seemed all approaching their decease; many of their stems were decayed, many of their branches withered. The large rusty old-fashioned iron gates were slung between two cumbrous brick pillars, surmounted with two huge sculptured lions' heads, and they were swinging idly on their hinges. No smoke curled up from the large stack of chimneys telling of a happy household hearth and good cheer within, and no flickering brightness threw gladness over the window-frames.

The place too was strangely peopled. Instead of its usual air of quiet, well-kept seclusion, there were throngs and mobs of low vulgar-looking people swarming about. Surly porters with their knots and cords; barrows lying on the long grass; mean little tax-carts with Jewish names painted upon them, from which got out men with hooked noses and shabby greatcoats; and dirty tawdry women in unnumbered trinkets and tattered worn-out finery; and troops of urchins in well-soiled pinafores, peeping and prying, and trying to get in and see the fun; and rival potmen from the nearest public-houses, with trays and cans of beer; and pieces of carpets hanging out of the windows, and slung over the iron gates, with an auctioneer's catalogue tied down upon them, purporting that Trappe and Son were going to sell by public auction all the household furniture, plate, linen, feather-beds and bolsters, rich pier-glasses, musical instruments, garden utensils, kitchen utensils, clocks, watches, timepieces, jewels, trinkets, glass, china, earthenware, &c. &c. &c., of Bellamy Hall, without reservation, at twelve o'clock precisely.

Willoughby Foss staggered like a drunken man across the moss-covered, grass-grown pavement, into the entrance hall. The place sanc-

tified in his affections was profaned by a very mob; people of all sorts with catalogues in their hands, were prying into every household privacy, from the garret to the kitchen; women from the surrounding neighbourhood of all classes were there, curious to lift the veil of private life, and catch glimpses of the secret management of their neighbours. How torn and riven and shabby everything seemed! and the profane people were handling and fingering them as though they were as vulgar as themselves. Poor Willoughby Foss was one of those few rare people whose affections so cling to the very inanimate objects that they have been used to see surround those whom they loved, that every derangement even of household goods seemed to give a pang to his heart: he would not have had even a chair or a table displaced; and here were the seats on which Christina had sat, the carpets on which she had trod, the table at which she had eaten, nay, even the plate that had held her food, and the very cup and the glass out of which she had sipped—nay, the mat on which she had rubbed her little slippers, all marked into parcels, with little bits of paper pasted on them, bearing all the intermediate numberings between "Lot 1," to "Lot 549."

Willoughby Foss thought of knocking his head against the wall, but not acting on the first impulse, he considered better of it. Instead of doing so, he only walked like a distracted man through the various rooms in the house. A dirty Jewish broker was lounging in old Marmaduke Bellamy's easy chair; he thought of dashing him from it. The man had on a pair of the dirtiest and the vilest patched boots that could have been picked up in Rosemary Lane, and his feet were crushing and hacking an ottoman worked by Christina Bellamy's own fair fingers, and on which her own fairy foot had rested, and in which he had so far helped as to hold her wools whilst she wound them. He doubled his fist in the man's face, and passed on. He next stumbled over a course fat man with wiry red hair, who was grasping up the curtains to seam after seam, in his large hands, to count the breadths; and then upon another bleer-eyed black-visaged wretch, who was tearing tongues in the mattress ticks to see what they were really stuffed with. The profanation of dirty finger-marks and dirty feet was direful. Willoughby Foss passed on. A parcel of women were prying into drawers and closets; some of them were shading up table-linen and bed-linen to the light to see how much it was worn. He heard many remarks from them, reflecting upon Christina's bad household management.

"I don't wonder at things coming to this with such management," said one.

"With all her pride, Miss Bellamy was but a poor bit of a Bessy, bab. Things soon run to wreck and ruin when nobody cares how they go. I dare say Miss Bellamy never dirtied her hands in her life, or put them into water, except to wash them."

"That I'll be bound for," kindly rejoined another; "you may see by the colour of the boards how badly they have been scoured, and these sheets ought to have been turned sides into middle long ago. *I* never saw any place left at such sixes and sevens."

"Why, ma'am, there's a ham-bone in the pantry, and the coffee-

pot is full of coffee, and there's a quantity of mouldy jelly and sour beef-tea."

"She used to make those sort of things for old Mr. Bellamy."

"See, ma'am, what do you think these custard-cups and jelly-glasses will fetch? If they go for a mere nothing, I shall bid for them. China and glass are always useful in a house! And here's a tea-service. I wonder how many of the things are broken and cracked;" and the lady put on her spectacles, and with a keen sharp look began to hold up the old-fashioned china to the light, and lifted up piece after piece of heavy cut-glass to find out how many were flawed and damaged.

Willoughby Foss saw the very cups which he had so often seen kissed by Christina's lips, and out of which he had so often drank the most delicious tea in the world, made by her dear hands, and the plates from which he had so often eaten capacious schoolboy-sized pieces of cake while he and Christina and dear kind old Mr. Marmaduke Bellamy had gathered close together round that very tray, over the brightest of blazing fires, laughing and jesting with the lightest of light hearts; and there too the vile women were holding up the identical glasses, from which he had eaten the clearest of jellies, and the most creamy of custards; and another odious wretch had got Christina's delicately-fabricated Indian work-basket, which he had sent her over himself—no, he could bear it no longer, so he left one scene of torture only to enter another. He turned into the little room that had once been called his when he used to spend a month, or a week, or happy but a single night, at the old Hall, and which was known by the name of Mr. Willoughby's room; and there were the boughs of the old clematis that had ever in all his wanderings been remembered as the most delicious of perfumes; and though they were bare of leaves, yet still they were the same well-beloved branches; and there was his own little bed, on which he had so often slept so sweetly, and dreamed so happily, and his own little black profile, done to the life with black paper and scissors, and shaded with gold; and there too was a silken coverlet which Christina's hands had patched, and there too—no, he could bear this no longer. He turned into a little conservatory, but the leaves were all flaccid and drooping, and hanging their dejected heads, evidently dying for water. Poor Willoughby conjured up the ghosts of a thousand sentiments; how often had he tied up a plant here, and trained a branch there! the very breath of the flowers agonized him. He darted out again. He next turned into the little room used as the pantry; everything seemed to have been left at a moment's warning. Here was the remains of food, dry, dusty, and fusty; the toast-rack filled with shrivelled toast, stale jellied milk in the ewer, tea in the pot, sugar in some of the cups—there too stood a tray of mouldy cheesecakes; everything spoke of sudden calamity and desertion. He dashed out again. There was the old hall, with the wonderful and elaborate clock, that told the phases of the moon and the tides of the sea, and was almanac and everything. How often had he looked in its face, and listened to its ticking! but it was silent now—speechless—like a friend who was dead. Off Willoughby darted again. He took up a book—it was in "lot something," and

out of it dropped the Indian delicately-carved paper-knife which he had sent to Mr. Marmaduke Bellamy as a remembrance of himself; and the dear old gentleman had been thinking of him only so recently —he was sure of it. And there too were the gold-mounted spectacles—everything left in haste and confusion. It could not be borne! He turned into a bed-room—it was poor Mr. Bellamy's—there was the grand old four-post bedstead, with the rich though tarnished gilt cornice, and there lay the old gentleman's nightcap. Willoughby flew off again. He turned into another—he paused, looked round—he had never been within it before—it was Christina's own chamber. There was her white bed, her frilled pillow—the very impression of her head was still upon it—there was her worked toilette-cover, and the looking-glass, that had so often reflected her dear face. O favoured mirror! and just at that moment when Willoughby looked upon it, it was giving back the most villainous portraiture of which nature ever drew the original—a face etched in with the black lines of fraud and cunning; and the low intruder who was thus casting his image on the sullied surface was holding the edge of a penny-piece to it to ascertain its thickness and muttering, "Vell, vell, I sees it's a Wauxhall plate."

Willoughby made a gesture to snatch at the man, and to throw him out of the window, but he fortunately perceived, before it was too late, that the window was rather too small for the purpose, owing to its intersecting framework of masonry. He turned into a closet, where he had been used to be favoured by admission; here was a "lot something,"—and such a lot! A stand of flowers—the flowers dead—a guitar tied with a blue ribbon, a music-book, and a birdcage; this was Christina's little *boudoir*. How often had he fed her bird, and watered her flowers, and held her music-book, and listened to her voice and her guitar!—there were the very very tunes, and the bird who used to sit on Christina's finger, and tangle her ringlets, and eat from her lips, but which the little simple thing would never let him touch—the bird, where was it? There was the cage—Willoughby looked, and there at the bottom lay the little stiffened delicate creature, starved to death.

Poor Willoughby thought that he had suffered more than death, that he never, never could be happy again, and away he started. The feelings have quite as strong a propelling power as steam.

They carried him out of the house; he could not bear its atmosphere—it was suffocation, distraction. He dashed down the avenue of trees behind the dwelling, turned on one side, and threw himself on the long unmown wet grass, with its covering of shrivelled leaves, buried his face in his hands, and—we are not quite sure as to the fact of there being tears—but there certainly were some very doleful groans.

Willoughby Foss heard the most sorrowful of whining, lamenting, miserable moanings, mingling with his own, and felt a warm breath breathing over him, and his hands kissed and fondled in a particularly loving way. He started into a sitting posture, and behold it was the large gaunt old Newfoundland dog who was hanging upon him, that he used to fondle and plague by turns, when he was a boy. The poor

animal was withered to a skeleton; his thick skin was hanging in huge wrinkles, the tears were standing in his red eyes, and his moanings were piteous indeed. Willoughby Foss opened his arms, and the old creature leapt into them with the sympathy more of a dog than a man, and we veribly believe that Willoughby returned the kisses of his old household friend.

"Lion, old fellow!" said Willoughby Foss; "where are they? What does it all mean? Where is your master? Where is your mistress?"

Lion seemed to understand him. He pointed in a particular direction, and barked, and whined, and moaned, and then Willoughby found that he was tied by a thick cord, which he had knotted, and pulled, and dragged in vain, to the very tree at whose root he had thrown himself."

"Tied up to starve!" exclaimed Willoughby. "Poor wretch! thy life is a little tougher than yon poor canary's;" and he cut the cord.

Lion reeled under his sudden liberty; he was evidently near the last stage of exhaustion, but he tottered on inviting Willoughby to follow, and thus they traversed the extent of the ground behind, until they came to the gardener's cottage, which opened into a lane at the back. Here was a rustic porch with a seat in it, and a little pointed lattice, with its small diamond-shaped panes set in a leaden frame-work, opening in the middle. This little cottage in summer-time was a very bower of sweets, but now the bare branches of clematis, roses, and honeysuckle, were heavy with rain-drops. Willoughby entered this porch, and looked within; the clean white-washed walls were hung with small scripture pictures in black frames, there were a few well-rubbed wicker chairs, and a white deal table covered with a piece of green baize, on which lay the Bible and the "Whole Duty of Man." The floor was sanded, the hearth clean swept; but Willoughby Foss saw none of these things; he saw only the occupants of that little cottage chamber.

In a high-backed arm wicker chair sat old Marmaduke Bellamy; he was one of the gone-by old-school of old gentlemen, whose outward air and polish seemed to contrast strongly with the homeliness of the place. He was dressed in black, and wore black silk stockings, pumps, a wide cambric frilled shirt, which, with a large white neckerchief, was rather paraded. His black velvet cap was somewhat pushed back, and showed a bald forehead, with a fringe of silken white hair on either side. He was one of those few people who being handsome once are handsome always—handsome in youth, handsome in age. Time has no power over real beauty: it may wither and wrinkle, but it cannot destroy. Mr. Bellamy's old patrician face was still a fine one; it was like a noble building in decay—more touching from being time-touched. One of his delicately-shaped hands was resting on the arm of the chair, with the long thin fingers grasping the corner, and the full blue veins swelling out of their whiteness, while his cheek was flushed with the hot blood that mantled them, and his eye was lit with brightness. And there stood Christina Bellamy, with one foot a little in advance, and seemingly as if she were

interposing her person before him; her head was thrown back, her figure drawn up to its full height, her eye angry, her lip scornful, and before her, receiving the full vehemence of her indignation, there stood the third person of the trio; he was a pale gentlemanly man, whose features, when at rest, might have been thought passionless, the first expression of his face being that of morbid sensibility; but the passions were now awake, and though he was evidently at pains to keep the reins over them, it was easy to see that it was only an affected calmness. He was leaning against the simple deal table, playing with his watch-chain, one foot advanced, the other retired, his eyes alternately lifted to those of Christina, and quailing before them.

"Sir," said Christina, "you have chosen your time well to visit us. We have a princely dwelling here to which to bid you welcome," and she cast her eye scornfully round on the white-washed walls, and the homely cottage garniture; and then, in a sudden change of her angry feelings, "but no—we cannot suppose that a cabin-hearth would suit the taste of the present proprietor of our old Hall. The chambers there, sir, are doubtless more to your liking. And, in truth, we have no company here worthy of your presence. Here we are beggars, sir, thanks to your kind interposition in our affairs! Beggars, sir! and of your making! What would you with us then?"

"I would have a few words with you, Miss Bellamy."

"A few words—no more!" said Christina scornfully; "a few words! Now, in good truth, kind sir, of however small a value, we have nothing left else to bestow. Why then we are literally beggars, with nothing but empty words to offer to our friends. We cannot bid you welcome, even to a cup of wine, and for a meal, why that, sir, we shall have to seek for ourselves. But we can be courtier-like; we can sweeten our fair speeches, and garnish them with flattery, and so make them pass for things of sterling worth. We can gild the tinsel, and offer it for genuine ore. So, then, Mr. Sandiland, worthy, right-minded, kind-hearted Mr. Sandiland, we congratulate you on your new accession to property. Old Bellamy Hall is a fair dwelling. Bright fires blazing on its winter hearths, and summer sweets perfuming its atmosphere, make it a pleasant place in the changing seasons. Doubtless you will be merry in its winters, and cheery in its summers. We have been so. And it is spacious, sir; you will have room enough and to spare—room enough too for a few boon companions to beguile your thoughts, if haply you should think of its old possessors; but I should advise you, *if you can*, to shun such recollections—they may be like ghosts to haunt you; and then you will sleep well! Doubtless you will sleep well! There are good spacious chambers where you can sleep. Ah, how you will sleep! and have such pleasant dreams!—ha! ha! ha!" Christina broke into an hysterical laugh.

"Darling," said old Mr. Bellamy; "darling, don't, don't!"

"Father," said Christina, "he asked but for a few words, and shall we not give him them? We who have now nothing else to give? When was it ever your wont to turn a beggar away? He has plied us often enough with sweet words, and shall we not repay him in his

own coin? Smooth-mouthed Mr. Sandiland, sound our words roughly on your musical ears. Would you have them ring more sweetly? Are we not dulcet-tongued?"

"Miss Bellamy, you are privileged," said Mr. Sandiland, preserving his self-command, though growing pale with passion.

"Privileged, am I!" exclaimed Christina, even more vehemently. "Have I your kind permission, sir, to utter the words, it is beyond your power to stifle, or is it but asserting my sex's privilege to rail? Privileged, am I! How kind in Mr. Sandiland to permit me to speak! Why, sir, do you think that you can shut the flood gates which you have opened, or bid the fire not rage that you have kindled?"

"Dearest, he is not worth your indignation," said Mr. Bellamy.

"Madam," said Mr. Sandiland, "when your anger has spent itself, I may perhaps hope for a few words."

"Spent itself! Ay, sir, when the fuel is spent the fire may go out. But when may that be? When will you have ceased to injure, that I may cease to feel? But you hope for a few words, do you, sir? Well, you shall have them. Why, sir, what injury had we ever done you, that you should thus industriously seek our ruin?"

"Speak but calmly, and I will answer you," said Mr. Sandiland. "Is it wrong for a man to seek that which is his own? The law of the land hath judged between us, and given me mine own."

"Thine!—ours! Given thee!—and how? By fraud—by chicanery. Our home, our pleasant home, the home of my babyhood! and thou puttest up a false, a most false claim to it and all that we have; and because some old parchments are missing, some obsolete title-deeds, thou hast made the strong arm of the law thy tool to do us this foul injustice. Oh, you will be very happy with your gains! and merry too! Ha! ha! ha!"

"My darling, you frighten me," said old Marmaduke Bellamy.

"The law of our country should be treated with respect," said Sandiland. "I look upon it as an august arbitrator."

"Ay," said Christina, "the law has been thy most iniquitous comrade. But even that I could have borne, I could have forgiven an open enmity—but thy fraud, thy cunning—shall I pardon these?"

"The world would say that I had been forbearing. Two long years have I left you, Miss Bellamy, in possession of what the justice of my country had awarded me; two years have you been mistress of my house, and might have been for ever."

"Ay, ay, now I see it all! You thought that law had not drained us enough, and that a sudden ejectment would leave us too many resources, and so you deluded my poor father with many professions of sorrow, and a fair show, and persuaded him to consent to some document by which you could pounce upon us, like a beast of prey, at any moment, and for which we were to be left in our rightful possessions by your kind sufferance—ay, left in *our own* house on *your* sufferance, sir—and so we have been your guests, sir, your guests from that black day to this."

"And you know, Miss Bellamy, how I have spent the interim—even in endeavouring to persuade you to be its real mistress for ever."

"Ay, sir, you were kind enough to offer us a share in our own, on the trifling conditions of a jailor and a chain."

"Miss Bellamy," said Sandiland, "I put it to yourself whether, as a gentleman, I might not fairly expect more courteous words for a courteous offer, from a lady?"

"Ay, sir, it is your craft and cunningness that cover your basest actions with a show of right."

"Let me instance the actions you are pleased thus to designate. I find myself born to a fair inheritance, and that another is invested with my rights. Mind I do not accuse your respectable parent of injustice, though he be enjoying my possessions. I claim from him their restoration;—I am refused, rejected, spurned. I appeal to the arbitration of my country, which recognises my title, and orders the restoration of my rights. Well, I visit you, dwelling in the home that the law of the land decides to be mine, and I am received with contumely. Your worthy father urges that it is the mislaying of some old deeds, probably hidden by your eccentric grandfather, that prevents him from proving the validity of his possession; and, instead of insisting on my right, I agree to waive its immediate enforcement, so that you may have further time for search, he believing that it was only in the old dwelling that the old deeds might be found; and I do this on the single proviso of his signature to a document which might enable me to claim mine own when that search should prove fruitless, without another reference to the fatiguing and ruinous processes of the law. Can you gainsay a syllable of this?"

"Specious, specious man!" exclaimed Christina.

"Surely in all this I might have been thought somewhat forbearing, rather than severe. I say nothing of the motive, since it is not one that has found favour in your eyes. Men are strange animals, Miss Bellamy. I believe that it has not been either your beauty or your merits, but your scorn that has impelled me on. Had you been a gentle and dependent creature, you would have been to me no more than any other insipid woman, but being what you are, you have provoked me into the desire of calling you my own."

"Your goods and chattels, sir! No, no. But you do well not to pretend to that generous affection which an honest heart alone can feel. You think that these lost deeds may be found, and then there may be such a thing as restitution, sir; and you are a politician, sir, and a speculator, sir, and so you think you had better add me to your household stuff, and make all sure. I could claim no inheritance then—the slave could not reckon with her master! O no!"

"Miss Bellamy—"

"And perhaps you think that I should make a good household slave! What, *I!* That I should speak in a soft voice, and fetch and carry, and fill your cup, and fan the flies away from your afternoon's nap! You think I should make a good tame drudge, do you? Ha! ha! ha!"

"My darling, calm yourself! I never saw you thus before. You frighten me!"

"Christina—" began Mr. Sandiland.

"Christina! Whose Christina? *Man*, not yours! I have come to a pretty honour, to be Christinaed by you! When I submit to this, it shall be from a man in some other shape!"

"Woman!" exclaimed Mr. Sandiland, his face livid with passion, his lip quivering, his knees knocking, his tongue cleaving to his parched mouth—"woman! you lash me into a fury malignant as your own. It would have pleased me well to have been your master, but not for love. Since I give up my suit, I will also throw off the garb of a suitor. Madam, you must change much before you can be honestly loved. When your own fancy is fixed, then remember these words of mine;—men may pretend affection—it is a conventionalism—a sort of price that they pay—a kind of troublesome process by which they gain a servant without wages through life. It is the condition of your sex to be *servants without wages*, and so entirely are you fitted for the condition, that every woman's life is spent in trying to find herself a place—and doubtless you will come to this."

"Are you a man?" exclaimed Christina.

Another flush of malignant feeling passed over the face of Sandiland. "Again!" he exclaimed—"again another allusion at my misshapen form!" and he lifted up a malformed foot with such an expression of bitterness as only self-love could be made to feel. "Had I been shapen like other men, I should have prospered better. Woman, thy bitter spirit could not spare to wound my weak place. I saw thy look, and the scarcely-covered allusion to my ungainly shape!"

"Think you so?" said Christina.

"Think I so! Do you think I forget our first meeting? I was struck with your grace and beauty, as were you with my ungainliness. I halted on to meet you, and your eye sought out on the instant my bodily blemish. Your eye lighted on my defect, and your look—I see it at this moment! I have seen it ever since! But you have paid dearly for that look, Miss Bellamy. I have made myself the master of your destiny; you are houseless and penniless; indebted for a covering to the shed of your own servant—servant now no more—your equal! How like you all this, proud lady? Sits it well on your high spirit? How like you it?"

"If my dog were here he should drive you hence!" exclaimed Christina.

"He is very safe, tied to starvation under a tree."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Christina. "What, Lion! here!"

As she spoke, the half-famished creature rushed in with a wild bound, the tattered piece of rope hanging round his neck, and the large wrinkles of his famine-stricken form proving what he had suffered. With canine sagacity perceiving that his mistress was sore beset, he made an angry rush, with a fearful rumbling in his throat, at Mr. Sandiland, but Christina's joyous exclamation, "Lion! old Lion!" made him turn towards her, and leap with his huge paws upon her neck, howling with joy. Christina threw her arms round his shaggy throat, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "I have, then, one friend left in the world!" Mr. Sandiland turned on his heel and departed.

The hour of sale had arrived. It was just an hour and a quarter after the time advertised. The dining-tables had been put together, and covered with a quantity of old carpeting, and a chair and a table were placed at the furthermost end as a sort of throne for Mr. Trappe, the auctioneer. The little table had been Christina's work-table; it was prettily mosaicked at the top, and had a blue silk bag appended beneath—in fact, it was the only piece of modern furniture that had found its way into the house. On the right hand sat the clerk, with his books open before him, and a pile of catalogues, ready for distribution. On the left was an empty chair, so barricaded as to keep off the crowd from its occupant; and then there were a perfect mob of people—some very dandy sons of Abraham, and some very dingy ones; men with ringed hands, and men with dirty ones; boys who thought themselves men, and men who thought themselves boys. Then there were women with noses that might have been seen a mile off, and eyes that could scarcely have been seen at all; women over-dressed, and women under-dressed; some with more rings than fingers, and others with more fingers than rings; some who looked as if they enjoyed everything, and some as if they enjoyed nothing; some who looked as if they liked eating, and some as if they preferred drinking—and around this portion of the community there hung a rich and mingled perfume, compounded of onions and bread and cheese, and beer and red herrings, and the sweet breathings of a certain spiritual elegance, vulgarly known as making up the trio with brandy and rum. Then there was a sprinkling of fashion in the room of ladies with very rich shawls, and abundance of flowers under their bonnets, who came to look for bargains, and a few elderly very respectable gentlewomen, with unsullied attire of about half a century old fashion, who came to see the inside of their neighbour's house, and, having known Miss Bellamy, were kindly anxious to ascertain how she had managed her domestic affairs. And there were a few elderly gentlemen—some retired from business, one a banker, another a half-pay captain, and a gone-out-of-practice doctor, who not very well knowing what to do with themselves, were there to beguile a little time; and two or three young married couples, who would be glad to meet with a few bargains to embellish their newly-taken and somewhat scantily-furnished houses. This complication of people had begun to feel the stirrings of temper within them, and, to manifest the indwelling of that outrageous emotion, had commenced a sort of shilling-gallery grumbling, when a slight commotion on the margin of the mob made it manifest that something of material importance had happened. And so it proved; for the auctioneer's clerk, having made a very particular fuss on the occasion, and being helped and hindered by everybody, at length succeeded in making a clear way for the auctioneer himself, who, turning out to be Mr. Trappe junior, and not Mr. Trappe senior, as had been expected, turned out also to be quite a different sort of person; for whereas Mr. Trappe the parental was an exceedingly little sharpened-up sort of a man, Mr. Trappe the filial was rather a flattened-down one; and instead of wearing a suit of clothes which were marked with shabbiness—like a label that money got was money kept—as his worthy parent did, he was attired in a garb that proclaimed that money got

was money spent, for he was as much of a dandy as D'Orsay, wearing a perfumed cambric handkerchief, a diamond ring, and his hair curled. Having clambered up to the table by the help of the clerk's shoulder on one side, and a crimson-cushioned damask-covered chair for his dirty boot on the other, he assumed his throne, and was followed in the example by the said clerk on the one hand, and Mr. Sandiland on the other—this last gentleman somewhat in the background, and with a visage as dark as night. These functionaries had been followed into the room by Willoughby Foss, who had been trying to jostle Mr. Sandiland, or to tread upon his heels, or to elbow him, or, in short, do anything that was practicable to provoke him into a quarrel; but all these kind intentions of benevolence were entirely thrown away upon that gentleman, who was as well wrapped and packed up in his own thoughts as any brown-paper parcel, and so warranted and booked for a safe passage, thinking nothing of the knockings and drivings he was getting, than that they were the gratuitous favours he must needs receive from a vulgar mob. So Willoughby Foss being gone the gainer for his endeavours to quarrel, threw himself into an old-fashioned high-backed easy chair, quite in the background, and fixed his eyes upon a portrait of Christina Bellamy's grandmother, which hung near him. There is something touching in looking on the youthful portraits of the aged or the dead. The lapse of time becomes like a tangled skein. Christina had always been considered strikingly like this youthful picture of her grandmother, and the retrospective steps of modern fashion had given a sort of similarity to her attire. So Willoughby Foss gazed until he was as sentimental as any very young lady at school.

Mr. Trappe junior passed his white fingers through his curled hair, twisted his diamond ring exactly into its right place on the diameter of his little finger, and in a mimini primini voice, read the conditions of the sale, and so the business of the house began. The brokers, who were divided against themselves into two factions, commenced sparring. The half dozen who were on pay to the auctioneer, at half-a-crown a head, to run up the biddings against the larger faction, who were determined to have everything for nothing, began to show the first small running fire of warfare. The Levis, and the Benjamins, and the Solomons, received many complimentary allusions, among which a reference to pork was prominently conspicuous, and the sort of hubbub which ensued was obliged to be hissed down to make room for Mr. Trappe junior's small unfilled organ of speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Trappe, "I am instructed to sell entirely, without reservation,—mind, ladies and gentlemen, *entirely, without reservation,* the very rich and elegant household furniture of this noble mansion. Ladies and gentlemen, I am showing you opportunities that you will never meet with again—opportunities that you ought not to lose by any manner of means. And I begin with offering to you a very rich elegantly-carved arabesque four-posted bedstead, with a corniced top, and very splendid ruby-coloured silk damask hangings, lined with plain silk as thick as a board,—portery, bring down one of the curtains. Ladies, the lining alone would

make you the most magnificent gowns, and cloaks far superior to anything you could purchase."

One of the porters, a man in a fustian jacket and white apron, got upon the table with a long, large, faded red curtain round his neck.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, what shall we say to begin with?—shall we say ten pounds to begin with?—just to begin with. Only ten pounds to begin with, for a richly-carved elaborately-ornamented arabesque four-posted bedstead, with ruby-coloured damask silk hangings lined with most superb silk—silk, ladies, that will provide you with the richest cloaks and dresses for yourselves and your families for years. What, will nobody say ten pounds? Now, that is really strange! Well then, nine, nine pounds for a magnificent four-posted bedstead with splendid ruby silk damask hangings! Well, then, eight, if I must say eight—eight to begin with. Well, now, that is the strangest thing I ever heard! Come, ladies and gentlemen, bid something. Mr. Sharpe, I am very happy to see you here; pray make a beginning for me. A crown! you jest. A sovereign. Well, just to begin with. A pound and half-a-crown. Thank you, sir. Twenty-four—twenty-five. Thank you, ma'am. Twenty-six—twenty-seven. Ladies and gentlemen, you must be blind to your own interest. An elegant four-posted bedstead and damask curtains—Mr. Bellamy's own bed—twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine. Now, gentlemen, say a little more for the sake of saving time—two pounds; half-crowns now, if you please—sorry, ma'am, I can't take a shilling bid; two pounds five—two pounds ten—fifteen—three pounds. Thank you, sir; going for three pounds five—going, going, gone!" and then fell the emphatic hammer. "What name?"

"Levi."

"Who gave you that name? did your godfathers and godmothers?"

"A chaise-longue, ladies and gentlemen. A very elegant damask-covered, richly gilt, well-made chaise-longue."

"Are you well made?"

"A richly-gilt silk damask-covered chaise-longue—twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-five—thank you, ma'am—the ladies are always our best friends—twenty-nine—forty—half crowns now, if you please—two pounds ten, two fifteen, three pounds—thank you, Mrs. Davies—three five—three pounds seven-and-sixpence. What, going at three pounds seven-and-sixpence—it really is shocking; going, going, gone! Ladies and gentlemen, the fellow chaise-longue. You must make up the pair, ma'am; two pounds—two pounds for the partner chaise-longue—two pounds bid."

"What, just as it is?"

"O certainly; we are all on honour here! no reservation!"

"What, the chaise-longue with all that's on it?"

"Ha! ha! ha! very good—there are three ladies upon it. The chaise-longue just as it is, two pounds ten—two pounds twelve and sixpence. What, going for two pounds twelve and sixpence! It really is too bad!"

"As much as you're too good."

"Going, going, for two pounds twelve and sixpence. Going, going, gone. And for so much less than its fellow. Worth less with the ladies upon it!"

"And should have been worth so much more!"

And so went on the sale. Willoughby Foss saw one after another of that household gear which, however worn, and torn, and valueless, in brokerly eyes, yet, from being a part of home, acquire something of its loveable sacredness from the lapse of that very time which is working its decay. He saw all these things torn from their accustomed phalanxing, and paraded before vulgar eyes. The very beds on which Christina and old Marmaduke Bellamy had rested, the curtains which had shadowed their slumbers, the pillows which had pressed their cheeks, and the very clock that had counted out to them their hours of happiness, were all thus desecrated. Willoughby Foss saw the table at which they had all so cheerfully eaten, the carpets on which they had trodden, all those uncountable domestic things which minister in untellable ways to our comfort, all bartered away in the midst of the vilest gibeing and jeering. He who would not have had an old chair to change its place: who would have detested the removal of a picture as a jar upon his feelings. And there sat he whilst all this work of evil went on. How many of the strokes of that vile discordant little dainty ivory hammer fell upon his heart. But at last he was startled from his apparent apathy.

"Now," said Trappe, "I have the satisfaction of offering to you, ladies and gentlemen, a painting of one of the first masters. Here is a Sir Joshua, one of his finest performances—a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of art—and the frame, the frame itself is unique. Ladies and gentlemen, that frame alone is worth thirty guineas. Men can't make modern frames like that. Look at the carving. People are trying to imitate them, but they can't manage that. What shall I begin with for this picture? shall I say thirty guineas? just the value of the frame. If it were re-gilt, it would be worth double. Shall we say thirty?—thirty for a Sir Joshua, in a carved frame of the time of Louis Quatorze. These frames fetch any money. They are bought up everywhere amazingly. Thirty—twenty—fifteen—ten—five—well, make a bid—only to begin with. Let me have the exquisite pleasure of selling you this unique. Don't oblige me to throw it away. I assure you it's a gem! it's a gem! one of the maternal ancestors of the family—considered to bear a striking resemblance to the young lady whose boudoir I have just had the honour of disposing of. Come, Mrs. Davies, you are one of my best friends—come, what shall we say to begin with?"

Whereupon Mrs. Davies, with a sour face, approached the frame, and proceeded to pick off little pieces to see of what it was made.

"Woman, stand off! I will not have it sullied by your touch!" exclaimed Willoughby Foss.

The male brokers, and the female brokers, and all the tribes of the Hebrews, immediately made common cause of this, and with a hubbub and a din expressed their entire disapprobation of the sentiment. There was a great deal of scrambling, and grumbling, and groaning, and hissing, and exclamation, and declamation, before Mr. Trappe was allowed to go on with the sale of Christina's grandmother; but at length order was restored, though under a general feeling of disapprobation against him who had interrupted it, saving and excepting with a few young girls who thought him rather good looking.

So the sale of my grandmother's portrait went on.

"Five guineas bid for this perfect unique!—five pounds seven and sixpence—thank you, ma'am—can't, sir, can't; don't take shilling bids—five pounds seven and sixpence for one of Sir Joshua's masterpieces, in a frame worth sixty guineas—five pounds ten—going for five pounds ten. No, you can't mean it, ladies and gentlemen, you can't mean it, indeed."

"Ten guineas!" shouted out Willoughby Foss.

"Thank you, sir, thank you. That is something like a bid. I perceive, sir, that you are a judge of paintings and of the value of frames. It will save time to bid pounds now. This is an article of *vertu*—the gentleman understands it. Come, you that are professional gentlemen, won't you make a bid?"

Whereupon the brokers who were in the half-crown pay-service, of course immediately began to bid against Willoughby; and they did it liberally, because they had nothing to lose; and Willoughby, feeling determined that nobody in existence should possess a picture that so strikingly resembled Christina, went on like a desperate man. He was run up from ten to twenty, from twenty to thirty, from thirty to forty, from forty to fifty, from fifty to sixty, from sixty to seventy, from seventy to eighty, from eighty to ninety, and from ninety to a hundred, and so onwards to a hundred and ninety-seven pounds, at which point Mr. Trappe considered it expedient to desist;—so consequently signed to his half-crown men to give up my grandmother's portrait at that price, remembering that as Sir Joshua never had seen the picture, and never could, that if he pressed the price avariciously far, past its present moderate bounds, he might have it thrown back upon his hands, and more than probably never again meet with so good an offer. So Willoughby Foss was booked down as the possessor of my grandmother's portrait, at the small price of one hundred and ninety-seven pounds.

"Vot vill you take for your bargain?" asked witty Mr. Levi, with a sneer.

"You've got that too cheap—too cheap a great deal. 'Tisn't good for trade," said another of the tribe.

"Vot vill you take for the picture vithout the frame?"

"Vot vill you take for the frame vithout the picture?"

"Fools and their money are soon parted!" said another gentleman with dirty hands, who thought it beneath his understanding to be witty.

"Must trouble you for a deposit, sir," said Mr. Trappe, the auctioneer. "Ladies and gentlemen, we have arrived at the end of the first day's sale. Hope for the pleasure of your company to-morrow. Sir, will you do us the favour of handing us over a deposit. Sir, I congratulate you on possessing that Sir Joshua—and the frame."

Willoughby Foss took out his pocket-book. He had within it the full amount of all his worldly wealth. Two days before it had been in the shape of a two hundred pound bank-note; but what with his hotel expenses, and a few other oddments, it had already begun to melt away. Howbeit he paid the hundred and ninety-seven pounds for my grandmother's portrait, which brought down his stock to some-

thing nearer invisibility, and then demanded to have his bargain rendered up to him, as he would not leave a face that he loved in such villanous company for another night; and as the retainers of the auctioneer had an idea that the strange gentleman was rather free of half-crowns, two or three of them immediately volunteered chisels, and hands, and willingness to help him. Willoughby stood by, as screw after screw was extracted. The old-fashioned cumbrous frame had been fastened with old-fashioned care to the carved oaken polished pannels, and quite as if they had never been intended to part. As to the men, they made their work longer that they might be better paid; and there stood Willoughby Foss, looking on as though his life depended on it: there stood the auctioneer elaborating his curled hair, and displaying his diamond and his scented handkerchief, and wishing much to get through his dirty work in time to get to town for the Taglioni; and there stood Mr. Sandiland, looking searchingly at our hero, as though he would be rather glad to know whether he were mad or a fool; and there stood the mob around them exceedingly happy to find anything to amuse them.

"Stand out of the light," said Willoughby fiercely to Mr. Sandiland.

"You stand in your own light, young man," said Mr. Sandiland coolly and contemptuously.

"Honest men never do so," replied Willoughby.

"And the inference?" asked Mr. Sandiland.

"Make it!" retorted Willoughby.

"I leave the task for you, *but*—I know not how I have provoked you—*but* he should not want courage who wants courtesy."

"So then courtesy would be cowardice?"

"And now what use will you make of your liberty of speech, young sir?"

"To tell you that I scorn and despise your villany and your oppression! you have robbed this old and honourable gentleman of his inheritance, and turned him out of doors, like a bailiff, without the preparation of a moment: your brutality has even extended to such of the family retainers as belonged not to your own species. Miss Bellamy's dog you have tied up to starve under a tree, and you have suffered her canary to famish in its cage. Sir, what do you hope for in your new dwelling?"

"When I am comfortably settled in it, and at leisure, I hope to chastise the impertinence of a scurrilous boy. Meanwhile take your bargain and begone! begone from my dwelling, and enter it no more!"

As he spoke, the last screw was extracted from the portrait, and the men, more occupied with the sparring of their superiors than with their own particular business, suffered the frame to swing round with a dull rusty noise, and slip through their fingers; but there was something else that had also slipped through everybody's fingers, and now came slipping down to the floor, from the recess behind my grandmother's portrait. It was a dusty, fusty, musty, mildewed, moth-eaten, ill-coloured, speckled and spotted roll of parchment. The same thought, like a gleam of lightning, flashed across the minds of

Willoughby Foss and Mr. Sandiland—*The Title Deeds! The Title Deeds!*

Mr. Sandiland made a sudden snatch at them, but Willoughby Foss snatched more quickly, and to better purpose. The portrait, everything else was forgotten. "The Title Deeds!" he wildly shouted, tipsy with joy, "The Title Deeds!" Mr. Sandiland staggered like a wounded man; his face yellow and black and white with emotion; the auctioneer forgot his ring, his curls, and his handkerchief, and the mob took up the cry, "The Title Deeds! The Title Deeds!" Willoughby dashed through them all, running like a madman, with the precious packet held high in air above his head. The dead shrivelled leaves were scattered under his swift footsteps, the rain fell on his uncovered head, the wind blew—no matter—he never stopped to breathe, until, with dishevelled hair, and dress disordered, and choking, panting, struggling for breath, he rushed into the little cottage of the gardener, into the presence of old Marmaduke Bellamy and Christina, and gasped out, "The Title Deeds! The Title Deeds! found! found! found!"

That night a merry little party gathered themselves round the parlour-hearth in old Bellamy Hall. Everything was in the wildest confusion; no matter. They heaped up a blazing fire, which crackled and sparkled, and burnt most joyously. Old Marmaduke Bellamy sat once more in his own easy leathern-cushioned chair by his own fireside, and there sat Christina too. As to Willoughby Foss, he was so wild with joy that he forgot his rationality. He did many strange things, among which was that he kissed my grandmother's portrait; but he was forgiven them all; and if he were ready to laugh and cry by turns, why he was not very singular in his humour. But the wildest thing of all that he did, considering that he had spent almost his last pound in buying an old picture, and that Christina Bellamy was a real regular *live* heiress, was to tell her that he loved her wonderfully well; but even this was forgiven in the general joy. Nay, it was rather a singular circumstance, that about a month after this there came down to Bellamy Hall a very great quantity of white satin ribbons, and gauzes, and silks, and we know not what besides, excepting that we know that there was a most particularly large overgrown cake, also covered over with "sugar and ice and all that's nice," and that these things were, by some rather strange combination of affairs, making as great a report as detonating silver at Bellamy Hall. The noise was so great, that even the newspapers took notice of it, and put it down in black and white in one of their most important columns. It was an exceedingly odd thing, and of course not at all to have been expected, and it might have been error or misprint, considering that newspaper reports are not always to be depended upon, but they said —why, they said that Willoughby Foss and Christina Bellamy were —*married!*

IRISH SONG.*

THE LIMERICK BELLS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Blow on, thou wild breeze, bear me onward to Erin,
Ere yet the bright lines from the west shall depart:
Ah! when will her shores, through the dim mist appearing,
Give me back the sweet music so dear to my heart,—
The sound of my beautiful bells?

Hark! hark! now it comes! how that magical tone tells
Of all that was lovely, and loving, and dear!
I enfold them once more, for ah! those are my own bells,
That soothed my lone spirit through many a dark year,—
My own, my own beautiful bells.

Hark! hark! how they tell of the lost and the parted!
How dirge-like their music floats over the wave!
Bear me up! bear me up! I am come broken-hearted,
To find in the green Isle a home and a grave,
Close, close to my beautiful bells.

* The remarkably fine bells of Limerick Cathedral were originally brought from Italy. They had been manufactured by a young native, who devoted himself enthusiastically to the work, and who, after the toil of many years, succeeded in finishing a splendid peal, which answered all the critical requirements of his own musical ear. Upon these bells the artist greatly prided himself, and they were at length bought by the prior of a neighbouring convent at a very liberal price. With the proceeds of this sale the young Italian purchased a little villa, where, in the stillness of the evening, he could enjoy the sound of his own melodious bells from the convent cliff. Here he grew old in the bosom of his family, and of domestic happiness. At length, in one of those feuds common to the period, the Italian became a sufferer amongst many others. He lost his all; and, after the passing of the storm, he found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The bells too, his favourite bells, were carried off from the convent, and finally removed to Ireland. For a time their artificer became a wanderer over Europe; and at last, in the hope of soothing his troubled spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the land to which those treasures of his memory had been conveyed. He sailed for Ireland; and proceeding up the Shannon on a beautiful evening, which reminded him of his native Italy, his own bells from the towers of Limerick Cathedral suddenly struck upon his ear. Home and all its loving ties, happiness, early recollections, all—all were in the sound, and went to his heart. His face was turned towards the cathedral in the attitude of intently listening; but when the vessel landed he was found to be a corpse.

THE BACHELOR OF FIFTY.*

BY CHARLES DE BERNARD.

EVERYBODY has laughed at the vanity of the poet Semière, who, on an occasion when his "*Veuve du Malabar*" was played to empty benches at the Comédie Française, remarked to his friends, "the society is not numerous, but very select!" This ingenuous ebullition of wounded self-love would have been quite uncalled-for on the evening of which we speak. The sufferings of "Chatterton" were acted before an audience still more numerous than it was select. From pit to gallery the theatre was crammed; even the orchestra had been stormed, and the musicians, driven from their stools, were spared for once the mortification of performing a symphony to which no one deigns to listen.

In a box on the first tier sat Madame Gastoul, as remarkable for the loveliness of her person as for the elegance of her toilette. At her side was a lady of a certain age, whose matronly dress and homely features served as an excellent foil to the charms of her young and beautiful companion. At the back of the box, beside M. Gastoul, was seated the Marquis de Morsy. Whilst the unsuspicious husband was recounting to his neighbour, for the twentieth time, all his electioneering troubles, the eyes of that gentleman never for a moment wandered from Madame Gastoul; and as it was impossible for him to see the expression of her face, unless when occasionally she turned to speak to one of them, he studied her slightest movements, her most transient gestures, with that suspicious watchfulness which debases the jealous man to the level of a spy.

Whether it was that she instinctively divined and was offended at this surveillance, or that some other anxious feeling disturbed the serenity of her temper, the lady was evidently suffering an uneasiness which all her efforts were insufficient to conceal. Her countenance, it is true, preserved that impassibility with which women, even when most agitated, know how to veil their feelings in society; but the tremulous motion of her ear-rings, and the rapid manner in which her fingers ran over the front of the box, as though it were the key-board of a harpsichord, betrayed a nervous irritability which excited the suspicions of M. de Morsy.

When the first piece was finished, Madame Gastoul, until then irresolute, took her resolution at once.

"Did you not wish to speak to M. Barrot?" said she, turning towards her husband.

"Certainly I did," replied he; "but he was not at the chamber."

"I have just seen him in the *Balcon*."

"Where? where?" cried the electoral candidate, leaning over his wife to look along the row of seats.

* Continued from p. 64.

"He went out when the curtain fell; but I am certain it was he; I could not mistake that monumental brow."

M. Gastoul took down his hat from the peg on which it hung, and opened the door of the box.

"Come, marquis," said he, "we shall him find him in the *Foyer*."

Insignificant as they appeared, the words of Madame Gastoul awakened the distrust of M. de Morsy.

"Madame is, perhaps, mistaken," answered he, without moving from his chair; "besides, you have no need of me."

"Excuse me," replied M. Gastoul, "you are one of the most important personages in our arrondissement, and your support is most essential to me. What the deuce! do I not know that you are too friendly a fellow to leave me in the lurch when I most require your assistance?"

So saying, and suiting the action to the word, he presented his hat to the marquis with one hand, and seizing his arm with the other, dragged him forcibly from the box.

Freed from her embarrassing attendants, Madame Gastoul, without loss of time, raised her hand to her hair, and directed an expressive glance towards the corner of the orchestra, in which stood Louis d'Epenoy. Although formally invited by her husband to visit their box, he waited for the summons he now received, with as strict an attention to discipline, as the soldier who demands the watch-word ere he allows the officer of the day to pass his post. An instant afterwards he was seated in the chair which M. de Morsy had just quitted so unwillingly. A few commonplace remarks were exchanged between the ladies and their visitor, during which the attention of the gentleman was continually on the alert, as he was fully aware that he had not been summoned without some sufficient motive. He was not kept long in suspense.

"Do look at that beautiful woman who has just come into the stage-box;" said Madame Gastoul abruptly.

As the elder lady turned her glass in the direction indicated, her companion passed her arm furtively behind the back of her chair, and slipped a note into Louis d'Epenoy's hand, with an agitation that may easily be conceived;—it was the first she had ever written to him.

On this occasion, Louis did not wait for the usual signal that his visit had been long enough. He rose at once, and took his leave with a precipitation which showed his flattering eagerness to peruse its contents. Without losing time in seeking a place more propitious for his purpose, he paused by the nearest lamp, and hastily unfolded the welcome missive, which he had so often solicited in vain.

As he read, the expression of his face became grave; his brow contracted, and a passionate exclamation escaped from his lips:—"The devil take all old maids!"

"You are in a tragic vein this evening," said a voice, which from its excessive agitation he did not recognize.

D'Epenoy raised his head, and saw before him M. de Morsy, his cheeks as pale as death. He folded up the note, on which the anxious eyes of the marquis were fixed, and concealed it in the pocket of his waistcoat.

"Excuse me if I run away," said he; "I am obliged to return home immediately."

He disappeared as he spoke, but, instead of leaving the theatre, he turned into the foyer, and commenced pacing it with an air of anxiety and pre-occupation, which would have deterred his most intimate friend from accosting him at the moment. Light, however, were his feelings of annoyance, in comparison with the prostration of utter despair which was painted on the features of the marquis.

"She corresponds with him!" said he, as he watched his rival's receding steps.

At this torturing thought, he uttered a half-stifled groan, which brought one of the box-keepers to his side.

"Is Monsieur ill?" asked the good woman anxiously; "Monsieur is frightfully pale."

The marquis thanked her hastily, and rushing along the corridor, followed M. d'Epenoy into the foyer, whither the crowd had flocked between the pieces. One of the first figures that met his glance was that of his rival, who continued pacing backwards and forwards, heedless of the astonishment which his agitation excited. M. de Morsy paused, uncertain what course to pursue, and half disposed to yield to one of the most violent temptations he had ever in his life experienced.

"Shall I tear the letter from him by force?" he mentally revolved, tortured by the agonies of a jealousy which mastered all considerations of propriety and prudence.

As his feelings thus worked within him, drops of perspiration started to his brow. He mechanically sought his handkerchief to wipe them away; as chance would have it, he found in his pocket a hand which had no business there, and which, thus unexpectedly seized, strove, but strove in vain, to escape. The marquis, suddenly aroused from his stormy meditations, wheeled round, without relinquishing his hold, and confronted a young man of ingenuous countenance and respectable appearance. Having made one more fruitless effort to recover his liberty, the thief yielded to the stronger grasp of his adversary, and ceasing to struggle, looked up imploringly in M. de Morsy's face.

"In Heaven's name, sir, I beseech you not to ruin me!" said he, sobbing almost audibly; "have compassion on a father of a family who can get no work! Five children at home, who have not tasted food for two whole days!"

Although the youth of the culprit and the sleekness of his countenance rendered the tale of his fasting and his paternity rather apocryphal, M. de Morsy, instead of giving his prisoner in charge to a police officer, drew him aside into the embrasure of a window, where they would be less exposed to observation.

"When a rogue exercises such a trade as yours," said he in a whisper, "he should bring to it some little dexterity, which it seems you do not possess?"

"The most crafty will sometimes be detected," replied the pick-pocket, a little re-assured, but in a tone of wounded vanity; "if you are just, you will candidly own that you put your hand into your *pocket* by chance, and not because you felt anything there."

"Since you are so confident in your skill, I will put it to the test."

The rogue scanned the countenance of the marquis, with unconcealed wonder, and was tempted to regard him as one of the same fraternity with himself, but of a higher order.

"What do I risk?" said he to himself; "I have been taken in the fact, and cannot be worse off than I am at present."

"Instead of filching handkerchiefs," continued M. de Morsy, "are you willing to earn ten Louis?"

"To be sure I am," replied the young sharper, whose eyes opened wider and wider with astonishment. "What's to be done?"

"Do you see that young man with the black coat, and cachemire waistcoat, who is walking alone? Him with the emerald pin in his cravat?"

"The fair man with moustaches?"

"Yes. In the right-hand pocket of his waistcoat there is a note."

"A bank-note?" interrupted the thief.

"No, no—a letter. Get possession of it, and bring it to me, and the ten Louis are yours."

"That's soon done. Get the yellow boys ready."

Without more words the vagabond set to work. In another instant, he was walking side by side with d'Epenoy, watching his opportunity. He did not wait long: the bell rang to announce the rising of the curtain, the throng of promenaders crowded simultaneously to the door, and during the momentary bustle and confusion which occurred, the pickpocket effected his purpose.

M. de Morsy had remained near the window, and anxiously waited the result of his plans; a moment afterwards the strange tool of his jealousy, whom chance had provided, re-appeared, smiling and triumphant.

"Here's the note," cried he, "where are the shiners?"

The marquis hastily unfolded the paper, and recognized the writing at a glance; then slipping the ten pieces of gold into the hand of his emissary, he signed to him to depart.

"A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse," said the rascal, pocketing the money. "If ever you want me again, send for Petit Joly, à l'Estaminet des trois Billards, Boulevard du Temple."

With these words he stole away, well satisfied with his evening's work; for, in addition to the two hundred francs received from M. de Morsy, he had found in d'Epenoy's pocket a beautiful little watch, which had become entangled so strangely with the note, that he had not time to separate them. At the instant that the plunderer escaped by one door, the plundered Louis re-entered by the other.

"Where are you running in such haste?" inquired the marquis, stopping him.

"After a villain, who has stolen my watch," replied Louis, breathlessly; "I should know him again amongst a thousand. A red-haired fellow, in a brown coat. Did you see him pass?"

Without waiting for M. de Morsy's answer, he rushed down the stairs, and put the police officers on the alert. It was all in vain! the thief had escaped already.

"The loss of my watch is nothing," muttered d'Epenoy, clenching

his hands with fury; "but Emilie's first letter! the vagabond must have taken it for a bank-note!"

The passions are seldom scrupulous; jealousy less so, perhaps, than any other. Thanks to this strange transaction, to a bargain concluded with a professed thief, the marquis at last found himself master of a secret, which, hitherto, in spite of his active watchfulness, he had not been able clearly to ascertain. A woman's heart is too deep, its turns and windings too manifold, to be seen through by the keenest penetration; it is only when it opens spontaneously that its cherished secrets can be laid bare. For several months, M. de Morsy had been aware, that Madame Gastoul was approaching those quicksands, from which there is no escape for the victim who has once set foot upon them; but how far she had advanced, and whether her fate were irrevocably sealed, this, as yet, he knew not,—this he was about to learn from her own words. At that decisive moment, M. de Morsy felt his courage waver—he paused, as on the brink of a precipice, before the chasm that divided doubt from certainty. Instead of reading the note at once, he kept it crushed convulsively in his hand. Wanting courage to return to the box where he must meet her, who had caused all the misery he endured, and with a heart throbbing with anguish, he rushed from the theatre, and wandered hither and thither through the streets, insensible to the rain that fell upon him, deaf to the noise and confusion that surrounded him, and jostling whomsoever he met in his path. It was midnight before he returned to his apartment, unconscious of everything that had happened in the interval. Arrived there, he recovered his self-possession little by little, and dismissed his valet, who, seeing his master return home in such a storm, on foot, and with disordered dress, mentally decided that he must have taken leave of his senses.

Left alone, the marquis remained seated, and motionless for some time. His look was gloomy, and his head sunk upon his breast. At last, with one of those violent revulsions which mark the return of mental energy, he raised himself to an erect position in his chair, with a steady hand he unfolded the letter, and read the following lines.

"I have passed a wretched and sleepless night, for which you are in some degree responsible. Judge whether my alarms are causeless! Yesterday, knowing that I should meet you at that odious party at the Hotel C—, and yielding to the suggestions of my evil genius, I had the weakness to write to you. It was my first false step, and its punishment was not long delayed. I knew not what to do with my note, but at last determined to conceal it in one of my gloves. Dreadful imprudence! Heaven grant that it may not be irreparable. You remember that I fainted; I was supported out of the theatre, and with returning consciousness I found myself in a small boudoir, attended by three ladies, who were full of kindness and compassion for me. My first thought was for my note. I looked at my hands, they were bare. My gloves lay on the ottoman beside me; I seized them, it was too late, the note was no longer there. In breathless alarm, I gazed upon the faces that surrounded me. The two first wore an expression of goodness and concern;—but the third! conceive my terror

and despair, when in the third I recognised my aversion, my nightmare, my deadly enemy, the favourite of your mother—in a word, since I must name her—Mademoiselle du Boissier. The quiet smile that curled her malicious lip, confirmed my worst suspicions. It was who had taken off my gloves under the pretence of rendering me assistance—it was she who had abstracted my note; my reputation is now at her mercy, and I have no forbearance to hope for at her hands. She hates me mortally, and that for reasons which I am about to tell you.

"Several years ago a marriage was in treaty between this venomous old maid and my husband. It was broken off, and she has never forgiven me for a rupture to which I was most innocently a party. This is the principal motive of her detestation. In addition to it, I am scarcely twenty, and she is forty years of age; I am admired, and she is ridiculed; in short, more than one agreeable person has paid court to me, while she, with all her schemes, has failed even to find a husband. You will understand from this, how she must abhor me; and she does so with all her heart. Yesterday, could she have poured poison into my glass instead of orange-flower water, she would not have hesitated to destroy me. As this could not be, she has robbed me, and in so doing has injured me more irremediably; poison can but kill, calumny may dishonour.

"What were the contents of that letter? Its tenor I have little doubt, though I remember but imperfectly, was far from gracious, for you persecute me so cruelly, that my ill-humour must have given its colour to my style. But you know how easy it is to impute a guilty meaning to the most innocent expressions. In the hands of an enemy everything becomes a crime, and Mademoiselle du Boissier is my enemy, my sworn, mortal, implacable enemy! This letter must not remain in her hands; at whatever price, she must restore it;—no one but yourself can undertake its recovery! There is not a moment to be lost. My life will be miserable until this viper is deprived of her power to sting.

"P.S. I intended to have given you my letter this morning at the Tuileries; it was in my muff, but the presence of the *spy* prevented me."

When he had finished the perusal of this note, the marquis, regardless of the epithet applied to himself in its postscript, breathed more freely. The least alleviation of our sufferings disposes the mind to resignation, and when we have anticipated utter ruin, the faintest hope gives us courage to struggle with our fate.

"She may yet be saved," cried he fervently. "I will save her from others, and from herself."

It is unnecessary to say that the 'others' to whom the marquis alluded, were M. d'Epenoy and Mademoiselle du Boissier.

"No! all is not lost, but the danger is imminent," continued he after a moment's reflection; "on the one hand, the impertinent pretensions of that puppy; on the other, the spiteful malice of that envious old maid—between the two, a dozen reputations might be torn to tatters. Hitherto, I have defended my position hand to hand, with a single adversary—in future I must fight between two fires. It

matters not—at the moment when she most requires a real friend, my devotion shall not fail her."

M. de Morsy passed the greater part of the night in combining a plan of defence, adapted to the perilous position in which the object of his love was placed. Although the loyalty of his character led him in all things to prefer an open and straightforward policy, yet he could not but perceive that, in the present difficulty, dissimulation would be useful, tact indispensable, and stratagem a virtue.

The next day, long before the appointed hour, M. de Morsy presented himself at Madame d'Epenoy's.

"Well, what success?" anxiously inquired the old lady. "Will the prodigal son liston to reason?"

"I saw him but for a moment yesterday evening," replied the marquis, "and had no opportunity of entering upon the subject. At the present moment, it is rather of myself than of him that I wish to speak."

"What an air of compunction!" cried Madame d'Epenoy laughing; "have you been visited by the grace matrimonial since yesterday?"

"I am half afraid it is so," said the marquis gravely.

"Bah! really! But no, it is impossible; you want to amuse yourself at my expense."

"I am speaking seriously."

"What! do you really mean to abjure the heresy of celibacy?"

"I will not say that I have made up my mind irrevocably."

"Sit down and tell me all about it at once," rejoined Madame d'Epenoy, with an eagerness that displayed all the interest she felt in so unexpected an overture.

"You may have remarked," said M. de Morsy, "that the infatuation which I have confessed to you, has not entirely blinded my reason. I see all the folly of a passion, from which I have more than once designed to free myself by some violent resolution. The seed which you sowed yesterday fell on ground better prepared to receive it than I was willing to admit. During a sleepless night, I have reflected on the necessity you suggested, of introducing into my mode of life some absolute change; of substituting some positive and substantial duties, in the place of vague and chimerical visions. In the generality of cases, I acknowledge that you are right; marriage alone is capable of producing such a result.

"And in your particular instance, I cannot be mistaken. Remember that I know your character as intimately as if you were my brother. If ever man was destined to become a perfect, happy, model husband, you are that individual."

"I trust your prophecy may be fulfilled, if I ever *do* marry."

"If! there is no if in the case. You must marry; it is understood, decided,—there is no road open for retreat. When? At the earliest possible moment. Whom? That is for me to settle; unless indeed the happy lady be already selected. But that is scarcely possible, for I am confident that you would not have paid so bad a compliment to your oldest friend, as to entrust to any other hands so important and delicate a mission."

"I give you my word," said the marquis smiling, "that when I take unto myself a wife, it shall be one of your choosing."

"You speak like an angel!" cried the old lady, whose countenance expressed all the pleasure she experienced, "Come, let us strike whilst the iron is hot. What say you to a widow, an agreeable handsome, witty ——"

"No, not a widow," interposed the marquis, "that would be to expose myself unnecessarily to comparisons, which a man of my age ought in prudence to avoid."

"Really, your modesty is as excessive as it is rare."

"It is nothing more than proper caution."

"Call it what you wlll, the sentiment is praiseworthy, and I cannot but applaud it. Perhaps, too, you would be of opinion that a very young girl ——"

"Would be still worse, if possible."

"You are indeed the quintessence of good sense."

"At least I know how to do justice to myself. If I decided on marrying, I should wish that there were no startling disproportion between my own age and that of my future wife. I am in my fifty-second year, and according to my ideas, a woman of five and and thirty, or forty ——"

"This is, indeed, all that I could wish," interrupted Madame d'Epenoy with increased satisfaction; "the coincidence of our ideas is marvellous, you express my very thoughts. Yes, my dear marquis, a wife of five and thirty or forty will suit you exactly: I know several excellent matches of about that age. Let me see; from thirty-five to forty? In the first place, there is Mademoiselle de Clericourt, of an excellent family in Burgundy; the de Clericourts have constantly intermarried with the de Vergys and Beaufremonts;—in addition to this, she is a charming person, highly accomplished, with religious principles."

"Excuse me, if I interrupt you," said the marquis; "I am fully persuaded of the perfections of Mademoiselle de Clericourt; but amongst the unmarried ladies of your acquaintance, there is one upon whom I have already fixed."

"Your choice already made! and I racking my brains to suit your views! Explain yourself, *diplomate* that you are! What is the name of the happy fair?"

"She is a person whom I have often seen in society, and who, from my having met her occasionally here, must stand high in your estimation."

"Her name?"

"Mademoiselle du Boissier."

Of all the names which the marquis could by possibility have pronounced, this was perhaps the last Madame d'Epenoy would have expected to hear. She remained silent for a few moments, unwilling to give credit to her senses. On any other occasion, she would have welcomed with delight such a matrimonial windfall for her *protégée*. But the real friendship which she felt for M. de Morsy considerably diminished her satisfaction. She was suddenly seized with a scruple of conscience, not very different from that which restrains a shop-

keeper from selling to a regular customer, goods, which, from their doubtful quality, he had set aside for the use of some chance passenger.

"Mademoiselle du Boissier has excellent principles," said she hesitatingly, "but her fortune is very inconsiderable."

"I am rich," replied the marquis.

"She is far from pretty."

"I do not pretend that I am making a marriage of inclination."

"Her temper is good, but occasionally variable."

"So much the better; 'l'ennui n'acquit un jour de l'uniformité.'"

"She is very obstinate in her prejudices."

"I am not at all so in mine; so you see we shall agree admirably."

"It is an act of despair," thought Madame d'Epenoy; "his love for Madame Gastoul has deranged his intellects. I could not in conscience have spoken to him of such a marriage; but since he is the first to propose it, why should I throw further obstacles in his way? A marquis, with sixty thousand francs a year! It is enough to drive my poor Alphonsine out of her senses."

"But tell me," she said aloud, again doubting the possibility of her protégée's good fortune, "are you in earnest? Would you really marry Mademoiselle du Boissier?"

"Probably not, if you leave me time for reflection. Since yesterday, I have been in a state of feverish excitement, which, in default of real determination, makes me capable of any excess. To break the chains that bind me, there is nothing that I would not do at this moment; perhaps to-morrow ——."

"To-morrow you will dine here?" interrupted Madame d'Epenoy with precipitation, "to meet Mademoiselle du Boissier."

"Why not to-day?" said the marquis, laughing at the old lady's eagerness.

"I have engagements for the evening."

"From six o'clock until nine your time is at your own disposal, the interval is fully sufficient for an interview of this nature. If I urge you thus, it is because I know my own indecision. To-morrow I shall perhaps awake a more obstinate old bachelor than ever. Rivet the chain then, whilst you may, if you really wish to see me become a Benedick."

"You are right," answered Madame d'Epenoy, rising with an alacrity that brought a fresh smile to M. de Morsy's lip; "If I allow you time for cool consideration, you will slip through my fingers, and I shall never forgive myself."

As she spoke, she rang the bell with a vehemence which brought the servant instantly to the door.

"Send for a coach, and tell Justine that M. le Marquis will dine here to-day. I will go at once to Mamselle du Boissier's," continued she, when the footman had closed the door, "and whatever her engagements may be, I will be answerable for her meeting you at dinner. At six o'clock, then, I shall expect you, until when may Heaven keep you in your present reasonable disposition."

Half an hour after M. de Morsy had left her, Madame d'Epenoy made an entry which might well be called triumphant, into the apart-

ment occupied by her protégée, at the corner of the Rue de Bellechasse

Left an orphan some years previous to the period of which we write, Mademoiselle du Boissier lived alone; for however great her inclination to sacrifice her liberty at the altar of Hymen, she felt an equal aversion to submit to the tutelage of her family. Her age, moreover, sanctioned her independent mode of life; and her fortune, though very limited, was sufficient for all her wants. By one of those miracles of economy, which old maids alone can accomplish, she managed, with an income of barely four thousand francs a year, to live in a manner suitable to her birth, and to pass almost every evening of her life in society. Her establishment, it is true, was composed of but one female servant, who united in her own person the offices of *femme-de-chambre*, cook, and even lackey. The labour she exacted from that single pair of hands was almost fabulous, and rendered any assistant in her duties superfluous. Her table, we confess, would have made the heart of an epicure sink within him; but what woman cares about her dinner, provided she be young, pretty, and well-dressed? and that she was all three, Mademoiselle Alphonsine never for an instant doubted.

At the moment Madame d'Epenoy reached her pupil's door, the latter lady stood fronting the fire in the room in which she usually sat, and which was the principal one in her apartments. Leaning with one elbow on the green velvet covering of the mantel-piece, she was engaged in an interesting mono-dialogue with the gracious countenance reflected in the glass. Mademoiselle du Boissier, in common with other persons in the same circumstances, had gradually fallen into a habit of engaging herself in these ideal conversations, which afforded her some little compensation for the mortifications she endured in real life. Through this medium she received flattering compliments, she was asked to dance, drank in the confessions of love, and listened to proposals of marriage. The imaginary actor in these scenes of gallantry was always a handsome young man, of dark and melancholy complexion, an enterprising suitor, rich as Crœsus, noble as the king, with a viscount's coronet at least, and, at thirty years of age, commanding a regiment of cavalry; in a word, just the sort of phœnix for whom spinsters sigh in secret, and worship in imagination.

On the day in question, the conversation in which Mademoiselle Alphonsine was engaged had become very animated. The two persons, of whose sentiments she was the interpreter, played their parts with spirit: the viscount was tender and impassioned, the lady reserved, but agitated.

"Speak but one word," said the gentleman; "tell me that my boldness has not offended you!"

"What would you have of me?" replied Mademoiselle Alphonsine, on her own account, with bashful prudery.

"I entreat but to be allowed to hope."

"Your intentions are honourable, I am sure."

"Could any man be such a villain as to wrong an angel like yourself? Yes, it is your hand that I solicit at the same time with your heart. Can you have the cruelty to refuse my prayer?"

"Monsieur le viscount!" hesitated the lady.

"Is there, then, some obstacle;—a rival?" interposed the gallant colonel.

"Ah! believe me, no."

"My suit, then, is granted? Are you not free?"

"Yes, I am mistress of my own actions; I am responsible to no one, but at the very thought of marriage my courage fails me. And you, are you certain that you do not mistake the nature of your own feelings; you love me now ——"

"How truly, how devotedly!" murmured the viscount.

"But hereafter—if I yielded to your entreaties,—would you continue still to love me?"

"Oh! ever, for ever—at your feet I swear it!"

"Rise, M. le viscount, I command, I beseech; should any one surprise—Heavens! the door opens——"

The door was indeed opened, and with impetuous haste. At the sight of Madame d'Epenoy, Mademoiselle Alphonsine started back, as though she had really been detected in a *tête-à-tête* with the most dangerous of viscounts, and her matrimonial reveries took flight, as quickly as a covey of partridges at the report of a fowling-piece.

"What, not dressed at four o'clock!" said the old lady, as she entered the room; "what can you be dreaming of? This is no time for staring at yourself in the glass; listen to me, and keep your self-admiration for some other occasion. The spell is at last broken! A splendid match! Sixty thousand francs a year, a magnificent chateau, a house in Paris, and above all, the suitor is a marquis. You will be a a marquise, my child! I can hardly credit our good fortune. But why do you stand there like a statue? Rouse yourself! Dress in all haste, and put on whatever you have that is most becoming. You know we dine at six."

Madame d'Epenoy might have run on in this way for ever, without interruption, Her protégée listened, it is true, but with vacant eye and gaping mouth, apparently unable to conceive that the magic words, chateau, marquise, sixty thousand francs a year, could have any connexion with her destiny.

"Are you deaf and dumb?" resumed the old lady impatiently. "Do you not hear what I say to you? We have found a husband."

At that cabalistic word, Mademoiselle Alphonsine changed colour, and, seized with a sudden faintness, sank upon a chair without uttering a syllable.

Madame d'Epenoy at length comprehended that this obstinate silence was caused only by an excess of surprise and joy. To give her pupil time to recover her self-possession, she related to her, in detail, the conversation she had just had with M. de Morsy. On understanding that the marquis seemed resolved to marry, and that she was the object of his choice, Mademoiselle du Boissier, instead of repeating her anathema against men of his age, raised her eyes in tearful gratitude to heaven; then, transported beyond herself with joy, she rushed frantically about the apartment as though she had been bitten by a tarantula.

"O heavens, that I should hear it but at this late hour!" ex-

claimed she at last. "And that tiresome *couturière*, who promised me my dress for to-day, she will disappoint me, I am sure! Besides, I should have taken a bath this morning; do you think I have still time?"

"A bath! are you going mad?" said Madame d'Epenoy, who could not restrain her laughter.

"Do you not see how heated my complexion is to-day? I am the most unfortunate creature in the world!"

"I assure you that your complexion is much the same as usual."

Without suspecting the sarcasm implied in this remark, Mademoiselle du Boissier placed herself before the glass, and commenced an anxious examination of the angry flush that inflamed her countenance.

"By candlelight it will pass as nothing more than the bright colouring of health," said her protectress, good-naturedly.

"Do you really think so? And then, was it not M. de Morsy, who said, the other day, when I met him at your house, that he could not understand the admiration that some men entertained for pale faces?"

"It was he no doubt. Come, calm yourself. The more you fret about it, the more the blood will rise to your head. Whether you have a shade of colour more or less, is of no essential consequence. Endeavour to be simple, reasonable, natural. M. de Morsy is not a hero, nor are you a heroine of romance. If you wish to please him, trust less to the power of your personal charms, than to your mental qualities. Above all, exert yourself to the utmost to give him a favourable impression of your disposition."

"But, madame," said Mademoiselle du Boissier, struck with a new alarm; "in society everybody says that M. de Morsy is in love with that woman, of whom we were speaking yesterday."

"He is so; but what matters that?" rejoined Madame d'Epenoy. "You surely are not such a fool as to expect the first affections of his heart. It is precisely because he loves a woman, whom he cannot hope to marry, that he marries another, whom he hopes to love hereafter. Apropos of Madame Gastoul, you may now finish your tale: you had taken off her gloves ——."

"And what do you suppose I found in them?" said Mademoiselle Alphonsine, with virtuous indignation. "A *billet doux;* yes, a *billet doux!*"

"She is not the first pretty woman who has received such a thing," observed the old lady with a smile of indulgence; "but she might have found a better hiding-place."

"It was a letter written by herself, madame, and addressed to a man."

"Would you have her write love-letters to a woman? Besides, what does this prove?—her thoughtlessless and want of caution, nothing more. A woman experienced in such matters never commits herself by writing. But enough of Madame Gastoul and her correspondence, which is no concern of ours. Let us think of our own affairs; M. de Morsy will be with me at six o'clock. Do you come earlier. The first impression in such cases is all important; and, notwithstanding your experience, I have no great confidence in your

judgment. You must endeavour to be in the house before his arrival."

At the appointed hour, Madame d'Epenoy's guests rivalled each other in punctuality. Mademoiselle Alphonsine was hardly seated in the drawing-room of her protectress, before she heard, with a beating heart, M. de Morsy announced. This evidence of ardour was a favourable omen, and the gentleman's gracious manner soon confirmed everything that it seemed to promise. Finding herself, for the first time in her life, the object of gallant attention, to which the circumstances gave a serious meaning, the spinster saw the matrimonial heaven opening before her, and in the ecstasy of the moment lost the small remnant of common sense which she had until then retained.

SLANDERERS.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

THE aphis* fixes on the bud! the flow'r mature in bloom,
Uninjur'd by its eating ill, may shed around perfume;
Then fall in autumn's garn'ring lap, when it is past its prime,
Not one leaf being philomot, before its destin'd time.
So, oft the young and innocent, seized on by slander's tooth,
Blighted and wither'd pine away, despite of conscious truth;
Aware too many, many far, in this unchristian world,
Are ready to believe their *guilt*, at whom its shaft is hurl'd.
O, that malignity would pause, and envy silent be,
How many then would pass through life in calm serenity!
Fulfilling the behest on earth, that God design'd for them,
And thus securing, when call'd hence, his promis'd diadem.
They shed no *blood*, but sharper wound than the ensanguin'd wretch,
Who, urg'd by dire necessity, his victim stark doth stretch,—
For then all's o'er; but for long years, scandal's envenom'd dart,
Rankles without a hope of cure, deep in the gangren'd heart.
There is a punishment denounc'd 'gainst those, whose vip'rous tongue
Hath to the quick, some gentle heart, by its base rumour stung;
And there is too a tender hand, these broken reeds to bind;
These wrong'd on earth, these falsely held Pariahs of their kind;
Religion calms these anguish'd hearts, a prey to sad despair,
Suggesting, if they're uncorrupt, it will be made known *there*,
When face to face before their Judge, th' accuser and accus'd
Stand the impartial doom to hear, his justice ne'er refus'd.
Bear up ye, persecuted ones, until that awful day,
When lo! the veil from ev'ry heart is sudden rent away;
Then will be shown the evil thoughts, that blam'd ye without cause,
Were those that violated most, in secret, virtue's laws.—
Hypocrisy to screen itself, too often maligns those
Who are as pure as crystal stream, that through green valley flows,
Wat'ring the lilies, drooping 'neath the sun's *Heaven*-born rays;
As they, as *spotless*, droop beneath its falsehood's *Hell-born* blaze!

* Aphis, blight, canker.

SPENCER MIDDLETON; OR, THE SQUIRE OF RIVER HILL.[1]

BY GEORGE STANLEY, ESQ.

CHAPTER XV.

The Day of the Election.

In consequence of the utter impossibility of any one, save the speakers themselves, hearing more than a few very detached words of what was intended to be said on the hustings during the interlude of the nomination, the three rival parties retired each to its own rendezvous, and proceeded to enlighten their supporters respecting the almost innumerable benefits which must, of a certainty, accrue to the good town of Riverley, should its freemen only elect some one of the candidates—a circumstance not unlikely to take place—as its representative.

In the centre of the balcony of the Liberia hotel and posting-house, immediately beneath the huge blue and buff flag, which waved in all its magnificence from the central window of the inn, stood the Reverend Mr. Blackhair, the representative, on this occasion, of the Mowbray party. Dr. O'Clysterall had, until then, generally done the heavy speaking; but, as his exertions at the nomination had tended to scrape the tender surface of his œsophagus, and the obdurate skull of the last chat volant, as the garter king-at-arms would describe the creature, had persuaded two of his front teeth to institute a personal examination into the state of his throat; the reverend minister came forward on his mission of informing the freemen of Riverley why the Honourable Tom was the fittest person in the world for their representative.

"Who is there in Riverley," said the reverend orator; "who is there, I repeat, who shall dare to raise his voice against our free representative, the noble Mowbray, the proudest hope of England's proudest family? Echo answers, who? Shall it be a Middleton who shall contest with us the field on which we have so oft won, and a Middleton has been defeated,"—(here twelve boys cheered)—"a Middleton, the would-be liberal descendant of a Tory sire,"—(full twenty-five full-grown cheers,)—"the papistical offspring of a priestly sire,"—(cheers too numerous to count.)—"Will ye have a papist for your representative? of course you won't!—No Smithfield, no bonfires, no thumbscrews, no racks, no crucifixes, no priests!"—(immense cheering.)—"Do you know who was the first papist?—of course you don't; perhaps Cain, because he told a lie when he killed his brother—of course not; perhaps the devil—of course it was. He told Eve, that eating the apple was venial sin; and so do the papists;

[1] Continued from p. 351.

they say that apple-stealing is a venial sin—the devil was the first papist—will you have the devil for your representative?—(the greater part of the crowd, not understanding anything but that the devil patronized apple-prigging, forthwith shouted, "Yes, yes," and cheered lustily as the orator concluded his last sentence.)

Rather staggered at these words, Mr. Blackhair appealed to his handkerchief, and blew a trumpet-note on his nose before he resumed his discourse.

"Well," resumed the orator, "you won't have a Middleton—you won't cheer a Middleton,"—('No,' cried one of the private tutors, 'we ain't paid for that.')—"Will you have the Oxford Tory, then? of course you won't.—Will you have a Mowbray? of course you will;"—(immense cheering,)—"but why—"

"Because he pays best," sung out some wag in the crowd.

"Because its due to your principles, and your interests, and that spirit of commercial and political activity which the free and enlightened men of Riverley have always displayed. Because the Mowbray family have given to the town of Riverley a parliamentary importance, highly beneficial to its best interests, and therefore the men of Riverley will do well to elect a representative who will act up to those principles. Such a member is the honourable Thomas Mowbray, a candidate in every way worthy of your strenuous support. Bearing, as he does, the highest character for integrity, intelligence, and ingenuity; one of that noble party by whom slavery has been entirely extinguished in Africa—that is, I mean, will be; intimately acquainted and connected with the peculiar local interests on which the prosperity of our town depends; high in the confidence of the people and the monarch: with the eyes of all mankind intently fixed on our most trivial proceedings, will the freemen of Riverley hesitate as to the line of duty which it behoves them to take on this momentous occasion, and not rally round the independent standard of the Mowbrays, and by one united effort again secure their own independence, and the honour and character of their borough? If we are not united, if we do not cordially unite in our support, we must fall."

At this point of the oration, the balcony of the Liberia hotel, unwilling any longer, or perhaps unable, from the pressure from without, to hold up against the weight of its friends, sank down with the majority of the committee, precipitating the orator and a round half-dozen of blues and buffs among their faithful supporters, who were gathered in front of the hotel.

The laugh with which the Middletonians, who had been listening on the other side the market-place to an oration of a similar calibre, greeted the sudden fall of the Mowbray orator, forthwith originated a suspicion of foul play, which naturally led to an exchange of civilities on both sides, under the form of small potatoes and nubbly coals, supplied from the sample sacks of the blue and buff coal and potato-merchant of the market-place, intermingled with portions of bricks, round stones, and other kinds of missiles too numerous to particularize. As the Mantuan bard says, "Tunc fæces et Saxa volant furor arma ministrat."

The oration which this electioneering divertisement brought to an

equally abrupt conclusion with that of orator Blackhair, was the natural effusion of the untutored mind of Mark Redmond—his first attempt at a popular oration.

It was the speech of Mark Redmond, Esquire, of the Cottage, Brook End, Riverley, not of the ci-devant flashman of the Cadger's Hall, or the Hole-in-the-Wall.

"Gentlemen," said Mark,—("Hurrah!" shouted the crowd,)—"my old friend the squire's a brick of a fellow, a downright, straight-on-end man, and no mistake. He's no aristocrat, with a starched shirt-frill, and rings on his fingers, to sit down in a gay drawing-room, and talk about the people and the people's rights, and then complain of their unwashed hands, or their dirty clothes, or their rags and tatters; he's been one of them—ay, and so have I."—(Immense cheering.)—"He and I have lived among you, know what it was to want a mouthful of bread, and been obliged to help ourselves and pay afterwards—and shall we—will he, I say, vote for bad bread and good prices? Though he is a landlord, he's a poor man's landlord; no Tory aristocrat, with a younger brother to be fed in the army, or another in the navy, or a cousin to make a parson of, at our expense. What do the parsons do?—eat, drink, sleep, and get fat." (A huge laugh followed this witticism.) "Look at our parson here with his two thousand a-year." (The tithes were, indeed, of that amount, but as the rectory was impropriate, or, if a pun may be excused, *improperated*, in the hands of Squire Middleton, only four hundred of the revenue came to the doctor.) "Look at our parson, I say again, with his two thousand a-year, his shovel-hat, his knee-breeches, and his silks. O he's got a notion the borough of Riverley's in his pocket; and so not having a Tory Middleton—no, it's all up with them—to put up, he sends to Oxford for his pretty new candidate. Well, he's harmless, that Oxford man—

> 'How he lives, and how he fares,
> Nobody knows, nor nobody cares.'

I know a man as has had only one meal of meat for seven long cold days; there he sits with his wife and six little children, feeding on potatoes, and working hard. Did you ever see a parson living on potatoes? Ask our doctor. Then there's the Corn Laws. Whigs and Tories, all one as bad as the other, all for self and pockets, and not for the people."

Here the violence of the Mowbray party raised a hubbub too loud for even the stentorian lungs of Redmond to overcome. Among the various emblems borne by the Radical party were two loaves of bread, one about the size of an anker of brandy, bearing on it "No Corn Law Loaf!" surmounted by a glittering figure of tin, denoting its price. The other a shrivelled half quartern, with the same crest of tin, and the superscription of a "Landlord's Loaf." At the moment that Redmond, endeavouring to make himself heard amid the row, was confining his oratory to the single sentence of "Which will you have?" pointing at the same time to the opposing loaves—at that moment the emblems were thrown down and broken amid the scuffle. The one was true throughout, the other but a thin crust.

"Now, my lads," said one of the Buffs, hastily snatching portions of both loaves, and holding them up in the air—"Now, my lads, which will you have, the solid loaf or the hollow one?" The Middletonians fell to a considerable discount.

> "And as the tumult dwindled to a calm,
> We left them practising the hundredth psalm."

The small band of Blues who accompanied Tom Davis to his committee-room would not be contented until they heard from their leader a declaration of his sentiments Throwing up, therefore, the window of his house, he spoke, as nearly as can be remembered. as follows.

"My good friends—somebody on the hustings asked who I was? Now I will tell you. I am plain Tom Davis—I trust an honest and true man, and dutiful subject to my king—who never was worse than my word, and never intend to be—never gave offence to any man, and never hopes to do so—never told a lie, and never will do so. 'Well, then,' says another, 'are you in favour of no Corn Laws?' Decidedly not. Foreign prices of corn bring foreign rules of wages, and sixpence a day follows sixpence a peck loaf. I would rather pay my own countrymen, who *must buy* of me, than a Russian or a Pole, who *may buy* of me or not, as he likes. 'Come,' says another, 'are you in favour of civil and religious liberty?' Stay, my friend, says I. Do you mean by that that the people of England have not at present civil and religious liberty, or are in danger of losing it? 'Decidedly yes,' says my friend. Then, my good friend, I say decidedly no to your question. As far as I am concerned, I never yet remember being prevented doing what was right, according to the dictates of my conscience, and the laws of God and man: as for the liberty of doing what is contrary to either or any of these, I have no wish for the liberty myself, and therefore, as I would do unto others as I would wish them to do unto me, will not endeavour to obtain such a fatal licence for any of you. As for my principles, they involve a deep and devoted loyalty to my king, his crown, and his person; not the lip service which is always ready to be offered up in return for royal favours, and the honours the crown can bestow—the sycophantic homage of interested adulation for place, power, and patronage; but that steady and earnest desire to preserve its rights unimpaired, its prerogative sacred for the good of the country and the safety of the state. Amongst them, is an honest and ardent devotion to the church, and with it, at the same time, not that imperfect toleration which merely bears with what are called the religious errors of others, but that which thinks human rulers are not authorized to compel those who conscientiously differ from the church, to worship God contrary to their own conviction. These my principles involve a sincere respect for the institutions of my country, and obedience to the law in every respect until altered according to the form of the constitution; they embrace too a desire for education—for its extension from one end of England to the other—education such as our guide through this troublous world to the peaceful haven of our rest, the church, is alone able to afford us, as the dispenser to us of the educational benefits which it is the duty of the state to provide. And

now, my lads, fear not—slow and sure wins at last—it is not always the favourite who wins the race. Be at your posts to-morrow, and there you shall find me. If any one asks you yours and my principles, tell them the six lines of the Scottish poet are no bad summary of them.

> ' Who will not sing,
> God save the king,
> Should hang as high as steeple;
> But while we sing,
> God save the king,
> We should not forget the people.' "

He again begged to thank them for their exertions, as the newspapers say, and retired amid loud and continued cheers.

In the ancient days of our history, elections were very different things to what they either were at the time of this election for Riverley, or in this enlightened year one thousand eight hundred and forty-two. Though there might always have been a few tricks, and a little violence. yet all these did not so utterly debase the people as at present. "Popular elections," says an able writer, "though not indeed without their evils at any time, were on the whole a salutary excitement to the community, which might otherwise have stagnated, and served to remind men of their various duties and responsibilities as members of a free state."

The sedulous kidnapping which had been practised by the Mowbray and Middleton parties had effected no change in their several relative numbers from the equal diligence of the kidnappers. Their endeavours had however illustrated the old proverb, "when rogues fall out honest men come to their own." The silence, the insignificance of the true blue party had preserved them from the interference of either of their opponents, who were too diligently employed in reducing each their immediate opponent's forces, to give even a moment's consideration to the third party in the contest. Every man sent off on a rural errand by the Red and Buff agents, made one step nearer to the goal for Davis and his supporters.

As the hour of nine tolled from the great clock of the New Town Hall, John Timotheus Blackandwhite, mayor of the borough of Riverley, opened the books for the election in all due and proper form, and with such ceremonies as to him seemed convenient. The clerks nibbed their pens, the agents looked on to watch the various voters, the candidates themselves stood ready to tender their grateful thanks to every freeman as he recorded his free and independent vote for some one of the three.

The poll of the first hour showed the tactics of the parties; the Mowbrays and the Middletons were striving for the top of the list, whilst poor Davis seemed content to remain in as great obscurity on the poll as he had during the canvass. At ten o'clock the members stood—

Mowbray . . .	15
Middleton . . .	13
Davis	6

During the two next hours the struggle between the Reds and the Buffs continued with unremitting vigour to the utter disregard of the few, the *selecti e profanis*, who took the trouble, amid the jeers of the populace, to poll for the Blue man. The party was too insignificant to fight with, so they only laughed at the Blues.

The poll now stood at eleven,

Mowbray	27.	At twelve, Mowbray	39.
Middleton	25.	Middleton	33.
Davis . . .	13.	Davis . .	20.

From twelve to one, how the Radical and Whig agents worked, the poll clearly showed; every nerve had been strained on both sides, every hole and corner rummaged, every unwilling voter, over whom dirty country notes and gin and water could have any influence, was ferreted out of his hole, and brought up to swell the numbers. The excitement among the Radical forces was so great, that they did not notice the gradual approach of some thirty country voters, who came riding into the town in small parties of twos and threes, and after casting a slight glance at the bustle at the hustings, passed quietly on towards the narrow street in which the Blues' committee sat.

As the mayor closed the books at one o'clock, Mr. Sterling, an active member of the blue party, came up to Davis, as he stood retired on the hustings.

"We are quite ready now, sir."

"Very well," replied Tom. "What did we do last hour?"

"Lost only five," replied the committee-man.

"Not too many this next hour; wait for the hour after, they must be nearly exhausted."

"Say fifteen or sixteen,' suggested Sterling

"Certainly not more," replied Davis; "hush—hush—the mayor."

"Gentlemen," said John Timotheus Blackandwhite, "the poll for the election of a representative for the ancient borough of Riverley, now stands thus:—the Honourable Thomas Mowbray, forty-eight—(three cheers from the Buffs.) "George Middleton, Esq.," continued the mayor, "forty-three"—(mixed cheers and hisses.) "For Thomas Davis, Esq."—("Hurrah!" shouted the crowd, "speak up, Timothy")—"for Thomas Davis, Esq. thirty-one"—"O yes," shouted a Mowbrayite, (amid a burst of cheers and laughter)—"you don't say so."

"But a poor chance, Mr. Davis, for you and I," said the Honourable Tom, in an insinuating tone and inward chuckle of congratulation, "I am afraid the Radical will make us both look foolish."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Under-Secretary," replied Tom. "Ah, Thompson," he continued, looking very hard at a freeman, who, with a large black patch over his right eye, was tendering himself to the poll clerk. "What's the matter with your face, man?"

"An unlucky knock in a scuffle last night," muttered the voter, in a husky voice.

"Your name?" said the clerk.

"John Thompson."

"Residence?" continued the official.

"Turnover-court, Brick-lane."

"For whom do you vote?" asked the poll clerk.

"Muster Mowbray," replied the man, hastening away from the polling booth.

Tom Davis stared. John Thompson, a volunteer voter of his own, polled for Mowbray.

"Much obliged to you, Thompson," shouted the Honourable Tom.

"Quick, Sterling," whispered Davis—"follow that man, there's a cheat in it, depend on it."

Whilst Sterling was in pursuit of the voter, the real Simon Pure, the true John Thompson, without an eye patch, came up to vote.

"Your residence?" said the clerk.

"John Thompson, Turnover-court, Brick-lane, working jeweller."

"Voted before," said the clerk.

"That's a lie," replied John Thompson.

"I tell you you have," said the clerk.

"I tell you I have not," replied John.

Whilst John Thompson the true was being sworn to the fact of his not having voted, the fictitious John was conveyed by Sterling and another man to the hustings; and thence, after the due registration of the real vote, much to the satisfaction of the real voter and Davis, the impostor was carefully conveyed to the house of the mayor, preparatory to a night's lodging in the borough compter.

The bustle occasioned by the Thompson affair had been most useful to the Blues, as they were enabled to push up their reserve under cover of the confusion, without the knowledge of either of the opposing parties; the hour's poll showed the result.

The mayor came forward once more, bearing in his hand the last hour's poll.

"Gentlemen," said the aforesaid John Timotheus, "the poll for a representative in the Commons House of Parliament for the borough of Riverley stands thus"—(cheers and confusion, occasioned by a rush to the front,)—"For the Honourable Thomas Mowbray,"—(and here the mayor bowed low,)—"for the honourable Thomas Mowbray, fifty-four,"—(immense cheering from the Buffs.) "For Thomas Davis, Esq," continued the mayor, amid a blank silence of surprise, "forty-six."

It was a curious study the various faces of the crowd, as they heard this unexpected announcement: the Buffs looked frightened, and then plucked up a little, when they, by a difficult subtraction, soon discovered there were yet eight votes between their pet and the Oxford Tory: much comforted by this discovery, they essayed a laugh, which proved a failure. The Reds held their peace, being too anxious to know how far below their man was, to attempt any audible expression of their hatred to the other parties. Whilst a few stout English-looking fellows, scattered few and far between among the crowd, gave each other a nod of recognition, accompanied by a quiet grin that told a tale of inward satisfaction.

"For George Middleton, Esq.," said the mayor in conclusion—"for George Middleton, Esq., forty-five."

"Hurrah," screamed the Reds; delighted at their darling being only one point worse than nothing.

The several committees began to look at their ammunition. The Mowbrays had yet in store five unexceptionable voters, and three possibles, at a certain price, so they rubbed their hands and persuaded themselves they were very comfortable. The Squire's committee were far from happy. Bribe, frighten, bully, do all they could, they had but four men left, so they ordered another bottle of wine, and determined to do nothing. The Blues were fairly sanguine; they believed the Buffs, and they knew the Reds to be worked out, whilst they had still in store ten good and true men, not likely either to be persuaded, frightened, or coerced, from doing their duty.

"It was now three, and the Mowbrays and the Davises had each polled four men; whilst not a single vote had been tendered for the Squire; so the former kept up their spirits, and the latter began to look towards a petition.

"What the devil are we to do?" said the Honourable Tom, taking out his repeater, and looking anxiously at its dial-plate. "Twenty minutes after three, and not a man left for love or money, and that confounded fellow of a Tory creeping up slowly and surely."

"We are still five ahead, Mr. Secretary," said the Mowbray manager, "and should the Tories gain that, we can get Tom Pearce at his own price at last."

"And what's that—a cool hundred?" asked the would-be member.

"Only seventy-five."

"A peerage?" suggested the secretary.

"Only a place in the customs for his son."

"Well, you can promise him that very easily."

"But he must have the promise in your hand-writing, or else he votes for the Tories."

Leaving the Honourable Tom and his manager to their consultation, let us pass from the Buff committee-room to the snug parlour in Back Street, where the friends of Davis were assembled.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Davis, we have now done all we can, and are still five behind," said the Blue chairman, with a melancholy face.

"Capital, my dear sir; you have all done nobly; we can only hope for better luck next time," replied Davis, lighting a cigar to console himself under his defeat.

"Come, come, my dear sir, there's a petition before that."

"A letter, sir," said the porter, looking in, and handing a crumpled note to the chairman.

"Please sir," said the note, "watch T. P., the B's is agoing to gild h'm.—A T. B."

"Here, Grogan. A note from Tim—watch Tom Pearce—bribe—an old woman will do best, won't it?"

"Decidedly so, sir," replied a heavy-looking man, running in haste into another room, and thence emerging in the shortest possible time, as a deaf, stupid-looking, fat old dame, without a grain of sense or an atom of auscultation in her appearance.

"Good news, good news, Mr Davis," said the vicar, coming into the room as the old lady walked out.

"What, what?" exclaimed the occupants of the chamber.

"Mark Redmond and one of his friends have just polled for us

amid the most tremendous confusion, and they say the squire and his agent are coming down, swearing they will poll for the devil himself rather than for a Mowbray."

Whilst all were congratulating themselves on this news, the door was pushed open hastily, and one of the committee entered, perfectly burning with excitement.

"What news? what news?" exclaimed the party.

"We are one ahead," gasped the panting Blue.

"One ahead! How?—what?—where?—when?" cried divers members of the committee.

"The squire and Sharpham have polled for us;" and here he stopped to breathe again.

"Well, well, that makes us one behind," said the vicar.

"And Tom Fairbrother and his brother."

"Tom Fairbrother!" exclaimed the chairman; "why he was in Derbyshire, laid up with the gout."

"And now he's here, with his gout and his brother, has voted for us, and done the trick, and the horses and boys nearly, into the bargain."

"Well, Grogan, what's the result after all?" asked the vicar of the old lady, as he or she, just as you please, returned from his expedition.

"Poll closed, sir; Tom Pearce voted, and so it's a tie."

"What sort of a case, Grogan—good or bad?" asked the chairman.

"Delicious, sir; got his—Mr. Mowbray's—promise of a place for the young cub in black and white, and seventy-five pounds besides—all done in the summer-house at the end of the well-walk—heard them from the hedge-row—delicious case," replied the agent, as he proceeded to disrobe.

"Tolerably good that, Mr. Davis, for a petition—tolerably good," said the chairman, flapping his coat-tails with animation.

"The mayor's a going to declare, sir, and they do say he'll give a caster for the Buffs," said Grogan.

"We had better go down then," replied the chairman.

So the party moved down to the scene of action, and, after a little hard bustling, got a fair place on the hustings.

The mayor was in all his glory; the fate of the contest lay in his own power, in his own vote, in the fiat of John Timotheus Blackandwhite, and therefore on him all eyes were fixed.

"Gentlemen" said the mayor, "I pray you keep silence." ("Ay, ay, old boy.") "I pray you keep silence. It is my duty to announce to you, as the mayor and returning officer of this borough, the result of this election" ("Get on, old boy") "for a burgess to represent the borough of Riverley in the Commons House of Parliament." (Great impatience, and a few cabbage-stalks volant.) "According to votes registered before the poll-clerks, the numbers stand thus." (Here the mayor developed a buff-and-blue pocket handkerchief, and relieved his head before he proceeded to read the return.) "There have voted for the Honourable Thomas Mowbray, one of his majesty's undersecretaries of state, sixty-two"—(immense cheering from the Buffs); "for Thomas Davis, Esquire, sixty-two;" (considerable applause from all but the Mowbrayites;) "for George Middleton, Esquire, of

River Hill, forty-five." (A few laughs arose from the Buffs, but were soon stopped by the scowls of the Reds, who looked too savage to be played with.)

All was now anxiety. What would the mayor do? On the hustings, a great quantity of talking was done in a comparatively short time, a great deal of action was wasted on the desert air, several persons got very hot, and not more than half a dozen were promised a horse-whipping. Among the occupants of the area, promises gave way to payments, and checks were honoured as soon as presented, and quickly counter-stamped with black and red marks, vulgarly denominated black eyes and bloody noses.

The mayor wiped his mouth and turned round to the people, accounts were quickly closed below, and a tolerable silence reigned in the market-place of Riverley.

"Gentlemen," said J. T. Blackandwhite, "in consequence of the equality of the votes between the Honourable Thomas Mowbray, one of"—("Cut it short, old boy,")—"and Thomas Davis, Esquire, it is my duty either to declare both those gentlemen returned"—("Then why doan't ye?")—"or to give my casting vote in favour of one or other of these two candidates." ("Then why doan't ye?") "I have determined, gentlemen,"—("Where's John Thompson?")—"I have determined, gentlemen"—("Does his mother know he's out?")—"to adopt the latter course." ("Hurrah! go ahead!") "Having come to this determination, it remains for me to determine to which of the twain I shall give my vote." ("Of course.") "Now my reasons"—("Don't gi'e us them, gi'e us yer vote.") Here the row grew so loud, that the mayor considered it best to give his vote, and let his reasons stand over to another time. "Gentlemen, I give my casting vote to the Honourable Thomas"—The rest of the sentence was drowned in a general uproar, the *disjecta membra* of which are subjoined for the amusement of any idle antiquary:—

"Three cheers for the mayor—a haunch of venison—knew he would—that's a lie—duly elected—'tisn't—to serve—place-hunter—'tis—present sessions—petition—you're a liar—hold your tongue—sha'nt—shall—will—wo'nt."

Exeunt omnes in admired confusion, and so ended the election at Riverley.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Always be certain, before you kick down a ladder, that your own foot's not on the uppermost round.

As soon as the excitement of the election at Riverley had subsided, the placards been washed from the walls, and the ballads no longer chorussed under the windows of the respective parties, the Mowbrays and the Middletons agreed in considering that they were not unlike to the plaintiff and defendant in a suit at Westminster, and that whilst they were fighting for the shells, the lawyer had eaten the oyster. Besides, the old peer had been lately informed, that within a

very few weeks the committee would undoubtedly return Davis as the sitting member; that, moreover, the ministry of the day were about to run the gauntlet of a general election, and that it would be advantageous to them to return two ministerialists for Riverley, and that in the event of the new election proving advantageous to the ruling powers, the powers that were would recommend to his majesty the investing Thomas Viscount Mowbray with the higher title of Earl of Riverley, with the reversion of the next vacant ribbon. If the squire at the Hill and the lord at the Hall continued to cut each other's throats, there was little doubt that the Tories would retain their places, or, to look at it in the most favourable point of view, the return of the under-secretary would be very expensive. Reconciliation, therefore, was the order of the day at Mowbray Park. And as the squire saw little chance of his succeeding in such a divided state of things, reconciliation was in favour at the Hill. But still, after all the personal abuse lavished in speeches, in bills, in pamphlets, and in songs, by the Middletonians on the Mowbrayites, and *vice versâ*, reconciliation without a scapegoat was impossible. So Mark Redmond was picked out for the sacrifice.

To the viscount, Mark had been particularly offensive—the leader of every species of marked insult, the choregus of every band that played the "Rogue's March," or sang a political ditty under the windows of the Mowbrayites. So what better scapegoat for Mowbray and Co? To George, the coming of his quondam friend into his neighbourhood had always been a sore subject, and daily and hourly had he manœuvred to pluck out the thorn from his side. When in public, his hints and dark sayings too often made the squire turn from white to red, and from red to white; in private, his conversation smacked too much of the crowbar and dark lantern. As the would-be gentleman at Clapham feels sick at the smell of the shop, and in vain endeavours to turn a deaf ear to some very kind friend, who will recur to old times of oil-cans and white aprons, our reformed housebreaker shrunk at the mention of a dark lantern or a regular put-up. So what better scapegoat for the squire than his *ci-devant* lieutenant, Mark Redmond.?

Mark was merely a yearly tenant of the lodge, liable to be ejected at three months' notice; but of course the squire could not turn him out—O dear, no!—but yet what a pity it is that people do not take leases!

"Good morning to you, Captain Redmond," said Tobias Mealymouth, the deputy-steward of the Mowbray property, as he entered Mark's breakfast-room some few months after the election.

Now Mark, it being a very wet winter's morning, was busily employed trying to pick the Bramah lock of his writing-desk with a small quill, though the key was on the bunch in his pocket. "Never can tell what may happen," thought Redmond, "practice makes perfect." So intent was he on his practical mechanics, that the deputy had to repeat his salutation before he could obtain an answer.

"Ah, Mealymouth," said Mark. "Rather busy—mechanical turn—amusement this bad weather. Well, what on earth has brought you?—a dog-fight, a burglary, or—"

"A tax-cart," replied the deputy.

"Well, sit down, sit down. Want my help for some poor chap or other? Eh?"

"Not at present, Captain Redmond. I was desired by Mr. Thompson Scrape, my lord's steward, to present you with this small notice," replied the deputy, extending a small paper to the captain.

"What's this? 'I, Thomas Viscount Mowbray, having purchased the property commonly called by the name of the Lodge, and now in the possession of Captain Mark Redmond, do hereby require the said Mark Redmond to render to me possession of the same, on or before three calendar months from the day of the date of this writing, pursuant to the terms of an agreement, bearing date the——day of——, and made between the said Mr. Redmond and George Middleton, Esquire, of River Hill, in the County of———, and lately assigned by the said George Middleton.

'Mowbray Park, Jan.—— MOWBRAY.'

"What the devil does this mean, Mr. Mealymouth?" said Redmond, when he had read the notice. "The squire assigned my lease to Mowbray—notice to quit in three months."

"I believe those are the terms of your agreement, Captain Redmond," replied the deputy.

"Captain, sir!—don't captain me. What the devil does this mean? who's done this? who's coming here?—you or the devil?" growled Redmond, his face flushed with anger.

"Neither his lordship nor Mr. Scrape have informed me respecting the future tenant of the Lodge, Mr. Redmond," replied Mealymouth calmly, "though I have heard that Mr. Under-Secretary Mowbray is likely to reside at the Lodge during the summer."

"Pah! of course not. Well, good morning, Mr. Mealymouth. So, so, Mr. George," continued Mark, as soon as the door closed on the emissary—"so, so; you want to knock down the ladder. Steady, lad; get over the parapet first, or you may get more hurt by the fall than the ladder itself. Had enough of me—I'm to be thrown off like an old coat—shaken hands with my lord—agreed to rout out old Mark—make a clear stage, and start fresh. Saw him only two days since—rather cool, certainly—but then he's a squire, and I'm not. Sly affair. Must be old Perjury's doing; yes, must be—smell his finger in it—hum. Tom, Tom—my Benjamin—don't rain. I'm going into Riverley—sha'n't be in for an hour or so—see that Ben gives the mare the hot mash—meet to-morrow at the Fair Waters."

As Mark entered the market-place at Riverley, his eyes fell on the old viscount, who, having driven into town in the morning, had left his carriage at the Liberia hotel, and was then on his road to the reading-rooms, to blackball Tom Davis, who had been proposed, as usual, by his friend the vicar.

"Good morning to your lordship," said Redmond. "I believe I have to thank your lordship for this notice to quit."

"Good morning to you, Captain Redmond. I hope the notice is not too short to inconvenience your domestic arrangements," replied the old peer, more than usually polite, as he felt he had his friend at his mercy.

"Not in the slightest, my lord; my establishment is very small; always ready to 'up tents and off.' Maybe it may rumple the squire a little. Wished I'd known he was going to sell—got it a bargain."

"Humph—oh, good morning."

As his lordship walked away with a cold adieu, unless his hearing was very bad indeed, he might have heard Redmond singing, far from sotto voce, part of an election ballad, to the tune of "Tramp it along."

"Not a hundred miles from here, I'm told,
There lives a peer so rich and old,
Who married a damsel, as I've heard say,
Had stood at the wash-tub many a day.
Riverley oh."

It might have been the coming shower that made the peer suddenly quicken his pace, as the captain's musical fit came on. It might have been that he heard the words of the song.

"The squire in, Simmons?" asked Redmond of the servant at the hall.

"My master is at home, Captain Redmond, but—," replied the servant, with some slight degree of hesitation.

"In the breakfast-parlour, as usual," continued Redmond, endeavouring to push by the servant, who seemed with peculiar awkwardness to get in his way. "Well, I'll go to him—I know the way, Simmons."

"You will excuse me, Captain Redmond, but my master is at present most particularly engaged, unless you wish to see him very particularly," replied Simmons.

"Particularly—yes, I should rather expect it was particularly; humph—engaged; all of a bit with the rest," muttered Redmond.

"If you would step into the dining-room, sir, I will acquaint my master of your wishes," replied Simmons, holding open the door of the room.

"Here, sir, take that card; perhaps your master has forgotten my name—he hasn't forgotten my house though—and tell Mr. George Middleton that Captain Mark Redmond, late of the Lodge, wishes for a few minutes' conversation with him."

Simmons bowed, and departed with the card, as Redmond walked into the library. It was some little time before the squire came.

"Ah, Redmond, how do you? why, I thought from Simmons' account, it was some impostor, some stranger. Foolish old fellow, what a ridiculous mistake!" said George, with affected astonishment.

"An old servant is sometimes useful at a pinch, and makes as good a scapegoat as an old friend—at least so I've heard," replied Mark, with hauteur.

"Pooh, pooh, Mark, quite unintentional, I can assure you," replied the squire, looking slightly flushed, "quite unintentional. Very busy indeed this morning, and you know that business must be attended to first, especially legal matters."

"Especially the assignments of agreements of tenants at will, and the sale of small properties with good tenants in them," replied Redmond, with a sneer.

"Ah, by the-bye," replied the squire, pretending not to notice Redmond's remark, "have you heard that Mowbray has begun to make himself agreeable to me now the election is over, and things have become quiet?"

"I have heard so, squire, and have found that the squire of River Hill has been equally polite to his old enemy," replied Redmond, sarcastically.

"Why, surely, you would not have me refuse to shake hands when the old viscount volunteered the reconciliation?"

"And also offered a good price for the Lodge?"

"O you've heard of that affair; yes, he offered so handsomely, that really, considering how that cursed election had run me out, I was glad to get rid of the Lodge and all its incumbrances at one bargain," replied George.

"No doubt, squire, no doubt."

"But of course that will not inconvenience you; it does not signify whether you pay your rent to Sharpham or to Scrape," replied George, with an air of assumed coolness.

"Certainly not, squire; but it does matter to me whether I remain at the Lodge, or am turned out at a three months' warning," said Mark.

"No fear of that, Mark; if there had, we would have made it part of the agreement not to turn out present tenant; but the old viscount would never think of it."

"What do you say to that notice? you see it's dated yesterday—you signed, I hear, the day before; little time lost—perhaps it was part of the agreement."

"Extraordinary!" replied George, as he cast his eyes over the notice to quit and deliver up possession, and muttered to himself, "Too soon, too hasty;" and then turning to Mark, said, "But there's Hawtons Wood and Firebrake, either would suit you."

"But I should not suit Thomas Viscount Mowbray; at least not if report and that slip of paper may be depended on," replied Redmond.

"Very hard on you—it's the fault of all of us; our difficulties make us ready to catch at the first money that offers, and to believe any promises; I hardly know what you will do."

"There's your Fair Meadow Cottage would suit me."

"Only this morning I let to Mr. Scrape, as agent from George, the youngest of the Mowbrays, or else—"

"O, of course, of course," replied Redmond, sharply. "Well, will you give me house-room here, after my three months is out at the Lodge, until I can contrive to look about? I have done as much for Captain Moonlight some few years since."

"Most awkwardly I have determined on removing to town in about two months, and breaking up my establishment here until the summer, or else—"

"Of course," replied Mark, with a cold smile, "those 'buts' and 'ifs,' they're the spare shot of the world, when they want to frighten off any old friend, under the pretence of his being an enemy; you're but a bad pretender, squire, and not up to the dirty work of these lordlings."

"I do not understand you, Captain Redmond," replied George, with assumed composure.

"Come, come, squire, if you're ashamed of having sold your old friend, say so at once; the matter's clear enough; hands were to be crossed, and a price paid for it. Well, you'd paid a price for me, so I was saleable again,—perhaps in the way on both sides—an unpleasant memorial of moonlight nights, sea beaches, lone lanes, and regular put-ups."

"You will excuse me, Captain Redmond, but if you persist in such language, one of us must leave the house," replied George, with his hand on the bell-pull.

"And as I don't intend going this quarter of an hour, it must be you whose agoing to leave; well, you've a right to do as you like in your own house, I 'spose, anyhow."

"Captain Redmond, this is insolence. I—I cannot permit such language."

"Steady, steady, squire, and look before you leap, as the batsman said to the gauger on Scarbro' cliff. You've taken your line, you must bear it out. Had you come to me, and told me that it would be of use to you for me to cut and run, perhaps I'd a done it. Now you've worked under hand—that's what I don't. I give you fair warning. I'm to be bought, and he that pays best will know most about the rights of a certain house. You can't misunderstand me, squire. Snitching on true men is low; snitching on a cur is not only fair but right. Now look ye, where there's *a will—a will,* squire—there's a way."

"Your malice is harmless, sir, your accusations mere talk, your evidence a mere drowning man's straw," said the squire, rising from his chair, and suddenly, and as if by accident, throwing himself against the door of the inner library or breakfast-room, which he had left on the jar when he came into the library. "Mere madness, Captain Redmond."

"A king's witness is a good witness, let be his share in the crack. Besides, squire, don't you think old Martha had ears and eyes, though she were so fast asleep when some one made off with somebody's will. There be more that know of that matter than those as did the job," replied Redmond, with great coolness and determination. "Besides, too, squire, there's some one besides us two, as knows how the gauger leaped from the Friar's Cliff."

The squire shuddered as he resumed his seat opposite Redmond.

"Ay, and of the bob prize and the parson's silver cups from the steeple-house at Northerly—all the band ain't agone as yet; and they ain't all lost their memories—'twould be an odd thing if the squire was swung up for cracking a church."

"Captain Redmond," said George, after a pause of some duration, "I have taken my course, and must now go through with it. If an old friend whom I have raised along with me far above his rank, considers the mere disposal of a house of which he is a tenant so grave an offence, that, nothing but ruin and death can atone for it, he must take his course: but at the same time, he must not be astonished if the enemy-friend seeks to defend himself by similar means. There

is an old proverb, Captain Redmond, that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones—the application is far from obscure."

"Another says, squire, get over the parapet afore you kick down the ladder, mayhap that reads as well as the other," replied Redmond; "as for your story, it's not a true witness, only as far as it goes, and that's no way at all. Sold the place is certainly, and so's the tenant too: told to quit; a shake hands with the lord, perhaps a seat for the borough; and the price, one Mark Redmond. Well now I am sold once, them as wants me must buy me again. I sha'n't get less valuable by wear or keeping. And you know, squire, where *there's a will* there's a way. You'll excuse my letting the cat out of the bag; but a wink's as good as a nod to a blind horse. Till the time's up I shall be at the Lodge. If that passes over, things will alter rapidly. Good morning, squire, you need not trouble yourself to show me the way. I know my way out, though I'm likely to forget my way in. Some people forget the way out until they're shown it."

As soon as Redmond had bowed himself out, George Middleton returned to the inner library, where he had left his confidential adviser, Malachi Perjury, Esq., whom he found, to all appearances, busily employed on the evening paper.

"Well, Perjury, it's over—you heard what he said, I suppose, as I left the door open; what do you think of the matter now? am I not completely trapped?" asked the squire of the Israelitish lawyer, as soon as he had carefully closed the door in question.

"As far as you permitted me to hear, it was only what I expected; after the door was closed by you, of course I heard nothing," replied Malachi, not thinking it worth his while to mention the keyhole.

"How cursedly stupid of me," exclaimed George! with asumed anger, "but my excitement——"

"O, of course, squire—quite immaterial; but I suppose he only went on with his threats of ripping up old stories, such as the will, that was found *by accident* just when it was discovered after such a long search. Perhaps an old robbery or two, before the wild oats were sown—of course mere trifles."

"Hardly so, Perjury; Redmond and I have done too much together with the set, to be called trifles. If he chooses to declare on the affair at Scarbro' or that at Northerly, my life is well nigh run," replied George gloomily.

"Come, come, squire, let us put our heads together; we all know what circumstances made you—of course, against your will."

"A thief, a smuggler, and a murderer," replied George, burying his face in his hands.

"Let's look to the first. If I remember the first affair, it was the crack at the Manor House, near Walsingham—well, it was—you were a mere boy then, pressed into the gang."

"Hardly pressed," replied George.

"I say *pressed* into the gang against your will, perhaps by force; you were threatened with death by Redmond, at that time the chief of the party, unless you assisted, that accounts for your being there—now no doubts; let me assure you such was the case—you may have forgotten such small facts, others have not, and will remem-

ber them. After that affair you used your utmost endeavours to leave the gang, being conscience-stricken and sorry for the dreadful deeds you had assisted in perpetrating. The way was not to be found, as Redmond, knowing well your prospects, watched you closely, and constantly threatened you with death if you did not continue in the gang. He then persuaded you to become the captain, and you, eager to assume a power by which you hoped to be able to curb the savage nature of the party, consented, and then found, to your sorrow, that you were more ruled than ruler. Now, after many vicissitudes, you desire to atone for your crimes by bringing to justice the man who was the originator of all the dreadful schemes, and really, though not nominally, the captain of the gang;—this man is Redmond."

"I begin to comprehend the drift of your plan, Malachi," said George.

"Drift of my plan! Excuse me, Mr. Middleton, such words are not applicable. What you mean is, that your memory is now recalling those facts which time and trouble had nearly obliterated, and that once thrown on the scent, and endeavouring to analyse the past heap of facts with which your memory is burdened, you are gradually peeling off those facts which are away from the point in question, and are beginning to recognize the real principles on which you acted in your earlier transactions."

George could not help smiling at the philosophy of the attorney.

"Memory, my dear sir, is the most treacherous faculty we have, and when it is combined with that natural habit of mind, to which, when in trouble, we are all so prone—I mean that of self-condemnation, assigning always the worst motives to our actions—it is quite extraordinary how facts and reasons for action escape the recollection. Many and many are the witnesses who have at first told me that nothing could be worse than the reasons for which they and some unfortunate friend have committed crimes; and yet those same men, when duly reminded of the facts, and when their mind has been brought into a proper frame, acknowledge most readily how entirely the true reasons, perhaps force, compulsion, threats, had escaped their memories."

"But how is this to apply to my present difficulty?" asked the squire.

"These facts which I have now recalled to your memory will not be proved by you except incidentally, but will be substantiated by two other witnesses in the gang at the time—men equally sorry for their crimes—and will be especially brought out by the counsel. The entire crime of that affair at Walsingham will thus be thrown on Redmond. This will be proved to demonstration. If he dares to retaliate with other accusations against you, what does his evidence become worth? The other two who were in the gang with him know nothing of it, because, being well mixed in their minds, and being men of not very powerful intellects, they are unable to pick the required facts out; for it is equally remarkable how forgetful men do become, when reminded of facts in a confused or an awkward manner. Such being the case, Mark's evidence is merely a straw caught at by a drowning

man—it rather helps to condemn him. He is punished, not by you, but by the outraged law, and justice is appeased."

"What then do you propose?" asked George of the philosophical attorney.

First, a careful and constant watch over Mr. Redmond—one who will let us know the instant he seems likely to put his plans into operation; in the mean time we must hunt up two or three of the old gang who can remember these facts—but that's my duty—I think I know where to hunt for them—then a government pardon for all concerned in the affair at Walsingham, but the actual murderer of the old gardener, which we know was Redmond alone, though you consented by non-interference; and lastly, a warrant for the captain, a trial and a hanging," replied Perjury with consummate coolness.

"It is very dreadful to contemplate," replied the squire in a low tone.

"Look at it in the light of a necessity and a duty—as a duty you owe to your country to bring to punishment so great a rascal as Redmond; and as a duty you owe to yourself, of hanging another man instead of his hanging you. Then add to this the necessity of your doing so quickly, or of being done in an equally short space of time, and then the matter assumes a very different aspect. Now, no hesitation, squire, or I cannot promise to save you. Come, let us to town forthwith; we must do a great deal before twelve o'clock to-night, as the sooner the watch is set on the captain, the safer we shall be." With this reply Malachi closed the conversation, and in less than half an hour the squire and his confidential adviser were on their road to London as fast as four good posters could carry them.

It was a silent journey—both had much to think of.

The squire thought whether the witnesses would remember the facts; whether Redmond might not have anticipated them, and be even then preferring his charge against his old captain; whether his own memory would serve him in corroboration of the witnesses, so as to bear the ordeal of a cross-examination; and lastly, whether the chance of the gallows was not too good to be tampered with, and the certainty of exposure too great to admit of his giving up Redmond in return for a seat in Parliament and the friendship of his titled neighbour. And then he thought Perjury must know best; which, as it saved him the anxiety of all further consideration, was exceedingly consolatory.

"It is very clear," thought Perjury, "that it will not pay to let the squire be turned out of Riverley, and the management of the estate turned over to Mouldy and Freeman. Still it won't do to let him be too secure; fear's a good curb-rein for a restive horse. Put Redmond once out of the way, and then on the least quarrel the squire bolts of; but then there's that will—nay, that won't do, was rather concerned in it myself—by-the-bye, I wonder where the real article can be. I have it—Prior, he was an old chum of Mark's—pays him a visit on hiding—must keep him—puts Mark up to trafficking with the parson's son—finds out his direction quite by accident, and sets Redmond to bargain with him. Good! that will frighten the squire.

Good again! Then Malachi lays a hand on Mark—plenty of good threats ready to hand—minor circumstances at the time. Good again! Play both well—must turn out well. Suppose Mark won't bite—why then if he peaches the squire, I'll be a true friend, and stick by him—honesty's the best policy—yes, certainly—rent-roll a clear twenty thousand. Good again!"

In furtherance of these thoughts, Malachi's friend paid a flying visit to his old friend Mark, and a few days sufficed to set the train. In the mean time Malachi had got the government pardon under the promise of sparing no trouble to bring the real culprit forward, and in consequence of certain dark hints he threw out about certain parties. The two witnesses were found, and their memories properly sorted and polished for use, and everything prepared for the seizure of Mark should he by any mischance make a false step.

"Now that all is ready," muttered Malachi to himself about a fortnight or three weeks after his journey to London—"now that all is ready, let's get to work at once:" thus saying, he wrote a few lines to one Simon Thompson, and directed it to be left at the post-office, Riverley, until called for, whence it by some means came to the hands of Mark's visitor, the fugitive Prior.

THE MOOSE-DEER CHASE.

The morn, the northern morn, arose
In beauty, only to disclose
The same wild scenes, and pathless snows,
  O'er which the sun went down:
No living thing appeared awake,
The deep, deep solitude to break,
Except the wild swan on the lake,
  That seemed to be her own.

Yet here, to-day, the hunters meet,
To seek the moose-deer's lone retreat,
To chase to death a foot, how fleet!
  And toil and cold deride:
Yon wily Indian leads the way;
He needs no path by night or day,
And well knows where the game will stay,
  He track'd at eventide.

With buoyant step, their course they take,
To where the low meenahic brake*
The only covert seems to make
  Below the sheltering hill;
And then the leader of the band
In silence waves aloft his hand,
His dogs behold that known command,
  And dash t' obey his will.

* The most hardy of all trees.—See Franklin.

Suspense is short—the harbour'd deer,
As quick of eye, as keen of ear,
Soon kens the coming danger near,
And seeks the open plain;
Away he breaks with graceful bound,
In vain pursues the fleetest hound,
At every stride he loses ground,
And soon returns again.

And then, with slow, but steady pace,
The skilful hunters join the race,
They see not the fleet foot they chase,
Which now is far away;
But naught across its track hath ran,
Except the white-robed ptarmigan,
Who little deems the foot of man
Will startle her to-day.

And thus they follow surely on
The course the frighten'd deer hath gone,
And gaily speak of victory won,
Though long their chase must be:
Noon comes and passes—day declines—
The ruddy beam of evening shines
O'er the far wood of mountain pines,
The horizon's boundary.

The hard rock forms their couch to-night,
Their taper is the northern light,
Inconstant, beautiful, and bright,
With many a varying hue;
And oft they cast an anxious eye
To mark the aspect of the sky,
For one brief snow-storm sweeping by
Would hide their slender clue.

Morn breaks—and on they speed again,
With freshen'd strength, o'er hill and plain
Of nature's cultureless domain,
Till many a league be past;
When far ahead once more they view
The noble deer they thus pursue,
List to the Indian's wild halloo!
Which echoes on the blast.

'Twas but a moment's on he hied,
Again they lose that form of pride,
But, ah, they mark his shorten'd stride,
A sign which ne'er is vain;
They see, too, where he'd stopp'd to taste,
The spring, that riseth in the waste,
Their own lips to its fount are placed,
And then away again.

These signals to the practised eye,
Foretel the hour of triumph nigh,
And that the noble game must die,
Ere fall the shades of night;

While here and there a slight red stain
Appears upon the snowy plain,
Betokening feebleness and pain,
From Nature's failing might.

It tells its tale in language clear,
And, lo! again they view the deer,
Not as before, but, ah, how near!
How slowly, too, he goes!

Now he draws nigh yon rising mound;
No more he mounts it with a bound,
As erst he did, but, turning round,
Looks tow'rds his coming foes.

He seems to ask if they, who come
From cultured vale and towering dome,
Can envy him his desert home,
Far from the sun's warm beam;
Why thus they follow, far and wide,
One who dwells here in harmless pride,
Who browses on the mountain's side,
And drinks the mountain's stream.

With that wild courage, which distress
Gives even unto gentleness,
When hope's pale beam grows less and less,
He firmly stands at bay:
One noble effort, but in vain,—
The deadly rifle ends his pain,
While the fierce hounds rush on amain
To seize their fallen prey.

'Tis ended: Nature's tameless child,
Who never roamed where garden smiled,
Who cropped no herb, that grew not wild,
Thy brief career is o'er;
The same bleak range of mountain snows,
Where first thy youthful strength arose,
Is now the couch of thy repose,
Where none can harm thee more.

Should any one desire to know whether poetical licence has been used in these anzas, it will be enough to say that fidelity of description is the only claim made for em. The Moose-Deer is frequently not run down before the third day: indeed, ich is commonly the case if it be not started early in the morning. In Lord dward Fitzgerald's account of one of these chases we find it continued to the ird day. He also mentions the spots of blood seen upon the snow towards its nclusion.

TALES OF THE PUMP-ROOM. No. V.

THE TRAVELLER'S TALE—THE HOSPODAR.

THE important events to which it proved the prelude, and the system which promises to bring Turkey slowly within the pale of European civilization, have rescued from the usual obscurity of Ottoman revolutions, that not least rapid and Oriental one, which, arresting midway the career of the first mild intelligent reformer, substituted on his throne his bloody, unintellectual cousin Mustafa; and, within a few brief stormy months, again hurled the latter from it, not (as was the design of the revolt) to give place once more to the deposed and amiable Selim—but to the companion and pupil of his captivity, the brother of Mustafa, the restless, determined late Sultan Mahmoud.

Signalized as was the convulsion which placed him on the throne, by the usual proportion of royal massacre—from that of the gentle Selim, by the very cousin whom in similar circumstances he had magnanimously declined to sacrifice—to that stern immolation of Mustafa by his own brother Mahmoud, by which the monstrous ingratitude was poetically though barbarously avenged; it may be imagined, that for the first few weeks or months which succeeded, terror and uncertainty pervaded all ranks in Constantinople, especially its at all times suspected and insecure Greek population. Buried in the deepest recesses of their summer retreats at Therapia or Buyukdéré, or the safer and more distant islands of the Sea of Marmora, their utmost ambition was to be for a while overlooked and forgotten amid the proscriptions of wealthy Jews and Armenians, by which every new reign was usually ushered in, and in which Mahmoud had already, though sparingly, indulged.

So far had this paralyzing influence been carried on the present occasion, by the well-known ferocity of this youthful sultan, as to extend its exorcism over the restless spirit of Fanariote intrigue; and to render the vacant principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, which the new monarch was pressed by Russia and France immediately to fill up, objects rather of secret desire than keen and open rivalry. The noble Greek families, from whom alone the selection could be made, are, it is known, extremely limited; and Mahmoud, with somewhat of the decision of the character he afterwards abundantly manifested, declared to his vizier, on whom the choice devolved, that he was determined to have, for Hospodar of Wallachia, at least, an individual independent of both the foreign courts by whose importunities he had been so long annoyed.

To find such a person all are aware, who know anything of the Fanar, (and to whom in these days of eastern intercourse, is that once remote region not familiar as a household word?)—imposed nearly as difficult a task on the poor vizier as the demand of a roc's egg, or

some such fabulous rarity, on the part of a sultan in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; but it was perhaps rather in favour of his success, that having been himself raised, by the late revolution, from almost the lowest round of Fortune's ladder, his scanty acquaintance with noble Greeks lay precisely among the least influential or conspicuous of the Fanariote families.

Gratitude—in which Turks are seldom deficient—for some act of kindness, when himself a discarded and starving pipe-stopper—induced the vizier at once to pitch for his future Hospodar, on Demetrius Ghika, a Greek of old indeed, and even illustrious family, but whose moderate rank and unassuming character had always precluded his entering the lists in former contests for the principality. Exonerated by this happy obscurity, and the mediocrity of his fortune, from the necessity of courting privacy and abstaining from all external demonstrations of opulence, the good man, living quietly in the bosom of his family in the village of Therapia, dreamed as little of having greatness thrust upon him by unexpected Moslem gratitude, as of incurring danger from the same capricious quarter.

The latter, however, as far the most likely, was the only idea which crossed the minds of his agonized family, when a messenger from the vizier came to summon Demetrius to his formidable presence. And thankful for what they esteemed his providential absence, superintending his vintage at a villa he possessed in the Princes' Islands—they purposely misled the envoy by the tale of a journey to a more distant quarter; while his only son, a gentle and affectionate youth, resembling in disposition his mild unambitious parent—threw himself, under cloud of night, into a light *caique*, with a single trusty servant, to warn his father to quit in reality the perilous neighbourhood of the Porte.

If ever—before the revolution, which has bestowed turbulent and precarious freedom on the continent and isles of Greece—there existed within the dominion of these Moslem tyrants a spot where comparatively unmolested enjoyment was the portion of their few fallen and degenerate noble families,—it lay,—strange to relate!—not on some distant and secluded rock of the Egean, where the miserable rayah might have hoped to dwell at peace beneath his own vine and fig-tree—but in a smiling cluster of islands, situated within a couple of hours' sail of the capital of his bigoted oppressors—in full view of its proud minarets and fathomless dungeon towers—yet secured, as if by some spell, against the intrusion of Turkish residents, and the last refuge of Fanariote refinement and hospitality.

Here, amid the cheerful vineyards of Kalki, or luxurious orchards of Prinkipò, the calumniated remnant of the once princely families of the Fanar were wont to resort during the summer, and snatch a few weeks of respite alike from the jealous surveillance of the Porte and their own restless political intrigues. In defence of these it were idle to plead ages of servitude and degradation. But it may surely be urged in extenuation, that when all legitimate objects of ambition have long been denied to a race, whose pride of descent has survived their downfall, save the nominal sceptres of Moldavia and Wallachia—it

was little wonder if these should be sought by the crooked paths which Turkish policy had alone left open.

In attaining the privileged retreats above described, the wings of affection outstripped even those of official activity; for though real desire of befriending Demetrius, as well as distrust of his family's tale, made the vizier despatch a courier forthwith to his protégé's island villa, two hours before his arrival at the vineyard, its master had really disappeared, the well-tutored domestics could say with truth, they knew not whither.

The messenger returned to the disappointed and sorely-puzzled vizier, who racked his brains in vain for another prince elect, as independent as good Demetrius of the direct influence of Russia, or more covert intrigues of France. Nobility of birth and antiquity of family were qualifications not to be dispensed with; for though utterly valueless (as the vizier's own elevation proved) on the southern side of the Balkan, Wallachian Boyars would condescend to be ruled by none but pure Byzantine blood.

To find this—without the proscribed circle of foreign dependents—might have baffled Yusuf, had not (for there is in the mutable East no station so low as not to afford opportunities of patronage) the Bostandgi, whom he had sent to Prinkipò, himself possessed there a *protégé*.

"If the Padishah, whom Allah preserve! (ventured this old retainer and former *chum* of the vizier's) is in want of a Payah to set over the giaours of the provinces, I know not where he can get a quieter or better fellow than poor Constantine Caragia. Mustafa Bairactar (whom God confound!) squeezed him to the last asper in the days of Sultan Selim; and his three daughters—any of them beautiful enough for the Lord of the world's harem—keep body and soul together by knitting stockings and weaving nets. I'll answer for it, a more grateful vaivode you would not find in a thousand; for I did him a good turn once, when he had wherewithal to requite it—and he sent me a Damascus blade fit for the belt of the Seraskier."

"And where does this paragon of yours live, Ibrahim?" asked the relieved vizier. "He starves, I believe, somewhere in Prinkipò," replied the patronizing Bostandgi. "At least I saw the old nurse (that tends his daughters still, as if they were really princesses, and had snapped my nose off for asking how they fared) hovering for news round Demetrius Ghika's house, when my coming there made such a stir in the vineyard this morning. She looked as spiteful as if she thought I had come for the old giaour's head: and to make her more so, told her my next errand would most likely be to her master's. Little did I or she think it would be so soon, or that it would be a crown should carry!"

"Get thee gone then, in Allah's name!" said the vizier, "and bring me a Hospodar; for the Padishah says he must have one by to-morrow, and he is not a man to be trifled with."

The morning voyage of Ibrahim to the Princes' Islands had been performed, for expedition and secrecy, in a *caique*, only less light and fragile than the shallop which lent wings to the son of Demetrius—but his afternoon visit he determined should be made, (as befitted his

functions as the dispenser of sovereignty) in a barge of the vizier's, and with a suitable retinue. So just as the sun, inclining towards the west, poured its flood of unintercepted radiance over the smooth expanse of the Sea of Marmora, the gay gilded *kaehambas*, its silken sails fluttering in the yet unformed evening breeze, and its proud *Galiongis* lounging like privileged idlers, in their bright embroidered jackets, white trousers, and crimson slippers, on the graceful, elevated prow—cleared the point of Tophana, and steered gallantly for the islands that reposed in shadow on the Asiatic shore.

Had Ibrahim been aware of the depth of the apprehension, awakened by his threat of the morning, in the bosom of the old Christian nurse, whose fidelity he really respected, even when playing on her fears, it is probable the good-natured Bostandgi would have given up his joke. Old Theophila, (the *paramana*, or second mother, as by the universal courtesy of Greece such faithful maternal deputies are familiarly styled) was too dissatisfied with the obscurity in which reverse of fortune had buried her beautiful nurslings, not to be continually exerting her own powers of prescience, or invoking the Sibylline arts of others, to extract from the book of Fate an ultimate destiny more suited to their birth and merits. But of late such gloomy presages had seemed to overshadow the volume of futurity, that, fearful to peruse, yet hardly able to close its alarming pages, her naturally anxious temperament had rendered her tremblingly alive to every passing event, and suspicious of evil from the most trifling and harmless incident.

That the mission of the infidel Ibrahim to the house of their neighbour and kind countryman Demetrius, (the only friend of their more propitious days whom reverse and destitution had failed to alienate,) boded no good to himself in particular, and to the Greeks in general, Theophila felt persuaded, and coupled with his laughing threat of its speedy repetition on her master's devoted threshold, it sufficed to throw her into paroxysms of anguish and apprehension. Twining her arms alternately round her three foster-children, whom she already deemed doubly orphans, in the approaching loss of their father, she urged them to use their influence with him to escape, like Demetrius, whose disappearance from the scene of the rural labours he was so tranquilly superintending, she justly attributed to the rare prudence and filial piety of his son. Nor were these the less warmly extolled, and recommended for imitation, that the gentle amiable youth had long been—notwithstanding his great present superiority over her in the gifts of fortune—a timid and devoted suitor to the elder of her nurslings, the haughty, swan-like Irene; whom her dignity of carriage and loftiness of soul (in the opinion of more than her partial nurse) would have fitted, like her namesake, for empire.

With such a character, it may be believed that she, at least, was disposed to treat lightly the forebodings of the old nurse, which, while by the gentler and equally lovely Helen they were soothed and listened to, found in the ever-desponding bosom of Thekla, the youngest sister, a congenial element. She alone, under their saddening influence, sought her absent father; about to set out for the support of his family, on the humble yet not altogether servile voca-

tion of a fisherman—and urged him to avail himself of his boat, and the absence of all suspicion, to seek a temporary retreat in one of the smaller uninhabited islands—the resort of myriads of sea-birds, which dispute with the rare traveller who invades their solitude, the shelter of the long tenantless summer retreats of the Greek emperors.

"I will go with you, father," said the devoted girl, persuasively, "and tend your nets, and dress your food. What signify a few days, or even weeks of privation, compared to the horror of seeing you snatched from our arms, to be cast back like—" here faltering and shuddering, she struggled long and vainly for utterance—"a headless corse on our polluted shore?"

"Thank heaven for once, that I am not rich like them, my child," replied Caragia, with the calmness of one whom misfortune, rather than natural elevation of character, had rendered indifferent to danger. "Obscure as we are, uninvolved in the remotest manner with any of the late revolutions—unconnected as poverty has long rendered us with the fates of even our own countrymen, what have we to hope or fear from the messenger of the Porte, or the caprices of its rulers?" So saying, the descendant of Byzantine monarchs kissed his pale clinging girl, and placing her gently on the shore, stepped into the skiff, his sole earthly possession, and betook himself to his simple vocation.

It was not by representations, however just, of either their innocence or their obscurity, that the fears of the boding heart of Thekla could be lulled to rest. On a morning, bright as that whose dawn had witnessed the arrival of the vizier's messenger at Prinkipò, a similar summons had drawn, scarce ten short months before, from its shores, in all the confidence of conscious innocence, a father and two sons, respectably born, though scarce noble Greek proprietors, who, to the tranquil cultivation and enjoyment of their patrimonial inheritance, superadded a proficiency in the elegant art of music, which had occasioned the confiding to their care and instruction some of the younger scions of the imperial household.

To one of the sons the fair mourner, in whose deathless grief his memory had been ever since embalmed, had been permitted by her indulgent father to betroth herself; though by some other members of her family, the proud Irene in particular, the *mésalliance* had been regarded with scorn and dislike. These, however, had long given way to pity for the catastrophe by which the obnoxious tie had been suddenly and barbarously severed.

Of the three unoffending, nay, irreproachable individuals, who stepped fearless at noon into the barge of office which had often before conveyed them to private audiences of the till then partial governors of the royal household, the headless corses alone, rescued by Christian charity and gold from the ravening dogs of the city, ever greeted the weeping eyes of those whom the same sad blow had for ever widowed.

And of these—mourners as they were all, till death released them, destined to remain—the saddest and most heart-broken was the young betrothed—the gentle Thekla; whose already woven bridal veil was exchanged (spite of her sister's worldlier counsels,) for the same weeds which shrouded for life the mother of her beloved, and the

widow of his elder brother. To these the fond heart clung, and with them she would steal away to weep whenever tale of Greek oppression and massacre opened in their bosoms the bleeding wounds of memory.

The chief solace of her affliction was that sole possession of her lost Neophytus, (made over to her by his mother,) his lute, on which he had fondly taught her to excel, and the treasure of Greek prohibited melodies which had first won for him the countenance of her patriotic father, and half disarmed the scorn of the high-souled Irene. But it was rarely that sounds of Greece's fame or Greece's glory would rise to the pale lips of one, who treasured them in her widowed heart with the image of him whose full tones lent them life and energy. Strains, whose contagious melancholy no gaiety could withstand, were heard far oftener, stealing from some deep recess or unfrequented cave; and when she could be persuaded (as her sisters had in vain that evening intreated her to do) to accompany on her instrument, and add with her rich exquisite voice their evening hymn to the Virgin—even Turks have dropped their oars, and let their rude boats glide noiselessly along the music-haunted shore.

It was not thus silently, however, that a large barque was descried by the sisters, emerging from the opposite point of the seraglio, and, favoured by the rising northern breeze, dashing across the blue and curling waves. Long ere its character could be discerned, strains of harsh dissonant Turkish music floated fitfully over the waters, and so associated was ever barbarian rejoicing with Christian woe in the minds of all the listening groupe, that their hearts died within them as the clanging cymbals and shrill minstrelsy drew near. And when ere long the vigorous efforts of its well-practised rowers, aided by the freshening breeze, had brought it within ken, and at the stern of the splendid *kachambas* the flag of the vizier himself was discernible—all the horrors of the day when in a similarly-adorned barge of office her lover and his father and brother were decoyed, never to return, from their violated homes, flashed on poor Thekla's too faithful memory.

But painful reminiscences soon gave way to more agonizing personal apprehensions, as the barge, diverging in her stately course, left behind her the usual landing-place at the little village post, and steered directly for the sequestered bay in whose recess lay, in welcome obscurity, the fisherman's cottage, now tenanted by the fallen Caragia.

"Holy Virgin! my father!" shrieked poor Thekla, and sank fainting on the strand, along which the keel of the fated boat now harshly grated, while its Turkish crew, hastily shipping their oars, prepared to leap ashore. Flight would have been the instant resource of the Greek maidens; but unable to leave their unconscious sister—over whom the nurse bent in fruitless efforts at re-animation—each, with characteristic action, sought to baffle the gaze of the intruding infidels. Irene, by indignantly wrapping round her queenlike face and form the folds of her hastily-caught-up veil—while Helen strove to supply the unlucky absence of hers by burying her blushing features in her own redundant tresses, and the sable garments of the still insensible Thekla.

This was too much for the soft-hearted Ibrahim, who, though not

sorry to play a little farther on the fears of an old woman. I was too gallant to enjoy being an object of dread to young ones. Beckoning aside the trembling Theophila, he inquired (in a bland and encouraging tone, designed far less for her own ear than those of her nurslings) where Signor Caragia was to be found; as urgent business—of advantage, he protested, to himself and his fortunes—required his immediate presence at Stamboul.

Dreading some indiscretion on the part of the evidently thunderstricken nurse, which might compromise her absent father's safety, the young and beautiful Helen, forgetful of her unveiled condition, and the presence of the hated Turk, started up from her recumbent position, and stood before him, looking (as he afterwards said) "more like a houri of Paradise than a mortal rayah maiden."

And well she might; for her faultless beauty, heightened by the flush of agitation caused by her own and her father's situation, was set off by the simple national dress adopted by the women of the islands; so far excelling in grace the cumbrous magnificence of the inmates of the Turkish harem, or the awkward half-European costume of her wealthier country women.

Her hair, in broad plaits, was wreathed over a small thin turban, which was fastened in a knot on one side of the head. Her robe, disclosing a long swan-like throat, and the turn of a faultless pair of shoulders, was closed at the breast, and confined at the waist by a slender shawl. From the girdle it flowed loosely open in front, displaying ample snow-white trowsers, drawn tight above the ankle, and leaving to view a pair of exquisitely formed feet, whose perfection was set off, not concealed, by the low, light, sandal-like slipper.

Unconscious of the fixed, though neither rude nor insolent gaze of the admiring Bostandgi, Helen, without raising to encounter it her downcast swimming eyes, faltered forth a tale, too inartificial to have deceived a less experienced functionary, of her father's absence from home, and the slight probability of his early return to the island; while Irene, though anxiety for her parent had blanched her usually glowing cheek, stood by, incapable of corroborating, even by a look, the trembling fallacy, her proud and unquailing eye fixed, as if in haughty defiance, on the abashed emissary, whom, if looks could blast, the withering glance of the old sibyl, as she supported the still fainting Thekla, would have long since turned to stone.

"Said I not, my next errand would be to the house of Caragia?" cried Ibrahim, unable to forego, in her case, the pleasure of tormenting; though the good-natured chuckle with which the words were accompanied might have disarmed them of aught of deadly import, in ears less prepossessed by images of alarm and misfortune.

"The curse of God and the Panagia light on thee and on thine errand!" the old nurse was exclaiming, exasperated beyond all bounds of discretion by the satanic grin which expanded, as he spoke, the broad features of her old tormentor, when, playfully replying "Bosh!" and "Bacoalum!" to her invectives, he turned to the now fairly overcome and sobbing Helen, and said, with all the seriousness the sight of female grief could infuse into his voice and manner, "Maiden your innocent deceit was natural; but, long ere it touched the land,

the *kutchenbus* of my master, the vizier, had hailed at sea your father's tiny *piuk*, and see, he runs her prow at this moment on the sand of yonder little creek! To him I leave to tell you whether there lurks good or evil in the errand of Ibrahim!"

So saying, he stepped forward to meet the advancing Caragia; and never certainly were the advantages of birth and native dignity more conspicuously displayed than in the contrast between the fallen noble, standing erect in his black cap of felt, and simple fisher's habit, like a stately column of his country's former greatness, and the low-born Moslem functionary, splendidly armed and clothed in all the glittering insignia of power, yet looking the very personification of what he was—a vulgar police officer!

As from the moment his skiff had been brought to by the imperial barge, Caragia had considered his doom as sealed, he had had time to man and prepare himself to meet it. Thoughts of escape, of flying before the favouring breeze, of refuge in some cave amid the many uninhabited, unexplored lesser islands, flashed rapidly across his mind. But to leave to the vengeance of the baffled Porte his helpless family was worse than a thousand deaths; and resolutely, like a Greek of older and better times, did he run his head into the lion's mouth, and trust to Heaven and his innocence for possible extrication.

Glances were exchanged between him and Ibrahim, in which each sought to read and fathom the other's inmost soul, but not a word was said till, returned within ear-shot of the group of women whom sympathy had drawn around the despairing sisters, and the crowd whom curiosity had attracted to the shore, Ibrahim could indulge his official importance and natural love of being the hero of a scene, when emboldened by the presence of his sympathizing countrymen, though not daring to trust himself to cast a glance on his trembling daughters, Caragia, with his habitual calmness, inquired audibly the motive of his arrest, and what he had done to deserve it.

"Constantine Caragia!" replied Ibrahim, with the mock solemnity befitting a melo-dramatic disposer of kingdoms, with a touch of the importance inseparable from his every-day vocation, "what you have done to deserve it remains between yourself and Ibrahim. All I know is, that the Padisha, (whom God preserve!) and the vizier Yusseff Effendi, (whose slave I am,) have made choice of you to rule over the rayas of the provinces, and, Inshallah! before night falls you will be in Stamboul, and Hospodar of Wallachia!"

To describe the effect of this announcement on all present would be to exhaust words, and yet leave imagination, nay, reality, far behind. Who could paint adequately the rapturous transition from pity to felicitation of the kind-hearted, versatile Greeks, the acknowledgments, not loud but deep, of the grateful Hospodar elect to his humble patron, and the burst of parental emotion which flung him, regardless of a thousand eyes, into the embrace of his relieved yet agitated daughters?

Already the proud form of Irene seemed to dilate while folded in a prince's arms, the heart of Helen to beat quicker beneath the fond hopes which dawning prosperity might help to realize; one alone, while a convulsive pressure gave token of her revived existence, and

filial participation in a parent's safety, felt her heart sink amid the general joy with melancholy forebodings, and, clinging, whispered in his ear, "O father! father! go not with them to blood-stained Stamboul!"

These ominous words, so natural in her from whose crushed heart they were wrung, would have been powerless, even if believed, to turn from the coveted grasp of sovereignty the awakened ambition of Caragia. Already enjoying its anticipated sweets in shouts and congratulations of his simple neighbours, he broke from the embrace of his daughters, to exchange in haste his fishing habiliments for that holiday garb which no pressure of poverty can induce a Greek even of humble condition to forego, and beneath which, during the brief breathing moments of some national festival, hopes were even then felt, and aspirations cherished, too seldom destined (like those of Caragia) to be more than realized.

Propitiated by the liberal supply of their favourite refreshment, placed at their disposal by the grateful Greeks at the principal coffee-house of the village, the Osmanlis cheerfully resumed their task at the oar, encouraged by the dying away of the now adverse land-breeze, and the unwonted cheers of the whole island population. If ever, perhaps, a genuine expression of goodwill arose on the lips of slaves towards the satellites of a detested tyranny, it was when they saw reflected on the broad honest face of Ibrahim a joy as sincere as if he and his protégé were about to be invested with a kingdom.

But while under ambitious intoxicating influence, Caragia forgot, even when crouching before an oriental despot, that his delegated sceptre was but a gilded badge of slavery. How varied were the scenes and feelings to which the transition of the last few hours from obscurity to elevation had given rise in his domestic circle! In the haughty bosom of Irene, pride, long repressed by circumstances, but developed in a night, (like the gourd of the prophet,) till it overshadowed and choked all kindlier sentiments, taught her to repel with withering scorn the congratulations of her hitherto endured rather than encouraged suitor, Anastasius Ghika,—nay, even to upbraid him with the mistaken act of filial piety by which he had unconsciously paved her father's way to a throne.

Stung, at length, by reproaches as indelicate as they were unfeeling, the mild but deeply-wounded youth bade the proud mistress, with whose waywardness he had long borne, a reluctant farewell. "Irene," said he, "think not that I repine at or repent the deed which has saved my father's head from a thorny crown, to place it on the brow of yours. The time may come when even you may wish that the whispers of that good angel" (pointing to the desponding Thekla) "had been listened to, and averted from Caragia the perils of nominal sovereignty! To be a ruler of slaves, himself the greatest and most abject of them, is a doom that may break a sterner heart than old Demetrius Ghika's, and to see that doom fulfilled may teach even thine, proud maiden! to sigh for the quiet vine-bowers of Prinkipò, and the true though despised faith of Anastasius!"

A pang shot, even now, across the proud heart of Irene, as the devoted and disinterested lover of her adversity passed for ever from her sight.

"Call him back, sister, call him back!" sobbed forth the sympathizing Helen, over whose long hopeless attachment to a youth of superior rank the last few happy hours had shed hope's brightest colouring. "He loved you for yourself when you were poor and friendless, and will not your heart beat high to requite him now, as mine does to heap greatness on my fond and faithful Spiridion?"

"Call him not back—let him depart in peace!" said Thekla solemnly, and, with a look of despair that froze for a moment the bounding current in Helen's joyous heart, she whisperingly added, "One sacrifice is enough for bloody Buckhaust!"

So deep, indeed, seemed her horror for that distant scene of barbaric greatness, and so rooted every feeling to the spot where her heart had long been buried in the grave of her betrothed, that it was only the sad presentiment of misfortune impending over them which could overcome her reluctance to share her family's triumphal progress to Wallachia.

A similar feeling alone tore from the tomb of her fathers and the shrine of her patron saint the infirm, aged, but ever-loving Theophila. "I sung their lullaby," muttered she, "and who but the paramana could wail them to their long rest?" "Can there be bright and gay hearts to be broken, and my worn and bruised one not give way at last?" was the sweet silent hope of Thekla's shattered spirit. Yet who could thus have dreamed of gloomily prognosticating who gazed on the princely form of Caragia, as, escorted by a gay body-guard, commanded by his gallant son-in-law elect, Spiridion Morusi, he rode beside the litter containing the elated Irene and happy Helen, even though age and grief, personified by Theophila and Thekla, sadly brought up the rear of the glittering cavalcade?

But not without a sigh and a pang had even the proud or the happy left the sunny skies and summer seas of Stamboul for the marshy wastes of Wallachia, and the strangely-mingled palaces and hovels of its rude capital. Compared to its scarce human peasantry, the humblest Greek seemed born to be a prince, while princes in Wallachia bore still the rude impress of the savage race from whence they sprung. Wooed in vain by its proud but illiterate boyars, Irene learned ere long to sigh for the gentleness and refinement of the discarded Anastasius, while their undisguised hostility to her beloved Spiridion taught Helen to tremble for the safety of her father's envied favourite.

His son-in-law he had not yet become, for the cares and anxieties of his turbulent dominion left Caragia little leisure for domestic arrangements. Nor did Helen, whose affectionate heart yearned over her harassed parent, seek to accelerate an event which she feared might separate her from him, as the proud spirit of her Greek lover revolted daily more and more from the ignoble tyranny exercised over her father by the Porte, and the insolence of his half-civilized nominal subjects.

"I cannot breathe their thick damp Wallachian air, Helen!" the young soldier would sometimes indignantly exclaim, "nor wear these thinly-gilded fetters! Better to die fighting for Greece in some Albanian foray, or rude Mainote pirate warfare, than pine to death lis-

toning to the croaking of Wallachian frogs, or turn amphibious like their brutes of masters, with blood as cold as their climate, and stagnant as their pestilential fens!"

Such were to all the pains and penalties of greatness! such the cares, the fears, the disappointments that followed in her train! One only of the uprooted Grecian exiles complained not, nay, was happy in it was Thekla! for on her fragile form a deadly climate was doing its welcome work, and silently and unrepiningly she felt each day was bringing her nearer to her beloved. But, never selfish, even when life had smiled upon her, not the glad prospect of its close could concentrate on self the feelings of her affectionate bosom. With nothing now either to wish or fear, they turned but the more fondly to the friends she was ere long to leave, and sympathy for the living now usurped, in her breast, the place long occupied by sorrow for the dead.

To all she seemed a ministering, and already half-exalted angel, soothing by turns the feverish anxieties of the Hospodar, the blighted visions of greatness of Irene, the indignant chafings of the gallant Spiridion, and the misgivings (chiefly on his account) which darkened, but for a moment, like an April cloud, the smile on Helen's sunny brow. So far from cherishing gloomy forebodings, Thekla was now the first to discourage the old paramana's resumed pursuit of investigating the future; and when evil presages (connected ever with the young Greek and her favourite nursling) seemed springing from every trifle in the old crone's path, Thekla would bid her bury them in her own dead and withered bosom, nor blight the joys which Heaven might yet be pleased to leave unclouded.

"Should I have been less a mourner now, Theophila," would she say, "or less the victim of inevitable misfortune, if some officious hand, in days of still permitted happiness, had drawn aside the awful veil, and bade me doubly endure that which to suffer *once* has made me what I am?"

Weeks and months passed, and with them some of the evils of Wallachian exile—the unnerving autumn ague, the drenching floods, and winter fogs, so dreary to eyes accustomed to the serene smiles of the ever blue Propontis,—spring borrowed from contrast a charm never before enjoyed. To all it wore the cheerful livery of nature, but to Helen the garb of Love and Hope. The merry month of May was fixed for her marriage with her faithful Spiridion, whom the parental kindness of Caragia, and the silent pleadings of his daughter, had half reconciled to his ignoble office as captain of a body-guard of ignorant barbarians. Irene anticipated in the wedding festivities an opportunity of acting the queen, and outshining (thanks to her father's transfer to his daughters of all the rich presents which flowed into his coffers) the wives of the boyars, whose addresses she had rejected; and Thekla even submitted without a murmur to the decree which had delayed her departure till she should have witnessed, in an equally unrepining spirit, her darling sister's happiness. The nurse alone, moody and dejected, expressed no joy, and made no preparations. The bridal veil which it was her office to weave, remained untouched beside her, while in secret she was discovered by Thekla to be busied

a manufacturing a counterpart to the sable one which had so long brouded from view the mild features of her widowed nursling.

Could any event have given an impulse to the reviving cheerfulness of the family, or a check to the gloomy forebodings of the nurse, it could have been the arrival of our old friend, Sidi Ibrahim, who came unexpectedly to Bucharest, the bearer of secret dispatches from the Porte, in the month of April. Whether Caragia's gratitude to his old benefactor was equal to that he felt before tasting the evils of sovereignty, or his joy at all equal to that experienced at sight of his handywork by the monarch-making bostandgi, may be reasonably doubted. But had the good-hearted mortal been aware of the nature of his own errand, or foreseen its disastrous consequences to the whole circle in whose elevation he took an honest pride, the sacred firmen of the Padishah itself would doubtless have found its way into the deepest morass in Wallachia, and the bearer have run all the risk of its sacrilegious suppression.

No sooner had its ill-omened characters met the eye of the hospodar than he was observed to turn pale and tremble; and had the bostandgi, in the exercise of his vocation, exhibited an order for his old *protégé's* head, that head could not have been more infallibly doomed to fall by the whole army of courtiers. No such event, however, as the decapitation, or even deposition of the hospodar, justified their prognostics. Caragia, though at the expense of an evident struggle, resumed his usually calm deportment, and the messenger, loaded with presents and tokens of good will from all the members of the grateful household, returned, accompanied, alas! by many an envying sigh, to beautiful Stamboul.

Shortly after Ibrahim's departure, rumour announced the approach to Bucharest of Remid Pasha, admiral of the Turkish fleet under the late reign, and nearly related to the present sultan, by whom he was now invited to Constantinople to receive, in the grand viziership, the reward of the somewhat equivocal service of having turned the guns of his ship against the seraglio, to put down the very insurrection to which Mahmoud indirectly owed his throne. Some politicians, even at Bucharest, smiled at the proffer, and its supposed grounds. But the credulity of Turks, when promotion, or even impunity, is held out, is proverbial; and the pasha, confident in his good intentions, their fortunate issue, and his relationship to the Porte, left his distant pashalik of Widden with a slender retinue, and was received, on arriving at Bucharest, with every possible demonstration of respect due to the sultan's cousin and friend.

This inopportune arrival fell nevertheless as a damp on the spirits of the hospodar's whole family, with the exception of Irene, to whom it afforded a fresh occasion for magnificence and display. Caragia himself (who had never been observed to smile since the apparition of his forerunner Ibrahim) did the honours to the pasha with the precision, but the rigidity of an automaton; and when released from the restraints of office, instead of unbending in the bosom of his family, moodily shunned all society, and shut himself up in the most secret recesses of his palace. Helen, grieved for her father's evident unhappiness, had disappointment of her own to depress her naturally

buoyant spirit, for the pasha's coming had postponed her already long delayed nuptials, and the sickness of hope deferred was creeping, she knew not why, over her young and innocent heart. Spiridion, with a lover's impatience, chafed at the solemn old Turk, and swore, with a soldier's licence of speech, that if he long interfered with his blissful prospect he would knock out his brains the first opportunity.

The obstacle, however, slow to move as Turks proverbially are, was not of long duration. The visions which beckoned the pasha to Constantinople were too dazzling not to urge him on; and upon the 1st of May, the day originally fixed for the union of Helen and Spiridion, his intended departure was announced, and a brilliant cavalcade of the principal inhabitants of Bucharest, as well as an immense concourse of people, assembled to escort him beyond the city.

The pasha's unwieldy vehicle, dragged over the rude wooden *chaussées* and miry highways of Wallachia by no less than sixteen horses, was to be surrounded and escorted by a guard of honour; and its being commanded by Spiridion was so much a matter of course, that his surprise, and even indignation on being requested by the hospodar to waive his privilege in favour of a subordinate officer were by no means unnatural, in one especially of so keen and fiery a disposition.

A motive, however, was, after some hesitation, assigned by Caragia, of a nature he well knew, to assuage the young man's wounded pride, and substitute a different and powerful feeling in its room. His daughters, he said, whose wish to be present (it was Irene alone by whom it had ever been felt or expressed) he had hitherto positively opposed, were so desirous of joining in the procession, that he had at length yielded, under the positive stipulation that they should keep completely aloof from the line of march, and be never lost sight of for a moment by Spiridion, as from the well-known wantonness with fire-arms of every Turkish or semi-barbarian soldier, the safety of his children, without the restraining presence of an officer, might be seriously endangered.

That, even with such a protector, he considered them scarcely safe was evident, for his lips faltered and his cheek grew pale at the very mention of fire-arms, till Spiridion, compassionating his distress, first offered to use his influence to detain the sisters at home, and when this, to his no small surprise, was declined, laughingly gave the almost superfluous promise to stick like a leech to their ponderous vehicle during the whole of the tedious ceremony. "Remember you stir not from Helen's side!" were the last words of Caragia to his gallant son-in-law; how idle did he deem them then!—how significant, how pregnant with deep and awful meaning did the sequel make them appear!

The effects of the long winter on the deep and almost impassable roads of Wallachia were still sufficiently felt to preclude the heavy machine which conveyed the future vizier from proceeding with any degree of speed, even had Turkish dignity or complaisance to the long train of spectators on foot not dictated an almost funeral solemnity of march. Of this foot's pace, however, the well-mounted retainers of the pasha, and equally well, though not so splendidly horsed Wal-

lachian guards soon tired, (the few stationed expressly round the carriage of course excepted,) and among the desultory gallopers of both nations the irregular and dangerous practice of pistol-firing was soon in full activity.

Though the front ranks, in which alone this took place, were so much ahead of the carriage containing Irene and Helen, as almost to preclude dangers, the careful Spiridion, in the spirit of his father-in-law's parting injunction, and in compliance with the suggestions of his timid bride, withdrew their vehicle from the line altogether, and putting its horses to a brisk trot over the grass of the adjoining plain, succeeded in stationing it on a gentle eminence, from which the whole brilliant *cortège*, as it slowly defiled, was distinctly and for a long time visible.

From this commanding position, while the gay trappings and towering turbans, and flashing *djerrids* of the Turkish followers, attracted by their old associations the gaze of the females, the soldier's eye of Spiridion scrutinized of course the military bearing and attitude of his own but half-disciplined corps. For a while he marked with less of surprise than disapprobation their tumultuary dispersion among the handful of self-governed Turks, who—there ostensibly for the pasha's protection—were scattered over the boundless plain by the wildness of their long-confined horses.

Suddenly, however, and while the Turks yet ranged at a hopeless distance, Spiridion, half-doubting his own identity, beheld a troop of his own *garde de corps* make a determined and simultaneous wheel, as if to close, with hostile intent, around the pasha's carriage. Treachery—Wallachian revenge for some long-treasured insult or injury, could alone, he presumed, have dictated the movement. To restrain it—to rescue at once his father's Turkish guest, and the tarnished honour of his polluted corps, was an impulse too irresistible for a moment's deliberation. With the speed of light, the young Greek's charger bore him to the scene of dishonour—but he came too late! In vain did he fall, like an avenging angel, on the treacherous host—in vain beat back with vigorous arm many a pistol aimed at the unsuspecting Remid. One more steadily directed did treason's hateful work too surely, while a random shot from one of his own band beyond, (who, if aware of his presence would have died to save him,) laid his gallant young commander with the words, "Shame!" and "Traitors!" yet hovering on his lips, mortally wounded on the ground.

To say that Helen witnessed—could not but witness all—what does it leave for words to add, or fancy to conjecture? She swooned not—died not, till she had staunched with her white spotless bridal veil the life blood welling from his heart during the long, long funeral journey back to Bucharest. But when it ceased to flow, her heart's current too seemed frozen. She had no more to do on earth, and died.

And she was happy! for she knew not that her father's slavish hand had signed (in the pasha's) her lover's undesigned death-warrant. Thus he was the Porte's kind murderer—the executioner of a bloody

deed from which an Ypsilante shrunk. But Thekla was happ still; for though she knew, and from his own agonized lips, the g with which her father's soul was burdened, she lived to dry, w her no longer mourning veil, his tears of genuine penitence, to b the wounds of his broken spirit, and having done so, feel her pi task below accomplished!

THE UNIVERSAL VOICE.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

THERE'S a voice in the desert's solitude
When the simoom roves in its maniac mood;
There's a sound on the vast and shipless sea
When it holds with the winds high revelry.

There's a whisper in heaven when through the sky
The thunder booms, drowning the mariner's cry,
And through the clouds sweeps a dissonant wail
When the levin-flash hisses through sleet and hail.

There's a voice, harsh and dread, in the womb of the earth
When it quakes at the shock of the fire-spirit's birth;—
And Nature hath tongues—yea, a thousand!—to tell
Of the mystic things in her world that dwell!

The birds are her choicest interpreters,
And they chaunt her praises in choral airs,
And they anthem her glory, and hymn her name,
Till the loud echoes join in the grand acclaim!

The insects, that over the bright grass fleet,
Have notes that fall on the ear as sweet
As those perfume-sounds that from roses rise,
When they take their last look of the sunny skies!

And the flowers—those essences which the earth
Casts out in her bounteousness of mirth—
Have each and all their fragrant sighs,
To hallow fair Nature's mysteries.

O, then let man in the jubilee join!
Nor claim from the general glee essoin;
Let him lift *his* voice through the depths to HIM
Who gives speech to the mute, and sight to the dim!

MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR.

No. VIII.

THE PLAGUE.[1]

BY MRS. FRANCES ELIZABETH DAVIES.

THE family of Captain Belmore had been early participators in the general calamity in the person of Clara herself, whose benevolent attentions to a domestic had been the unhappy cause of introducing the pestilence among her beloved relatives. Her father had long been declining, owing to a protracted attack of gout, but as yet he had escaped the common evil; and during the many days that his daughter hovered in delirious wanderings on the brink of the grave, her parents had cause to be grateful to the untiring attention of Delorme, who, in the absence of more efficient attendants, shared with her parents the labours of the sick chamber. Nor were those assiduities devoted to Clara alone; three younger children had shared the fate of their sister, and divided the cares of their seniors.

At last the crisis was past, medicines were discontinued, and the enforcement of a generous diet particularly recommended to the consideration of her nurses. In a few days more Clara was able to leave her bed, but, alas! her place there was not destined to be vacant, for the mother's health had sunk under her accumulated anxieties, and before night Mrs. Belmore was raving in all the phantasma of delirium.

Her husband too was no longer able to arise; while the children still continued sufferers, and an infant of six months was suddenly deprived of its natural nourishment under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and danger.

Thus, upon the courage, prudence, and strength of the unhappy Clara, the entire management of the family devolved, at a period when both mentally and corporeally she was, it may be supposed, least fitted for the arduous undertaking. Still but in the first stage of convalescence, had the wealth of the Indies been the prize for the exertion, she could not have crossed the room without assistance; and bitter were the tears that she shed over the consciousness of her own debility, when she found that, to accomplish any requisite kindness to the sick, she was obliged slowly to crawl round about, clinging like a child to the wainscot; while over the half-famished babe what prayers were breathed that its young life might be released from that scene of misery!

One man-servant and Delorme alone shared her labours, both active indeed, yet not sufficiently expert in their unaccustomed duties to save the hapless girl from continuous unshrinking exertion, which the medical officers assured her alone could save, if aught might, either of her parents. Such a sentence was calculated to brace her nerves to iron endurance, and day following day found Clara still

[1] Continued from vol. xxxii. p. 425.

toiling on, sleeplessly gliding from bed to bed, watching, tending, nursing, dispensing to all, regardless of self alone, or preserving self only in the forms of those in whose safety all her hopes were garnered. Yet, wonderful to relate, she appeared hourly to gather strength, and the want of sleep seemed to have become an accustomed habit. Night after night she paced the chamber to pacify the screaming infant, while her father rejected both medicine and food, unless such as were offered by her hand.

One night she entered his chamber a few moments after the accustomed hour, and presenting to him his usual beverage, was surprised when he declined it on the plea that he had already partaken of it."

"You are mistaken, dear father, or have been dreaming, for I have not been in the room before, and I hardly think you have deprived me of the precious privilege of being your sole attendant."

"'Tis you who have dreamt, my child, for, true as the clock," said Belmore, "you were here when it struck, affectionately attending me."

"Are you sure of that, father?"

"Yes, certainly—quite sure!"

"Then, indeed, sir, I have to entreat your pardon, for assuredly I have committed an act of somnambulism."

"My poor girl!—and no wonder. Yet not even in sleep did you forget your duty."

"But I *might* have done so, father. This must not happen again. I must be more careful."

"*More* careful, my child! My poor, poor child! Bless thee—bless thee!" and the father sank down sobbing on his pillow.

Beside the bed of her mother, a woman of a naturally querulous temper, however, Clara's attentions were less kindly appreciated, and not unfrequently she had to sustain both reproaches and sarcasm for her rejection of Delorme, whose undeviating attentions could not but confirm the distinctive preference which Mrs. Belmore had always accorded to his suit.

These trials of her patience were borne by Clara in mournful silence, for she could not conceal from herself the obligations which her lover was daily conferring upon her family, nor, as the hopes of the medical attendants sank respecting her parents, could she deny the wisdom of securing a legitimate protector to the children, when, as she had but too much reason to fear, they should become orphans.

At last the sad annunciation was made, the crisis was come, no skill could save Mrs. Belmore.

"Is there *no* hope?—none?" faltered the trembling girl.

"Medicine can effect no more! but nay, nay—you must not *quite* despond! Mrs. Belmore is still young—she has a good constitution! in these cases nature will sometimes work miracles!—while there is life there is hope!"

"O, thank you, good kind sir!—but can I not do something?—O tell me!—Is there nothing?—no regimen?—nothing that will *help* nature?"

The doctor shook his head. "All that human means can do," said he, "has been tried;—should she be spared, she will owe her life,

Miss Belmore, to your incessant attentions: continue, therefore, to watch her—comply with all her wishes—give her everything she asks, no matter what—nothing can hurt her now—let her follow her feelings, and perhaps they may dictate a cure—mark, 'tis but a faint hope—yet perhaps"——

"I will—I will—yes, yes, she will be spared still."

"I trust so, Miss Belmore," said the sympathizing doctor—and then turning to the young invalids, added, "the children will recover—but slowly, except the babe—that ——"

"Poor innocent, 'twill be for its happiness," sobbed Clara.

"Your father, Miss Belmore, I regret to say—"

"O!" shrieked the wretched girl, "say not that I shall lose him too!—I cannot, cannot bear it!"

"No, no," said Delorme, signing to the doctor unseen by her.

"There is no *immediate* danger in Captain Belmore's case—but ——"

"But it may be sometime before he recovers!" again interposed the considerate Delorme.

"I fear so," was the portentous response; and the doctor left the room.

"What will become of us, wretched creatures that we are!" wildly exclaimed Clara, "friendless, unprotected orphans in a foreign land! Father! mother!—my heart will break!"

"Say not unprotected, Miss Belmore, nor friendless, while *I* am near you!" exclaimed Delorme.

"You are kind—very kind! we all owe you much!" sobbed the agitated girl.

"Give me but a right, beloved Clara, and ——"

"Spare me! spare me, Captain Delorme!—I am very—*very* wretched!—do not add to my misery!"

"Promise me to think of what I have said."

"*Think!*—look there!" and she pointed to the sick—"my father too!—can I think of anything but them?"

"You can make them happy!—and protect the rest! will you?"

"Man, man, madden me not!—my brain is on fire!—my heart is bursting—I shall go *mad* if I lose my parents!—mother, mother! look up!—'tis thy child who calls thee!—will you not speak to me, dearest, dearest mother?"

The sick woman looked up with a faint smile, and motioned Delorme to approach nearer.

"Are you too not friends?" she murmured.

"Yes, mother yes; good friends—excellent friends! are we not?"

Delorme took the hand she extended to him, and raised it to his lips.

"Right, right," said the mother, "so would I have you, my son!—my more than son!"

They were both silent, and soon a new idea had gleamed over the half-delirious invalid.

"What said the doctor? did he not tell you I should soon be well?—I know he did! he! he! he!" and she laughed childishly.

"I'm so hungry, I could eat a whole barrel of oysters—and as for a London porter, I declare—he, he he!"

"I fear we cannot procure them!" sighed Clara.

"It will be difficult," said Delorme; "perhaps at one of the mess-rooms—at least I will leave no place untried."

"Thanks! and O speed in the name of mercy!—for who knows but they may do good!"

"Rely on me, I will not linger, if it were but to see you smile."

"Save my mother, and you shall have my blessings."

"Say your love."

"All, all,—I will bless you, kneel to you, love you for ever; but speed."

Delorme vanished at the word, leaving the distracted girl unconscious of the import that he attached to her exclamation, while Mrs. Belmore querulously demanded whither he had gone, and when told, laughed and rejoiced with a childish glee that dismayed her trembling daughter.

"For me—oysters and porter for me!" she cried. "O what a feast I will have! Is he not kind? I told you so—a proper man for a husband!—such a son as he would make—but you, miss, forsooth, must marry a boy, I suppose. Marry come up indeed!—fine times when girls like you take upon them to be better judges than their parents! Mark my words, if you don't marry Captain Delorme, you are no child of mine—mind that, miss. Ay, cry, that's always your way! with your pale face; I wonder for my part what he sees in it—cry, cry, from morning till night. I'll warrant that there would be no crying if George Wilder were here—but I will be obeyed—don't make me ill again."

"I won't, dear mother," replied the unhappy girl, choking down her tears;" "I will do my very best to obey you; only get well, do, there's a dearest mother, and you shall see what I will do to please you."

"Will you?—well, kiss me then! I believe you are not a bad girl in the main, only a little headstrong, eh!—why don't Delorme come back?—I do so want my oysters,—he, he, he! is it not droll that they let me have what I like?"

A shudder was Clara's only reply.

The desired luxuries were fortunately procured, of which the invalid partook with alarming voracity, but so restorative did they prove, that after a very large repast, she fell into a profound sleep, which lasted for several hours, and awoke the next morning entirely freed from fever, and in so composed and renovated a state, that the doctor pronounced her entirely out of danger, and in a wonderfully short time she was rapidly progressing towards recovery.

En passant, I may be permitted to remark that this cure was scarcely so remarkable as that effected in the Lazaretto upon Lieutenant Chads, of the Royal Marines, who, during the height of the disease, drank an entire bottle of Cognac brandy with similar results.

Scarcely, however, was Mrs. Belmore restored to perfect convalescence before her overtasked and exhausted daughter sank

under her superhuman exertions—a relapse into more than her former danger was the immediate consequence, and her parents suffered the bitter agony of believing that her life was about to become the price of her filial affection.

"She will die! I know she will!" exclaimed Captain Belmore, when Clara's situation was made known to him. "My poor darling girl!—but we shall not be long divided!—life from me is passing quickly away—she and the babe will lie down in peace with me. I feel that it will be so!—the rest will live, but *our* days are numbered."

Such was the impression which Captain Belmore received concerning his own fate and that of his eldest daughter, into whose presence he demanded to be at once assisted, and, in despite of all remonstrances, persisted in arising from his bed and being dressed for that purpose.

With the utmost difficulty his wishes were obeyed, and he was led to the apartment where reclined his suffering child.

"Father!" she found strength to say, "are you better?"

"Yes, dearest, I shall soon be well! all my friends are getting well!—Morrison, Findlay, Moore!—I soon shall be as they are!" he alluded to friends of whose death he had that morning been apprised—but Clara was unconscious of the import of his words, and replied faintly,

"I am glad—very glad to hear it.—You often used to say, dear sir, that when one of these old friends of yours should die the rest might tremble. Since *they* have happily recovered, you may now, according to your own showing, expect to get well in like manner."

"And so I do, my child," said Captain Belmore, solemnly; then seating himself by her side, he took his daughter's hand, and fondled it for a few moments, as if about to utter some thought that was pressing upon his heart; but looking stedfastly upon the youthful face glowing with fever, tears gushed into his eyes, and bending down his head, he pressed a fond kiss upon her brow, and hurried from the room.

When alone in the solitude of his own chamber the pent-up feelings of his bosom found vent in a sudden burst of agony that shook the strong man to the weakness of a child, and on Delorme's entrance he was found extended on his bed in a passion of lamentation and prayer; nor was it until after much persuasion, and the consideration that the sight of his distress would materially increase his daughter's peril, that he was prevailed upon to allow himself to be undressed and replaced on his sick couch, from which he never again arose.

To Clara the return of the disease proved more obstinately permanent than had been the first attack; but youth and the persevering attentions of her medical adviser, who watched over her with a very unaccustomed assiduity, were at last victorious, and by the time that the daily reports of the garrison were beginning to look more favourable, Clara once again returned to her station by the side of her beloved father; who, excepting the babe, was now the only invalid in the family. But what a change did she find in the noble form of him to whom she owed her being! Not even the vivid glow that mantled over his face as she entered, nor the brilliant flash that glittered in

his eyes, could conceal from her the havoc that sickness had made; nor yet could her trembling hopes blind her to the awful threatenings of the fell destroyer.

"Welcome, welcome!" exclaimed Belmore, "I have prayed for thee, my child, and thou art spared! I see thee again, and I am ready to depart."

"Depart, father!—dearest father!—whither?"

Belmore pointed upwards, and his lips moved in prayer.

"Father!" gasped the stricken girl, and sank down on a seat beside him.

"There is nothing terrible in death, my child," said Belmore, after an abstracted pause; "once we have made our peace above; except when our affections draw us back to earth, and we remember that we leave others to a state of privation, perhaps danger, by our departure."

"Father!" was still the only word her parched lips would utter.

"I go from you, Clara!—I go—and—and—God protect you all! He alone can,—your poor mother!—my children!—all of you!—ah, there!—there is the sting of death!—there indeed it fastens like a vulture on my heart, tugging and rending it in pieces."

"Do not talk thus, father!—do not—I cannot—cannot bear it," sobbed Clara; and then suddenly changing her tone, energetically added, "You will not die—the doctor says you will not—you will recover—*he* says there is no danger in your case. We cannot spare you!—what should we do without you?—my own, my own dear father! ah, do not break my heart by talking so!—I will nurse you—my mother—Delorme—all of us.

Belmore answered only with a pitying look that spoke eloquently to the fears of his daughter—but forcibly mastering them, she rapidly continued to pour forth her incoherent arguments.

"Think of my mother's recovery!—think of mine!—of all your friends. The Town Major, Captain Findlay! you will get well as they did. I feel sure of it—quite, quite sure!"

"Clara," said her father, "be composed—the old friends you mention are dead! I soon shall follow them."

"Dead!"

"Even so. Death has been busy—there is scarcely a family on the Rock from whom he has not claimed a sacrifice!—to us he has been merciful—but you must learn to look steadily on the coming event, because upon you will devolve the task of supporting your mother in her calamity. I must speak to you of my wishes—but not now!—go, my child, go, seek help from above—only there can it be found!"

Clara dropt on her knees beside her father, and lifted up her heart, and the father's hands were clasped above her head, and their aspirations rose mingled to the throne of grace.

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But vain were the united and incessant cares bestowed upon the beloved invalid—vain were tears and prayers; daily he sank before their eyes, and even those who clung most fondly to the hope of his life, were compelled unwillingly to believe that death was advancing slowly but surely upon his victim. In this position of affairs Mrs.

Belmore became naturally anxious to secure an efficient protector to her family, and most ardently did she desire to win over Clara to the acceptance of Delorme's still strenuously-urged suit Many were the secret conferences now held between the lover and herself, and frequent the appeals which she made to her daughter's feelings; but the spirit-broken girl scarcely heeded the prognostics of future and more distant calamity, in her poignant distress at the fiat which would presently separate her from a parent whom she regarded with a species of idolatrous veneration.

To listen to the subject of love in any shape, would, under such circumstances, she conceived, have been an insult to her suffering father; but assailing her in the form of one, whom with her utmost efforts she could only endure as the friend of her family, the arguments used by her mother, and the freedom with which Delorme assumed the right of treating her, were to her oppressed and agitated mind most keenly harassing; and most thankfully would she have resigned the existence to which she had been restored, as it seemed, only to find it deprived of all its blessings.

Soon a still more fatal change was evident in the disease of the invalid, and his medical attendants felt it incumbent upon them to recommend to their patient the speedy arrangement of his affairs—an announcement for which he had been so long prepared, that he received it with the firmness of a soldier and a Christian. To his family, however, it appeared to come with the force of a thunderbolt, and most especially so to Clara, who had cherished hope with a frenzied energy born of despair. Thus, upon hearing this dreadful sentence, when she placed her hand upon her father's brow, and felt the chill of the clammy death dews that had gathered there, she became stunned by the calamitous conviction that would no longer be repelled.

"I have no affairs to arrange," said the dying soldier; "to the little I leave none will dispute my widow's right, and my commanding officer will see that her claims upon the government are properly substantiated. My children will have no protector but their God."

"I—I will be a brother to them!" exclaimed Delmore.

"You? you?—can it be?—Does Clara authorize?"—and the father's eye traversed eagerly from the speaker to his daughter.

"Yes, yes," interposed Mrs. Belmore "Clara, speak—assure your father of your obedience—add not to the thorns of his dying bed!"

But Clara was as a statue—impenetrable—immoveable, hearing yet scarcely comprehending, and quite incapable of speech.

Her father scrutinized her intently for a moment, and then interpreting her silence into refusal—

"No, no, no!" said he, "you are too hasty—she must not be urged,—my poor girl!—Delorme you must forgive her. If it could have been otherwise, I had laid down life with less reluctance. You might have been a friend to them!—but God's will be done!"

"Father, father!" shrieked Clara, her perceptions becoming every moment more awakened to her own position, and to her father's wishes. "I, I!"—but the struggle was too violent, and without com-

pleting the sentence she was borne from the chamber in a violent fit of hysterics.

When at length she regained composure, she found herself alone with her weeping mother, who implored her, as she valued her "eternal happiness, to consider whether she could endure to let her father's soul depart unsatisfied."

"Mother I could not! no, no, I could not!" exclaimed the wretched girl wringing her hands, "I could not bear it!"

"You consent then?"

"Yes, yes," she franticly exclaimed, "do with me what you please —anything, only comfort my father—it is his *last* wish, and I will not disappoint him."

"My kind daughter, now you are indeed my child—the saviour of us all!" and Mrs. Belmore would have embraced her, but Clara pushed her impatiently away.

"Go," she cried, "tell my father—tell Delorme—give me no time to think—bind me fast by promises, by *oaths*, so that I cannot break them—for sure I am," and her voice sank into a cadence of intense misery as she added, "that I shall *wish* to do so."

"But you will not say that to your father?"

"No, no, no, mother! not that! not that!"

"But simply that you consent to become the wife of Captain Delorme?" questioned the mother anxiously.

A cold shudder ran through the frame of the hapless girl, but she repressed it as she replied, "Fear not me, mother—I know that, to be complete, the sacrifice must seem a willing one—it shall! it shall!"

"'Tis for your father's peace!"

"It is—it is! and I will be firm; but bid Delorme not to approach me with his thanks—not a word—not one—or even yet I shall retract. Go, go, mother, while I have courage to bid you!"

The joy which the decision of Clara communicated to the lover, divested as it was by Mrs. Belmore of many of the details, by which the victim had proved how deeply harrowing was this trial of her filial devotion, may be easily supposed; but when the news was made known to Belmore, he received it with doubts and anxious questionings as to the means by which so sudden a change had been wrought; but his wife was too much interested in her object to permit him to believe that any undue influence had been exerted, and, in point of fact, she could scarcely be said to be equivocating when she assured her husband that many of Clara's prejudices had been conquered by the persevering kindness of her lover, and that the wish to afford consolation to his own departure had finally overcome her scruples.

Before the close of evening Clara succeeded in schooling herself so well that she was able to present herself in the sick chamber without betraying more anguish in her countenance than might be imputed to the prospect of her father's demise; and as she silently stole into her accustomed seat, the peaceful smile that played over the lips of the dying invalid, proved a solace to her heart.

"Can I do anything for you, dearest father?" she tremulously inquired.

"You have done all that remains to give repose to my spirit," faltered the parent.

Clara kissed her father's hand, and pressed it to her heart. Her father raised himself feebly on his pillow, and putting back the long hair that streamed over her face, contemplated it in silence for a few moments.

"And you consent?"

"Yes, father!"

"Of your own free will?"

"O yes, of my own free will."

"In the hope of happiness?"

A spasm shook the young frame, and a gush came up from her heart. "Happiness! O father! are you not dying?" and covering her face with the bed-clothes she wept audibly.

"My poor child! Yes, you will suffer for my loss—I know you will; but the time will come, my daughter, when yonr sorrow for me will cease."

"Never, father! never!"

"At least when time shall have hallowed your grief, and robbed our parting of its bitterness, shall you then, answer me truly, as you shall answer Heaven—shall you then, think you, be happy with Delorme?"

"O, do not question me, I implore you. I can think of nothing but your death. I can imagine no period to my grief! My future seems one dedication of life to affliction. Speak not then of happiness, I beseech you."

"If I thought that you were about to consummate a sacrifice through any mistaken view, even still would I interpose my authority to prevent ——"

At that moment the chamber door opened, and four persons entered; they were Mrs. Belmore and Captain Delorme, each accompanied by a friend, who all advanced towards the patient, when the lover was the first to break the silence of the greeting.

"Captain Belmore," he said, "since my suit to your daughter is honoured by your approval, Mrs. Belmore and myself have judged it prudent that I shall now receive her troth-plight in the presence of these friends, in order that when the family are deprived of your protection, scandal may have no occupation in devising slanderous interpretations for those acts of friendship, which, through my intended relationship, will naturally devolve upon me."

To this address the invalid merely bowed his acquiescence, while Delorme went on.

"That approval which you have been pleased to convey to me through Mrs. Belmore will you have the goodness to confirm before these our mutual friends, and say, do you consent that your daughter shall become my wife?"

The father looked doubtingly at the rigid figure beside him, and in a feeble voice replied, "If Clara consents to accept you as her husband, I not only give you my consent, but my blessing."

"Then to you, Miss Belmore, I appeal!" said Delorme, advancing

and taking the cold hand of the unresisting girl; "will you not promise to become my bride?"

The mother fixed her eyes anxiously upon her daughter, but her fears were needless, for in a low calm voice she pronounced the single word,

"Yes!" and her fate was sealed.

Forgetful of her prohibition, Delorme raised her hand passionately to his lips, and covered it with kisses; yet she offered no rebuke, for her father's eyes were upon her. While Belmore, relieved by this endurance from many fears, pronounced earnest blessings upon their union, and urgently recommended that it should be solemnized within a few weeks after his decease.

"Will you not consent, my Clara, to the wishes of your father?" inquired the glad Delorme.

"Yes, yes!" was still Clara's reply, for the full heart was bursting; and not until she had escaped from that fatal scene of betrothal, dared she trust her lips with further utterance; and even then a heavy stunning weight seemed to press brain and heart into a confused mass, and a long death-like swoon alone bore evidence to the overwhelming character of her misery.

At midnight another and still more awful change came over the dying man, and it was judged wise to exclude the females of his family from witnessing his closing scene; this was the more easily effected through the timidity of his wife, and the miserable condition of his daughter, and as he was fortunately not conscious of their absence, his last moments were undisturbed either by the spectacle of their grief, or by cravings for their useless presence.

At last the morning broke upon the chamber of sorrow and of death, but with very different results; to the one it brought a renewal of suffering—and who can tell the horrors of awakening from sleep or stupor to a returning recollection of affliction!—to the other it brought *peace!*

The first consideration to which Delorme devoted his attention was that of securing the lapse of a few hours before the removal of the dead, an object which a few weeks earlier might have been impossible, but which in the daily decrease of fever cases would probably not prove altogether impracticable. Carefully, therefore, securing the chamber of death, that it might not be entered during his absence; and furnished with a medical certificate, declaring the deceased to have died of gout in the stomach, a friendly *ruse* of the doctor's, he made his way to the government house, and after some difficulty accomplished his wishes, by procuring a postponement of the time of burial until one o'clock of that day.

Confident that he had done all that circumstances would permit to save the feelings, if not to ameliorate the grief, of the mourners, Delorme was both shocked and amazed on his return to find the whole family in a state of the utmost confusion; and to be accosted by Clara with an impatient demand for admittance to her father's chamber, whom she frantically declared to be still alive, and whose voice she most energetically insisted that she had distinctly heard loudly calling upon her by name.

At first Delorme feared that excessive grief had affected the reason of his betrothed, but when Mrs. Belmore joined in the request, and declared that although the voice had been unheard by herself, it was so clearly witnessed by all her children, who all at the same moment asserted that they heard Clara summoned, and that she could not possibly doubt the fact, Delorme began to believe that he had been premature in his arrangements. Prudence, however, dictated to him the wisdom of entering the chamber of the supposed dead alone, fearing that in their highly-excited state the effect of disappointment might prove of serious consequences; but to this measure not one would agree; all were most fully impressed with the belief that life still remained, and all were so eager to rush into the presence of their friend and protector, that the single voice of Delorme was insufficient to stem the frenzy of their affection: yielding, therefore, his better judgment to their united entreaties, he opened the door, and admitted the expectant family.

Mrs. Belmore was the first who entered; but hardly had her foot crossed the threshold before Clara rushed past her, and bounded forward to receive the hoped-for wishes of her father.

Alas!—rigid and cold he lay!—not a ruffle appeared to have disturbed the white folds in which he was enveloped. A calm and holy smile rested on the pale lips. Human passions had departed, and the transcendent beauty of death was manifestly visible.

Conviction came upon the bereaved family with awful power, and bursting simultaneously into a flood of tears they turned to leave the room. All excepting Clara—she remained rooted to the spot, as though it were possible still to doubt. Gazing with intent eyes upon the unconscious marble of the face, then pressed the cold, cold hands between her own, and fell forwards with a convulsive sob upon the inanimate remains.

Before memory returned, the body had been consigned to its last resting-place, and she uttered no complaint, for remonstrance had been useless. Her relatives no longer doubted the fact of Captain Belmore's decease, and the mysterious voice which had so palpably pronounced her name, was destined to remain among the unsolved secrets of metaphysical, or perhaps of supernatural, questioning.

Three days after the burial of its father, the infant child passed like a dream away, leaving its widowed mother the sole mourner for its loss, the younger members of her family being all too much absorbed in their greater calamity to regard the withering of the young flower that had blossomed and decayed amidst so stormy a season.

To Clara this event appeared a welcome relief, and she regarded the tears shed by her mother over the insensate little form almost as a wrong done to the one grief that she felt to be so entirely engrossing. But who can fathom the depth of a mother's love? Who shall presume to limit the bounds of her affection? To her, the vacant eyes of her babe teem with eloquent meaning, while the little outstretched hands of infancy clutch her heart with more than a giant's force; and perhaps at no season of life does the bereavement of a child strike more keenly upon maternal affection than during

the period of babyhood. To others the sallies of childhood may be more engaging, the charms of youth more exciting; but to none does the mother's heart cling more fondly than to the creature whose very life depends on the nourishment and care that she alone can bestow.

Ask the mother who has stood beside the graves of her children, she will tell you how she has watched and wept over all. She will recite their several perfections proudly and sadly, but when she names her lost babe, the tears will gush into her eyes, for that memory-cherished one is to her the "blessed baby" still.

Why is this? Can we reason upon this phenomenon of nature, or account for it by the still unbroken buds of promise with which love had garlanded that little head, and which, perhaps, the rest may have lived unconsciously to scatter? or is it the mere animal instinct, that twines itself most tenaciously around the being that most helplessly depends upon parental protection?"

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The year 18— opened auspiciously to the inhabitants of Gibraltar. The barricades had been broken down, the fort was opened, the quarantine abolished, a clean bill of health triumphantly placarded, and the yellow flag hauled down amidst the shouts of the survivors. Thus sunshine was beginning again to streak the human horizon. Again familiar forms might be seen gliding to old-accustomed haunts, and military movements again broke the awful stillness of the garrison. The sick cart was now replaced by wagons bearing supposed infected goods to the neutral ground, where, regardless of its costliness or use, property to an immense amount was daily consecrated by fire to the goddess of health.

The hidden dead were now drawn forth from the secret places where affection and fear had concealed them, and borne without the gates for interment; while the agents of government were carrying their fumigatory processes into every chamber and closet with the most cheerful alacrity. Friends again timidly ventured to inquire for those whom they valued, hoping, yet dreading a reply,—yet sad indeed were the greetings of those who met, for each had a tale of woe to tell, a tale heralded by the sable garb, and the faded form.

It was perhaps the most trying period in the whole of that season of calamity, for now each person began to awake from the stunning sense of individual grief, to a keen participation of the sorrows of his fellow-men,—long garnered hopes for separated friends, were now broken and rooted up by the single word—"Gone!"—none asked "how?" none questioned further!—the horrible details were passed over as intuitively understood, and none found courage to inquire into the circumstantialities of the one event that thrilled their hearts to agony. It was not till time had mellowed the tone of the general feeling, that data began to be collected and discussed, and even in after years, many of those that were left could not refer to that season of plague without shuddering.

Scarcely had the garrison began to recover some portion of its former appearance, before Delorme claimed the fulfilment of Clara's promise, to which the sorrow-stricken girl offered neither remonstrance nor resistance, but calmly prepared for her nuptials with the same cold abstracted air that characterised her sorrow.

A splendid party was collected by the pride of Delorme to do honour to their marriage, and precisely nine weeks after the burial of Captain Belmore, his daughter laid aside her mourning garb and donned her bridal robe.

"I would rather it were my winding-sheet, mother!" she exclaimed, as she completed the arrangement of her simple toilette.

"Do you, then, still murmur?" inquired the mother mournfully.

"Bear with me this once," the sad girl replied, "I have determined to do my duty."

"But it must be done with cheerfulness—our friends must see you smile."

"This veil, at least, will hide my tears!" replied Clara, and drawing its ample folds closely around her face, she passed with a firm step into the presence of an admiring circle.

Some there were even among the visitors who whispered of "disparity of years,"—of an "enforced marriage,"—some said

"'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful!"

but none guessed the throes of that young heart, none could fancy the blight that fell upon her spirit, when the entrance of the clergyman in full canonicals aroused her to a sense of her misery, and showed her in all its horrors the precipice upon which she trembled. Yet no word of repugnance escaped her, not a sigh breathed from her parted lips, she had surmounted all that. "I shall have time enough to weep," her heart murmured, and in a few moments the sacrifice was completed, the doom was accomplished, and she found herself hailed as the wife of Delorme.

To suppose that such a marriage could be productive of happy results would be to outrage the common course of human occurrences. If the highest aspirations of affection cannot always ensure comfort to the married life, how much less was it likely to accrue from an union founded on the one side by a selfish passion, upon the other by scarcely concealed aversion. I shall only observe, therefore, that this ill-starred marriage did not outrage probability; but, as it is not impossible that at some future period I shall give some passages from it to the public, I must not forestall its details further than to say, that for some months Delorme triumphed in his success, and called himself a happy man; while Clara, though she rushed madly into society, followed by praise and envy, never ceased, in the depth of her heart, to bewail her fate, mournfully acknowledging herself to be a miserable woman.

STANZAS.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

You scorned me once! I've seen you smile
  Upon my starting tears:
Light thought it cost you to beguile
  My hopes, and mock my fears!

I was the humble bird of love,—
  And *you* the eagle-king,
Who soared amid thy spheres above,
  And mocked my worshipping!

I was the unregarded flower,
  Shedding with all my art
Around your path that fragrant power—
  The deep love of my heart!

You scorned me once,—my love, that all,
  Whose feelings fond and true
Were waiting at your softest call—
  Now it is your's to sue!

Yet, sue in vain! and deem it strange
  That one, weak, calm, and tame,
And changeful as the light wind's range,
  Can be what now I am.

Yes! watch my eye, and mark my brow,
  And hear my reckless tone;
Perhaps my very smile is now
  As scornful as your own!

Why have you taught me such a part,
  That bitterest, latest tried
Sad refuge of a woman's heart,
  Unconquerable pride?

So foreign to its gentle mood,—
  So hard to wear,—yet worn
So sternly, 'mid its pressure rude,
  And ever unforeborne!

Why did you learn, (alas! too late!)
  The joy of love's deep thrill;
And think to make a human fate
  The plaything of your will?

Better you had not learned to sue,
  Or my soul's early green
Not of its softness reft,—and two
  Had not so wretched been!

The hour is past! a long adieu;—
  And you and I must sever,
With knowledge we shall be unto
  Each other lost—*for ever!*

Cromarty.

MARIA DE LAS DOLORES.

A TALE OF SPANISH LIFE.

About that part of Spain, where the kingdom of Leon borders on Estremadura, in the mountainous country, which rises higher and higher, and becomes still more savage in measure as you advance into its unpeopled solitudes, there are very few inhabited spots; but those which the traveller, whose steps the desire of observing so singular a country had impelled thither, meets with in his course, are considerable enough to attract his attention. Salamancha is seated amidst those sterile plains, watered by the Tormès and Agueda. From that city it was that the gallant Moore, who paid with his life for the slowness of an expedition conducted with too great a regard for ease, when Marshal Soult pursued him to Corunna, commenced his retreat, so well known, and so disastrous. It would be difficult to find in Spain, even in the famous Vega of Grenada, rendered celebrated by the bloody combats between Moor and Christian, a place more worthy of being considered famous from the importance of the events which took place in its very limited extent. The blood so profusely poured out on its surface ought to have rendered it more fertile than the same cause has done in Andalusia, in that blooming Vega, whose luxuriant thickets of orange and lemon owe their origin to the torrents of human gore, which both Moor and Christian shed there in the course of their long quarrels for eight hundred years; but, on the contrary, it would seem as though the wrath of God had visited the sins of the combatants on their posterity, confounding in the same anger those who attacked the cross, and those who defended it. There are few places in Spain, I repeat, more sad and sterile. The borders of the Tormès are not enlivened by plantations of trees, which would otherwise have imparted life and animation to a country, stripped as it is of all the charm which bright verdure and cool shades always confer. 'Tis only for about two months in the year that the widely-extended plains of the Tormès present to the wearied eye any relief or variety; then endless families of the tribe of heath, admirably-tinted flowers, open their calices and perfume the soft air; the sight is at the same time charmed by the magic aspect of the many-coloured carpet, formed by the luxuriant varieties of broom, the asphodel,* the lovely fumaria spicata, the pretty antirhinum amethistinum, the doronicum plantagineum, the bellis sylvestris; sometimes at the edge of the deserted road may be seen the flowering mandragora,† and yet more rare, the beauteous iris,‡ which wholly vanishes as you approach Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo; but the passing decoration we have described is as frail as the flowers that compose it. With the first heats of summer, under the ruthless influence of the burning sun of Spain, every plant loses its bright vesture of green, and only presents a withered stem to

* Asphodelus ramosus. † Atropa mandragora. ‡ Iris alata.

the grieved eye. Such a sight is yet more melancholy than if the soil had been covered by the broken masses of rock, the large gray stones, which are seen about the Escurial. In the environs of Salamancha the ground is naked and sterile; the shade it scantily affords would scarce suffice for a northern summer. Let it be judged from that what and how overpowering must be the heat of a month of August in such a country. Sometimes, however, beside a rivulet, and especially the Tormès, here and there a slender group of cork trees, a thicket of arbutus, may be met with, and gratefully hailed; but throughout the whole country a silence, a solitude, irresistibly melancholy, reign. Before the war of 1808 this moral and physical stagnation was alone disturbed by the convoys that transported to and fro the provisions necessary for each province. They were followed by a long file of mules and asses laden with bags of goat-skin smeared with tar, containing the wine of the country; each beast had his own particular share of the common burden, and made his way slowly following the leader of the convoy, usually a more intelligent mule than his comrades, who wore on his head the ensigns of command, which he proudly shook, and which consisted of a plume of many gaily-coloured feathers, having attached to them numerous small bells, that sent forth a shrill and everlasting tinkle. A single man conducted these species of caravan, but one, though, most usually, having fifty animals under his care; he walked beside the file, or, should the weather be bad, was seated on the first mule, the mule capitana, and was almost always from the kingdom of Leon or the Asturias, as you would easily recognise by his montera of black velvet, his doublet without sleeves of tawny-coloured leather, and broad black belt secured by a large copper buckle. He was always armed. Two carbines placed in the form of a cross on the saddle with the baggage of the mule upon which he rode, and a long sharp knife, of the sort manufactured at Terceira, terrible in the hands of those who know how to use it, were ever his offensive weapons. At times also the silence of the solitudes between the Tormès and the mountains was troubled by the monotonous rumble of a Coche de Coglieras, conveying back to his convent the prior, the guardian, or by whatever name called, superior of some rich community, who had been taking the mineral waters of Arahena, or some other warm springs nearer to Salamancha. After that period, however, new and louder sounds interrupted the sad and unvaried repose of those arid plains. Woe in all its extremest horror of violence and hatred, whether of attack or defence, had burst forth. Not only did blood flow, but was poured out like water by the hands of enemies, without pity, remorse, or feeling. Everything was permitted, provided it was done in the name of vengeance. At that cry every mouth smiled, every face wore a savage, a ferocious grin. This horrible state of the national mind, forced upon it by the atrocious conduct of the French, must be understood to comprehend the following terrible example of its inevitable consequences, and which may be relied on as unquestionably true.

In 1811 there yet existed between Alba de Tormès and Medina del Campo, on the borders of the Zaparadiel, a village composed of a few straggling houses, better in appearance than those ordinarily met with

in Old Castile and the kingdom of Leon. The neighbourhood was fertile in wines; for the vine had neither been torn up by the roots nor burnt, the demon of woe having not as yet sent forth his devastating blast over that happy and peaceful portion of the country.

It was an evening in the month of September of the year 1810. For a long time that happy portion of Spain, although traversed more than once by the French and English troops, had escaped the death-dealing glance of those marauders who contrived to steal away from their respective regiments, and are a much more terrible instrument of destruction than an entire army under the command of their chiefs. The village I mean was situate near a lofty and rugged chain of mountains, called Pena de la Francia. Its inhabitants were joyous and active, peacefully pursuing the agricultural life, which afforded them the means of living, and living contented at the same time.

Amongst their number were two young people, whom the rest of the rustic community esteemed and loved with that warm and involuntary feeling, which virtue ever makes its own. The woman, or rather girl, (for she was only twenty,) was the daughter of a man celebrated throughout the neighbourhood, and known for his courage in combating the smugglers, who before the war often ventured to make an attack on villages situate, like San Pedro, amidst a wide spread forest, and far from all external aid. His name was Tomaso Munoz; he possessed a rare bodily strength, and a soul whose fire and energy worthily responded to his physical vigour. When war lifted up its voice in Spain, Munoz listened to hear on which side that of justice spoke. If his sovereign had been in the wrong, Tomaso would have remained quietly at home, solely occupied in defending his native village from every attack, and followed no banner to the field; but when all the odium of that impious war was apparent to his strong and clear-sighted intellect, then did he lay aside his spade, and suspend all his agricultural labours. He had four sons and a daughter; the eldest of his five children was thirty, the youngest, Maria De Las Dolores, as we have before said, twenty years. She was lovely, very lovely, with all the charm that soft and feminine features, a courageous spirit, and a tender heart, can confer on their fortunate possessor. Her face was habitually calm and pale, but of that peculiar paleness which wants neither animation nor even freshness; her eyes were large, black, brilliant, yet mild. She was one of those Spanish women, in fine, who seize irresistibly upon your wildly throbbing heart, and keep you for ever by their side, making you forget your (perchance) distant fatherland, and all you loved before you saw them.

Dolores understood her father better perhaps than any of her brothers: thus, when he departed at the head of some troops he had hastily gathered together, she followed him to the Sierra, carrying a musket, and dealing out death to the enemy with all the courage of a tried warrior. The name of country was to her a magic word; when pronouncing it, her mouth assumed an admirable expression, and her eyes, whose look was ordinarily so soft and pure, seemed to flash light-

nings, and spoke a language which would have done honour to the bravest of her countrymen. In the ranks of those whom her father commanded was a young inhabitant of Medina Del Campo, handsome, of undaunted spirit, and enthusiastic in his determination to resist the subjugation of his beloved Spain. When Dolores heard his words of fire, when she saw that he was a true son of his afflicted country, at once she loved him with all the passionate fervour of the women of the south; and when the young man of Medina del Campo beheld her beauty, her nobility of soul, her depth of feeling, all that rendered her so privileged a being, he asked Maria if she would accept him for her husband. This was one night as they were both keeping watch upon the mountains around a bivouac fire; the rest were asleep. Munoz was awake and on guard, but at some distance off. Joaquin Garrigo (that was the young man's name) contemplated Dolores for a long time before he spoke. She was seated in a charming attitude, which she had naturally assumed at the foot of a cork tree, and her head rested against its knotty trunk, seemed now and then to bow beneath the weight of a fatigue beyond the strength of feeble woman to endure; but the instant that the faintest noise fell on her ear, half closed in slumber, she would give a hurried start, her large black eyes opened and ran over the neighbouring ground, plunging, in their course, into the thickest recesses of the surrounding woods with careful diligence. Once the alarm seemed near at hand; in a moment she was on her feet, and presenting her piece. The sound however ceased, she reseated herself, and her features, which had so lately glowed with all the fire of manly courage, resumed their accustomed sweetness. Joaquin followed all her various movements with delighted eye; for a long time the young man had loved Dolores, but the spotless purity that enveloped her as with a garment amidst her male associates, who respected without comprehending it, formed almost an insurmountable barrier between Dolores and Joaquin. He trembled lest she should refuse him; her country seemed the only thing she loved. Joaquin was filled with anxious fears, and so he was ever likely to be, for did he not love? Fear is the child of tenderness, saith a charming Moorish romance. Often did he resolve to pour out his soul to Dolores in writing, but his courage ever failed him at the pinch. "Should she indignantly repulse me," he said within himself,—"I can at least see her now, fight in her defence—but if she should repulse me—then!" That night, however, he could not resist the charm and fascination which so irresistibly attracted him to her side, any longer. He fancied, too, he saw, in the prolonged look which Dolores at times cast upon him, an expression which quickened the hurried throbbing of his heart; and when he saw her rise, run to her arms, and prepare to face the coming danger like the most courageous soldier, his admiration was at its height; but when, sinking down again on the damp soil, Dolores leant her tired head against the cork tree's trunk to seek a moment of repose and slumber, her extreme loveliness and charms struck so forcibly on his heart, that he could no longer close lips, which burnt to give vent to the feelings of his soul.

"Doleres," said he to her, in hurried, passionate tones, "you must permit me to ask you from your father—will you, oh! will you, dearest?"

The young girl started, opened her eyes, and fixed a long, expressive look on her anxious lover; then a slight blush covered brow and cheek, and rendered her, in a few moments, as blooming as a freshly-gathered rose; she smiled sadly, and after said to Joaquin, at the same time extending her hand,

"Yes, Joaquin!"

"Ah!" he cried; and instantly darting towards the tree under whose shade Munoz was keeping guard, he was about to make the demand at once, when Dolores, arresting him with a gentle touch, said, in a low voice,

"Hear me first, and answer like a noble Castilian—do you promise never to accept an amnesty?"

"I do—and swear it by your sweet self!"

Dolores slightly frowned.

"I want no such oath as that; I ask the promise only of an honest man; an oath made in the name of love is no safeguard to a country."

"Well, then," said Joaquin, "I swear it by herself—by the country I adore, and which saw me enrolled beneath her banners before I ever knew you, Dolores!"

The young Spanish girl's brow became smooth again; she smiled on Joaquin and said,

"I believe you; but there is yet another promise I must have;—give me your word never to recognize the man whom the tyrant of Europe would impose upon us, and never to cease combating for our lawful sovereign, Ferdinand VII."

"I swear it!" cried Joaquin. "Ah! be not afraid of uniting your existence to that of a man unworthy of you! Country and love are both my idols, and you alone, with those sublime affections, fill my heart."

The eyes of Dolores were wet with tears. She loved, she passionately loved Joaquin, and ofttimes in the fight, her hand, unknown to him, had turned away the sabre of an enemy, without reflecting that her own head might be thereby exposed to the danger she had averted from him. But is not love ever such? What woman is there who would not give her blood, her life, for the object of her affection? She does it not only from a feeling of devotedness, but even gladly. The purest delights, the most sacred pleasures of love, are all comprised in that abnegation which woman makes of self, of taste, of feelings foreign to his love, of all that gives him pain; and, in fine, as a last best gift, she lavishes for him her blood, her life—her whole person becomes the property of him she loves! Then is she truly happy; then does she really enjoy the felicity of angels. Everything for him, nothing for herself, save the joy of seeing him, the delight of loving him, and knowing herself beloved! Short of this, or beyond, 'tis lying and hypocrisy all! The woman who is not the slave of him she says she loves has never loved.

Whilst listening to that profession of loyalty from the man she

adored, Dolores felt her heart swell with transport, and she experienced one of those profound impressions which the future can never efface.

"Yes," she said, leaning on Joaquin's arm, "come, and let us find my father."

When they reached Munoz, he was plunged in deep reflection, gazing on the distant plain that lay unfolded duskily at his feet, and counting the numerous bivouac fires of the enemy. On hearing the sound of the young people's steps he started, but ere he had time to lay hand on his arms his daughter had fallen lovingly on his neck.

"Father," said she, "Joaquin accompanies me to ask thee to accept him for a son—wilt thou, dear father?"

And the lovely girl wound her arms beseechingly around him, and hid her face in his manly breast, to conceal the crimson blush which the bright watch-fire mercilessly disclosed. On hearing her words, Munoz smiled. Such a marriage was, for a thousand reasons, acceptable to his mind;—the young man had good means, his own daughter a fair dowry, they were both young and handsome—in fine, they passionately loved each other! What could the tenderest father ask more from Providence? He warmly pressed the hand of Joaquin in token of assent to his request, and embraced his daughter, saying the while,

"Be happy, my child—I bless thee!"

The French troops were shortly afterwards repulsed by the Duke of Wellington. The position of San Pedro had hitherto prevented any attack being made upon it; but when the enemy was in retreat its security was redoubled, because the French soldiery were afraid of straying from the route of the main body; and, in fact, isolation was most dangerous, and to be by all means avoided, as, in that case, those who were so unfortunate would infallibly have fallen victims to the rage and thirst for vengeance, which they had justly excited, by their atrocious cruelties, in every Spanish heart. Munoz profited by the momentary calm to give Dolores in marriage to Joaquin. The ceremony took place at San Pedro, to the great joy of the vine-dressers, whose chief Munoz always was, and Dolores their guardian angel, who watched by them in sickness, dressed their wounds from the commencement of the war, and, as if so glorious a woman ought to be multiplied under a form till then unknown, became the defender of those who hitherto had protected herself. But, after her marriage, Dolores changed her mode of life; she no longer went to the Sierra, but remained tranquilly at home, and took more affectionate and diligent care of an old paralytic grandmother, who for some months had been helplessly confined to her bed. Anon the duties of a wife increased upon Dolores—she became a mother. With passionate fondness did she embrace her new-born son, and a bright tear fell on his innocent brow.

"Poor child!" whispered the young and happy mother, "God grant thou be not born a slave in thine own fair land!"

Until now Dolores had led an agitated life, but, except the captivity of the king her lord, whom she regarded as an envoy from God amidst his people, no real misfortune had befallen her, and the very

troubles of her existence had not been without their happiness to a mind constituted and ardent like her own ; but the moment approached when sorrows and distresses were to wrap her in as with a funeral garment.

The army of Massena re-entered Spain, pursued by that of Wellington. The French, led by a man no longer governor of himself, were horribly sacrificed by him, who for so long a time was called the spoiled child of victory. On once more reappearing in unhappy Spain, whole regiments, deprived for a year past of food and necessaries, scattered themselves abroad in the places bordering on their route, and committed frightful excesses. Munoz, who had laid aside his lance and poniard to taste of happiness within the peaceful family circle, perceived that the hour of his country's repose was not yet come, and that the blood of her sons and enemies must again redden the maternal soil. He re-collected his tried band, summoned to his side his sons, confided the defence of San Pedro to Joaquin and his eldest born, then, embracing his daughter, plunged, at the head of his hardy followers, into the wild Sierra, to dispute its passage with a regiment that was marching on San Pedro to destroy it.

A few days afterwards, twenty men fell back in confusion on the village—they were the sole remains of the brave troop of Munoz. A hundred and thirty men had bit the dust in the narrow pass where their undaunted chief had delivered battle, in total ignorance of the tactics of war, but trusting to the effect of hearts more valiant than the bravest of their enemies—hearts that never counted numbers when they rushed to an engagement.

Munoz fell the first. His two sons followed him. The youngest, mortally wounded, yet preserved sufficient strength to reach his sister's side, impart to her their father's blessing, and convey to Joaquin the order to lead the remainder of their forces against the enemy, and, profiting by his faults, to repair them.

The words had scarce died upon his lips than the young guerilla was no more. It seemed as though God had only left him enough of life to fulfil the holiest of missions, that of carrying to a child the blessing of a dying parent!

Whilst gazing on the bleeding corse of her young brother, Dolores could not at first weep ; she experienced one of those frightful paroxysms which, happily, soon pass away, for death must be their consequence were they prolonged. Those blue and ice-cold lips, which had just closed for ever, had then revealed to her her father's death, and that of her brethren, whilst conveying with the same breath their last farewell! Horrible! horrible! The unhappy young woman felt her heart swell to bursting. She sought with palsied hand to know whether her burning eyeballs contained a tear ;—they were dry! "O God!" she cried, in fevered agony—"O God! give me to weep, or else my heart must break!"

Joaquin drew near her, with little Manuel, their son. The child was already a year old, and would call his mother by all those endearing appellations which make a woman's heart leap with joy. He lisped out her name. On hearing his young soft voice, Dolores raised her aching head, and fixed her burning eyes on his fresh, vermilion-

tinted face. Her brother idolized him. The recollection stirred up the depths of tenderness in her affectionate soul, and instantly tears and passionate sobs burst forth in such abundance as to terrify the anxious Joaquin. He placed her infant in her arms, then, pressing both against his heart,

"Be comforted, Dolores!" he exclaimed; "all is not yet lost. Consider that there still remain to thee to love, thy son, thy husband, brother, and aged grandame. Wouldst leave us all to mourn our grief alone?"

"Ah no! no!" cried the unhappy woman, amidst blinding tears—"no! I would fain not die—but oh! the agony, the agony I feel!"

The body of Munoz was borne that same evening to the village, and interred between his three sons. He who yet remained walked at the head of the funeral train with Joaquin. On seeing the grave of her father and three brethren dug in the churchyard of San Pedro, Dolores said to the sexton, with a heart-rending smile,

"Leave a place for my brother and myself!" and, turning to Joaquin, she added, "Am I not right, husband?"

Joaquin answered her by an inclination of the head. The unhappy one foresaw that their destiny could only end in death or coward flight—what doubt could there be then?—it must be death! The French regiment that had thus massacred the brave troop of Munoz formed part of the eighth division of the army; its commander was of a hard, unfeeling disposition, which rendered his subordinates cruel, because they were certain of impunity when, to any reproval for their conduct, they were able to reply, "We have beaten the rebels!"

Every day reports reached the ears of Joaquin and Pablo, his brother-in-law, of the most abominable acts of cruelty;—wretches covered with wounds dragged their bleeding bodies to San Pedro, to ask vengeance, and fall mutilated at the feet of their indignant countrymen: young girls with dishevelled locks, dishonoured women, arrived bathed in tears, and passionately implored, amidst sobs and groans, their agonized relatives to avenge their hideous wrongs.

"I cannot bear these piteous sights," said Joaquin at length to Dolores; "I must go hence—I must away to face these hellish monsters! Blood—I must have blood—I cannot live here idle. The air stifles me; every gust of the wind that blows from the Sierra seems to me to bear upon its wings the mournful voices of our father and our brethren, basely massacred, who reproach me with their unrevenged deaths."

Dolores gazed on him in silence; she could not speak! only she pressed her son against her heart in a closer embrace, drew near her husband, and passing one arm around her brother's neck, encircled them together thus, as though she would have buried those sole remaining objects of her love in her fond heart.

"Ah!" said she to Joaquin, "I have no power to retain thee here, and yet less to bid thee go. Still, dear husband, if God calls thee to engage our country's foes, go where it bids thee bend thy steps. Our cause is holy; it must triumph at the last!"

But her thoughts reverted to her father and brethren, all four martyrs in that same cause, all dead with the name of country on their

lips! Then her heart melted, her courage gave way, and she burst into wild sobs. The undaunted heroine, the enthusiastic lover of her fatherland, was fled, and the woman, the tender-hearted, affectionate woman, alone remained. Ah! her grief was indeed bitter!

Joaquin departed, but before leaving San Pedro, gave instructions to Dolores how to act in case of emergency; they were simple, and their purport was easily comprehended by her who had an only son and aged grandmother to guard.

It was on the 15th of September, at eleven o'clock in the evening, that Joaquin and Pablo Munoz set forth at the head of two hundred men well armed, and breathing all the more deadly vengeance from their forming part of divers villages, which the French had pillaged. The youthful chief, who knew all the windings and bypaths of the Sierra from early childhood, was desirous of attempting to turn the species of small redoubt, occupied by the enemy, and massacreing them in sleep. The moon shed no light upon the scene, the stars were hidden beneath driving clouds, and the night was gloomy and accompanied by rain. Dolores wished to follow her husband and brother to the foot of the mountainous range, into whose fastnesses they were about to plunge, and therefore for a brief moment quitted her aged grandmother, and, taking her son in her arms, set forth with them along the borders of the Zaparadiel. The wind was high, and the thick short branches of the numerous cork trees creaked harshly beneath its furious gusts. All around presented an aspect of desolation that was too much in accordance with, not to redouble, the fears and sorrows already so cutting, which made the heart of Dolores bleed; some few burning teardrops fell from her eyes, and wet the rosy cheek of her poor dear boy, who, alarmed at his mother's mute grief, and awoke at an hour so unaccustomed to him, fell to weeping and moaning piteously himself.

"Now," said Joaquin at length, "we must separate here; the road is becoming too difficult and hazardous, and the night air will do some harm to our little Manuel. Farewell, dear wife! You will see us to-morrow, and, as I trust, victorious. Pray for us, my own Dolores—farewell! farewell!"

He pressed his wife convulsively in his arms, and embraced and kissed once more his infant son, and, committing the wretched Maria to the care of a man from San Pedro, who was returning with her, darted swiftly up the pathway which led to the mountainous Sierra, and was soon lost to sight in the frowning woods.

"Joaquin! my own Joaquin!" cried Dolores in a stifled voice, "think on thy child, think on thy helpless wife!"

"I will remember both, while life remains," answered the husband, already at a considerable height; "but I have sworn to defend my injured country."

"Ah, wretch that I am!" sobbed Dolores, sinking on the damp earth; "'twas I who required that oath from him. My child, my child!"

She arose, and impelled by the iron that had entered into her soul with that last agonizing thought, walked so swiftly homewards, that

her companion could scarce keep up with her. In less than half-an hour she was in sight of the houses of the village: then, for the first time, did she slacken her pace. She would fain not have re-entered it; to her afflicted mind it seemed that the only suitable place for her to dwell was in the sombre woods, the gloomy thickets, with which, like mourning veils, the Pena de Francia was here and there dotted. To her bewildered brain every sound, every sight, was a presage of misfortune, or betokened approaching ruin to her last and fondest hopes. Suddenly in the surrounding silence of night, her ear, sharpened by terror, caught the distant sound of a musket-shot; she listened eagerly—no, she was not deceived. Her practised sense of hearing too distinctly recognised those sounds of death, which she had herself so often sent to the enemies of her country. At such a moment the reports had in their roar something so sinister and fatal, that her heart sickened and her brain reeled. She hastened her steps, she wildly ran to her humble house, and shut herself up in its most retired part. There she fell in sleepless agony on her knees; her lips refused to move, her heart to bend in resignation. Blasphemous thoughts, reproaches to God for pouring out such a vial of wrath and undeserved misfortune on her devoted head, alone filled it. Suddenly her ear, attentive despite herself to outward sounds, caught the noise of those discharges which were dealing out a death perchance less frightful to those, whom the balls struck, than the unhappy woman, who was awaiting the issue of the combat on her knees, at the foot of the cross. Ah! a position so dreadful was worse than death—'twas one long, terrible agony!

Thus passed away the most terrible night that Dolores, in the whole course of her twenty years' existence, had ever spent. Towards morning, her eyes, heavy and wet with tears, closed for a brief moment; she slept with her wearied head leant against her infant's cradle, and holding his two pretty little hands in hers.

Suddenly she was aroused from her short state of forgetfulness by a noise, a commotion, in the one street of the village; voices, cries, wild sobs, arose in the still air. Dolores darted to the window; one hurried glance told all.

She there beheld a crowd of desperate women surrounding the rémains of the men who composed Joaquin and Pablo's troop: all were covered with blood, wounded, and many expired on the threshold of their doors, ere they could reach the chamber where they were born, to die!

"Ah!" shrieked Dolores. It was enough.

And falling back on her chair, she had not strength to open the window and hear the worst. At this moment, the name of Joaquin, pronounced in a stifled voice, struck on her ear. Instantly an unknown force impelled her from the place, where terror had hitherto chained her, and with one wild bound, darting down the cottage staircase, she appeared amidst the despairing group of women and wounded, paler, more near akin to death in appearance than them all.

"My husband!" she said in a low deep voice, "my Joaquin! where is he? what have you done with him? And my brother, my dear brother, Pablo? where are they both? what means this silence?

can you not tell me they are wounded—prisoners? I can bear it—well? speak—speak!"

And at each word she stopped a moment, fixing her dilated black eyes on all the surrounding crowd.

"I said prisoners," she resumed; "don't be afraid to tell me I have guessed right—for—for—they cannot—no—no—they cannot be—dead!—dead!"

And a terrible cry burst from her heaving bosom, when she saw the head of Gabriel, one of Joaquin's lieutenants, bowed on his breast in token of assent, with an anguish that told all.

"Dead!" she mechanically repeated; "dead! what both?" Both? did you say both? My brother, perchance, poor Pablo—but my husband—he too, O God! O God!—speak—tell me—tell me, man, are they both—both—really dead?" There was a certain fearful slowness in the mode the question was put, which thrilled through the hearts of all.

Gabriel drew near, and would have spoken to her in a low voice, but she repulsed him.

"Back, coward!" she wildly cried. "Hast thou the shameless hardihood to return to this village, which for two years those of my house have defended with their blood, have saved at the cost of their life, and which you now would yield up to the enemy, after having failed in defending your chief—wretch that you are!—back, touch me not! O Joaquin! my Joaquin! why was I not by thy side?—I—I would have defended thee!"

And she fell to the ground, uttering frantic cries, so terrible, so agonising, was her grief. The other women, who had, like her, lost a beloved husband, stilled their groans, and dared not weep before such intense sorrow.

At length she arose. Some one had fetched her child. The dear creature clasped its mother's head in its tiny arms, and covered her with infantine caresses. Then did her tears flow more abundant and less bitter; she was able to listen to the horrible details of the massacre rather than combat, which had taken place in the Sierra. From the report which was made her, Dolores, with that acuteness her two years of adventurous and warlike life had given her, said in a moment that the village would be in the power of the French ere that very evening. Instantly she became, as it were, a superior being, and worthy of the world's best admiration: she shook off her grief, trampled under foot her agony of soul, and commanded all the men and women to depart and abandon San Pedro, without even a momentary delay.

"Follow me!" she cried.

She reached the public place of the village. There she ascended the stone steps at the foot of the customary cross, and, thus placed, commanding the whole crowd, said to them:

"Friends, let each of you take as much bread and provisions as he can carry, and the rest be brought hither."

Few moments had elapsed ere she was obeyed. Heaps of loaves, of victuals, as numerous and plentiful as those of a Spanish village could be, were carried to the place. Many hundreds of leather bot-

tles, containing the wine of the country, stood there amongst the rest, awaiting the orders of the widow of Joaquin.

"Fellow countrymen," she cried in a clear strong voice, "are you all determined not to leave any provisions for the garachas,* who will soon be here?"

Shouts that made the welkin ring, were the sole answer she received.

"Well then! after having selected each the portion you intend to take, burn that bread, throw yonder meal into the Zaparadiel, and as for those goat-skins, pierce them with your poniards, and let those wretches see the contempt we feel for them and their anger both. Should we throw our wine into the river, they would fancy, the base cowards, we were too poor to possess such. No! we must show them that we brave their worst!"

Cries of fury and vengeance, fearful imprecations on the hated French, replied to Dolore's spirited appeal. Fire was applied in an instant; the goat skins, pierced with twenty stiletto blows at once, poured out the wine they contained on all sides; the bread was reduced to ashes, the grain and meal, as well as the meat and other provisions, met with a similar fate. In measure as the flame devoured what would otherwise have fed the approaching regiment, Dolores seemed to forget her sufferings; one great overwhelming thought alone occupied her mind. At the moment when the arm of Gabriel was about to stab the last of the leathern bottles, Dolores stayed him with an expressive touch.

"Let those twelve wine-bags be carried to my house," she said; "I will make good use of them."

Even as he spoke, the wind, which blew from the Sierra, bore on its wings a peculiarly shrill sound, and at the same time another, which resembled the distant roll of a drum.

"'Tis they!" cried Dolores.

And instantly she became white as a sheeted corpse, then crimson with excitement.

"'Tis time that ye were off!" she exclaimed. "Make haste, and get ye gone!"

"And yourself, what will become of you?" said with one breath all the inhabitants of the village.

"Did you then, for a single instant, think I should abandon my aged grandmother to her fate? and how can she accompany us? she must be carried, and that would retard your progress, and all would be lost. An old, infirm woman, a child, a young unhappy creature, like myself, what can even these monsters do to such? 'Tis our only chance, and we must risk it. And now depart—God be with you, and his holy mother! Pray for me—farewell!"

The sound of the rolling drum seemed to approach. Then Dolores assumed the accents of command; she went herself from house to house, hurried on the departure of each hapless family, and marked out the objects they must take. At length she saw the last inhabitant bend his faltering steps from the paternal hearth—she saw the

* The greatest term of contempt a Spaniard can use.

last fond look cast on abandoned homes—she listened yet awhile to the sounds of the hurried march of the fugitives—she saw their lance points glitter in the autumn sun above the tangled thickets of the Pena de la Francia. At length all had disappeared, the noise had died away, silence and solitude were around save the rippling waters of the Zaparadiel, with which ever and anon were mingled the drums and fifes of the approaching French.

When Dolores saw she was alone, she experienced one of those paroxysms, to which death is akin; a cold, icy, shudder ran through her whole body, then the hot blood ran burning through her veins, and her every nerve trembled. She seemed about entering a new world, and that through pains and torments hitherto unknown. Her reason began to wander; she would fain have spoken, but her own voice awed her—a terrible thought had just flashed across her brain.

"And I am unconfessed!" she cried, in horrible anguish.

She ran with rapid step to her grandmother's chamber. She had before placed her son in his cradle beside the paralytic woman, and besought her to pray the while for them all three. When she now re-entered the room, the aged female was saying her rosary, and the boy slept.

"Grandame," said Dolores, kneeling down beside the helpless one's bed, "grandame, will you hear my confession?"

The aged female smiled, and made a gentle sign of assent: she could not speak. Dolores began her confession with all the contrition and humility she would have felt in the holiest basilica. Alas! it was such as the purest and most saintly being might have uttered. Yet, when she reached the end of that strange scene, the paralytic one at first made a movement of horror; then, composing herself, she seemed to give her approval to her daughter in a long, fixed look, which she was desirous of rendering eloquent; last, placing her two wasted wrinkled hands on the glossy black hair of Dolores, she gave her a blessing at once maternal and piously religious.

Dolores was yet on her knees, when the first company of the French regiment entered the village of San Pedro. At the head of its eighty men marched a lieutenant and captain, impatient to find provisions, for, for two days past, the whole regiment had been without rations.

"How now!" said a subaltern, who had entered three or four houses, "what means this? there is no one in the village."

"Indeed!" replied the captain, "the rogues have played the same trick, then, as they did at Calcadas de Dropeza; they have abandoned it; so much the better, we shall be able to eat without being disturbed by the infernal squalling of their women. Come, boys, maraud away! as the great prince says, who commands us."

And all the officers burst into a loud laugh. Meanwhile they reached the village place, and were struck dumb at sight of the torrents of wine, which were not yet licked up by the thirsty soil, and heaps of calcined bread, which remained there to brave them, as Dolores had said.

"They must be real demons these Spaniards!" at length cried the hungry and grievously disappointed soldier; "did any one ever see bread burnt and wine thrown away in this manner?"

And they raised the wine-skins, but not a drop remained—all was lost.

When the soldiers were convinced that there was not the least provision left in the village, mad, impotent fury seized possession of them. They uttered horrible threats of future vengeance, and darting from one deserted house to another, exclaimed that they would fire the village. It would be dangerous to attempt to stem such a torrent, the officers said; so they sate down sadly on those very same steps of stone, from whence Dolores had addressed the inhabitants, and waited until the soldiers had snatched a brief repose before departing for Medina in search of food. Suddenly, at the moment when their spirits were at the lowest, they heard loud cries of joy, and saw some of the troop running towards them laden with divers wine-bags, and a number of those white and compact loaves, which are made nowhere so well as in Spain.

"Captain! captain!" cried a corporal, "here is a booty, which gives me more pleasure than a necklace of fine pearls, which I found at Cairo, when we were in Egypt! 'Twas I discovered it."

"No, I!" exclaimed a sergeant.

"With all respect to you, sergeant, 'twas I," said a soldier, who now stood forward, his hand to his schako.

"Well, well, silence all," cried the captain; "what matters it who was the finder, since here it is? Come, boys, as we've not much time, eat and drink away."

At this moment two soldiers, having between them a woman carrying a child in her arms, and hurrying her brutally along, arrived before the captain: it was Dolores. She was pale, but walked with a firm step, and her eyes were cast on the ground. Although her dress was that of a woman in ordinary life, the officer arose, and mechanically raised his hat.

"Do you belong to this village?" he asked, with something like politeness; for he was young, and Dolores beautiful.

"Yes," answered the young woman.

"Why is it deserted, and you alone here?"

"Because all our inhabitants have fled into the Sierra, the Pena de Francia, and I was compelled to stay behind with my infant son, and paralytic grandmother."

"Why was this bread burnt?"

"In order that you might find none at your arrival. Spanish flour must not be kneaded for Frenchmen."

At this moment a soldier was about to tap one of the leathern bottles to drink the wine it contained: a thought crossed the brain of the lieutenant, who was older, a not unusual thing, than the captain.

"Why was not this wine poured away like the rest?" said he to Dolores.

"Because I hoped to conceal it—but"—a look of hatred filled up the sentence.

"Is it good?"

"Yes, undoubtedly."

"Well, then, you can have no objection to set us the example by tasting it?"

" No."

And she extended her hand to the captain. He filled a silver cup, which he carried about him, with the liquor, and Dolores drank it off, cool and calm.

" If it is such good wine, you can feel no hesitation at giving some of it to your child?"

A slight tremulousness shook the mother's hand, but so faint that the practised eye of a mother could alone have caught it. She took the cup, placed it to the poor angel's lips, and after gave it back to the lieutenant.

" Now you may drink away, you fellows," said the captain to the soldiers; " only leave one bag untouched."

Whilst hearing him Dolores fancied she saw the heavens open with a mighty flash, and her father and husband, surrounded by her brethren, smiling sweetly upon her!

But at the same instant, the young and feeble creature she pressed convulsively to her breast, and who was anon about to die, felt the first paroxysms of the poison, which the wine so abundantly contained. It was arsenic! The poor infant turned pale, then blue, then writhed in horrible convulsions. The wretched mother struggled for a moment against the terrible sight; but soon she was herself attacked by like torments: her son's cries troubled her reason.

" Pardon, my sweet angel!" she passionately exclaimed, throwing herself on her knees, and laying her son at the foot of the huge stone cross. " Pardon, my child, my joy, my treasure! thy mother will soon rejoin thee!"

" Wretch!" cried the officer, " the wine was poisoned then!"

Dolores arose and stood before those horror-struck men, with a majesty almost divine. She was doubly pale with the terrible emotion that bewildered her brain, and the poison, which already ran riot through every vein.

" Yes," said she, with a bitter smile, " yes, you are right, and me it was who mixed the deadly draught. Vile executioners of all I held dear on earth! In the short space of a month ye have slain my father, my four brethren, and my husband. Yes, ye are poisoned! Curses on you—curses on France! I call on God to curse ye at the point of death, and the malediction of the dying is always fatal."

At this moment a fresh cry from her infant made her run to his side. The officers, two of whom had not as yet tasted, would fain have saved her from the fury of the soldiers, who wished to massacre her, and therefore threw themselves between their rage and its object; but the wretched woman had now lost all hope or fear. Her little Manuel had just expired in horrible convulsions, and she held him in her arms, cold, pale, swollen, distorted and a ghastly object.

" Monsters," she cried madly, " monsters of barbarity! 'Tis ye who have impelled me to this horrid deed, for nought more dreadful can there be than slaying one's own son! But no," she continued, clasping her hands and lifting them to Heaven, " no, I am not guilty! what would have become of thee, poor orphan? Thou wouldst have been a slave, compelled to wear the chain of hated France! No, blessed be thy mother, she has saved thee! Curses—curses—on

France—curses—curses!" and she fell down, muttering prayers and maledictions in wild confusion.

Then it was impossible any longer to restrain the maddened soldiery; they precipitated themselves on the misguided woman, who, seizing her infant's corse, would fain have had it share her fate, although it could no longer feel. Scarce had she uttered one feeble groan, before thirty knives had reached her heart! she fell on the steps of the cross, still tightly clasping her dead child in her arms. The soldiers seized her, despite the orders of their chiefs, hurled her lifeless body in the waters of the Zaparadiel, after having first fastened large stones to the arms and feet. It sunk at once with a sullen splash.

Instant assistance was afforded to the wretched victims of her vengeance, but, despite every care, thirty-seven perished in consequence of this disastrous adventure.

W. A.

IRISH SONG.

MA AILLEEN ASHSTORE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

When waking with the rosy day,
From golden dreams of thee,
I watch the orient sunbeams play,
Along the purple sea;
O then I could not choose but weep,
As thou wert mine no more,
Ah, gramachree, ma cholleenonge,
Ma Ailleen Ashstore!

When twilight brings the weeping hours,
That sadden all the grove,
And angels leave their starry bowers
To watch o'er faithful love,
Thy *parting words*, to me so sweet,
I breathe them o'er and o'er,
Ah, gramachree, ma cholleenonge,
Ma Ailleen Ashstore!

But soon they'll lay me in the grave,
Where broken hearts should be;
And when, beyond the distant wave,
Thou dream'st of meeting me,
My sorrows all will be forgot,
And all the love I bore,
Ah, gramachree, ma cholleenonge,
Ma Ailleen Ashstore!

THE EXCOMMUNICATED.

BY CONOLLY MEARES.

THE little town of Abergavenny, so familiar to the numerous fraternity of "Tourists in Wales," has grown larger indeed, and gayer in appearance than it was in the reign of Harry of Monmouth; but the clear stream and wooded banks of the Usk are still the same, and the surrounding mountains, the Sugarloaf with its satellite hills, the picturesque Skyrrid, and the broad mass of the Blorenge, are unchanged and unchangeable, "such as creation's dawn beheld." Not so with the human beings who peopled these hills and dales at the period referred to, for "as are the leaves, such is the race of men;" all pass away and are forgotten, save the great or the good,—the chosen few whose splendid deeds, or blessed memories, have still a power to interest, even after the lapse of four hundred years.

At a short distance beyond the town-wall of Abergavenny, on the road to Ross, just behind St. Mary's Priory, there stood a small compact house, with several outbuildings attached, and a wooden lamb over the door, hanging by the middle, under which was the name of "Griffith Howell, Flannel-maker." The letters were of large size, and by no means difficult to read, yet they seemed to puzzle a traveller, who came from the town, and passed backward and forward before the house two or three times, looking earnestly towards it. At length he opened the little gate in front, and walking slowly over a small green plot, raised the door-latch in a hesitating manner, and entered a low square room, indifferently well furnished, and occupied on one side by a large open press, the different compartments in which were filled with bundles of flannel made up for sale. The sound of his entry brought in a young girl of nineteen or twenty from an inner apartment, who had dropped her curtsey, and was proceeding to ask what he pleased to want, before her start, her sudden blush, and the bright smile with which she held out both hands to greet him, showed that the new-comer was very far from being a stranger. He was a young man of three or four-and-twenty, rather tall, but slightly made and pale, like a poor student; his air was thoughtful and subdued, with a touch of shyness in it, contrasting strongly at first sight with the ruddy cheeks and plump figure of his pretty companion. And yet, after all, there was a resemblance between them. For though she had the short stature and round face of a Welsh lassie, and was in the full bloom of health, still there was a considerate conscientious look in her dark eyes, and a general quietness of manners, which betokened a disposition like his own, imbued with a natural sense of right, and strong in the power of patient suffering.

"Gwyneth," he said, after the first inquiries were over, "I have finished my studies at Oxford, and must now turn me to some useful pursuit for a living. My mother says, the farm is too much for her to manage, and would have me settle down to it like my father."

"But then all your learning, Hugh, will be of no use, will it?"

"Not much," he said with a smile, "and that is what makes me hesitate. I have some thoughts," he continued slowly, and carefully looking up to the ceiling, "of—of keeping a school."

"A school!" she exclaimed, in undisguised consternation.

The student grew nervous, twisted his cap, and looked like a boy going to be flogged.

"You don't like it?" he said at last.

"Why," replied Gwyneth, seeing he was a little annoyed, "I always thought of living at the farm, to be sure, and making hay and minding the cows, and helping your mother. And then a school is so different. It will be all noise and bustle from morning to night—and I can do so little to help you."

"O but," he replied, more confidently, "I am going to have the farm, too. The school will be only in the daytime; we shall have all the evenings to ourselves, and you will be helping me just the same by making hay and minding the cows."

Gwyneth brightened up considerably. Still she was not quite satisfied. "Why keep a school at all?"

"Can you ask me?" he said reproachfully. "Have I not spent six years in gathering knowledge and learning the way of truth? and now, when there are so many thousands growing up in darkness and utter ignorance, would you have me sit down at my ease, without making an effort to teach them what I have learned? We are bound to do all the good we can to others, and that's the reason why I wish to keep a school."

The sudden eloquence of her betrothed excited Gwyneth's admiration, and his simple notions of duty corresponded exactly with her own. The tears stood in her eyes, as she placed her hand in his, told him he was quite right, and that she had been very foolish to make any objection.

The young couple were interrupted by Dame Howell, a tall bony woman, whose small gray eyes, thin lips, and sharp manners, indicated very accurately her severe and prying disposition. She received Hugh coldly enough, and soon found some pretence to send Gwyneth away to the workroom. The student immediately rose, muttered something about his horse, and, after accepting an invitation to return to supper, got out of the house as fast as he could. Dame Howell, in fact, was a rigid Catholic, one who kept fast and feast, performed penances exactly, and unhesitatingly received as gospel what the Church believed. Master Hugh Bainham had his own reasons for avoiding all controversy just then, but on former occasions he had often disputed with her on points of doctrine or practice, and had avowed opinions which, in her judgment, were downright heretical. Partly from this cause, and partly from a sister-in-law's dislike to see Gwyneth well married, Dame Bridget would not have been sorry to break off the match between them. However, at five o'clock the student took his seat at the supper-table, after a hearty welcome from Griffith Howell, a short, square-set man of about forty, of a frank and hospitable temper, though choleric enough at times. His wife generally managed him by her superior art and cleverness, but had him in

great fear notwithstanding, from his headlong violence when roused. The table was spread with bacon, oat-cakes, eggs, fresh apples, honey, butter and cheese, with a jug of milk, and another of cwrrw; Master Hugh said grace, and the sturdy flannel-maker immediately fell to. Not so with his sharp dame, who had noticed that the grace was in English, and demanded of Hugh how it was he did not say it like Father Paul?

"What does he say?" inquired the student.

"Nay," she replied, "that I can't tell, but it was all Latin like the blessed mass, and your's was in common English."

"There are many forms used at Oxford," he replied evasively, adding, by way of turning the conversation, "Father Paul, I suppose, belongs to St. Mary's here?"

"Bless me," exclaimed the dame, "don't you know Father Paul, the monk of Llanthony, as he is called? the most blessed saint that ever was, a perfect pattern of holiness. He has nothing for a bed but a little straw on the stone floor, and never takes anything to eat but black bread or broth."

"Like enough, like enough," interrupted Griffith, "and yet never the better saint mayhap. Llanthony's a poor place now, almost tumbling about their ears; and as to eating black bread, its odds if they can get any better."

"If the good fathers are poor," rejoined Bridget, "it is because they have been robbed of their dues, as every one knows. They at Gloucester have got the riches, but they have no such man among them as Father Paul."

"Tut, tut," said Griffith, "there's as good in St. Mary's, and better too. That's something like an abbey, and Father Ambrose looks as a priest should. For my part, I don't know what business t'other has to come here at all."

Here Bridget, dreading lest her good man should put a stop to the monk's visits, prudently held her tongue; and Hugh took advantage of the pause to say, that he intended returning home that night, and should be glad to walk out with Gwyneth, if she could be spared.

"To be sure, to be sure," said Griffith heartily; "unless," he added, with a wink, "Gwynny would rather not:" and then he broke out into a loud laugh, as his sister blushed and turned bashfully away. Dame Bridget could muster up no plausible objection, so Hugh and his betrothed set off on a lover's stroll towards the village of Llanthewy.

It was a bright summer evening, in the middle of August; the reapers were busy in the fields which lay around the town, and in the valley between the Great and Little Skyrrid, up which the young couple had taken their way. The heat of noon had subsided into a warm glow of milk-like softness, and the western sky, with its crimson-tipped clouds floating in golden light, seemed like a spirit's paradise of sunny air. The wish to escape from the haunts of men, and to stand nearer to the glorious heavens was strong in both their hearts, and by a common impulse, they turned off to the left, and began to climb up the Skyrrid Vawr. They found the ascent by no means difficult, but fatiguing enough, from the slipperiness of the parched brown

grass, so that Gwyneth was forced to rest several times before reaching the top; though as Hugh, for greater safety, always clasped her round the waist, on such occasions, perhaps she may have rested a little oftener and longer than was absolutely requisite. They walked along the ridge which forms the summit of the mountain for nearly a mile, and found it so narrow as scarcely to afford them an easy footing, the sides shelving down sheer into the valley below, while the ridge itself sloped upward the whole way until it rose at the northern end into a sort of precipitous peak, on the very point of which stood the little chapel of St. Michael, the resort of many a pilgrim from motives of piety or penance. From this elevation they looked round with boundless admiration on the magnificent prospect beneath. To the south, the eye ranged far and wide over the undulating woodland county of Monmouth, towards the estuary of the Severn, and the Somersetshire hills beyond. To the east, the high lands of the Forest of Dean, and about Monmouth and Ross, were backed by the Malvern and other more distant ranges. The Graig Vawr, the brown round top of Garway Hill, the fertile slopes of Herefordshire, and some distant peaks in Shropshire, filled up the northern quarter; while on the west, nothing was to be seen but ranges of dark gray hills, traversed by a network of winding glens with the Sugarloaf peak in the centre, and the town of Abergavenny lying to the left below.

"There is our farm," said the student, pointing to the little village of Clodock, in Herefordshire, two or three miles to the north; "and there," pointing to the northwest, "is the Vale of Ewias, where Llanthony Abbey lies; and that large house, or castle, on this side of the hill, is Oldcastle."

"Well," said Gwyneth, "though I have seen it often enough from the road, I should never have known it from this. What a pity Sir John Oldcastle is such a wicked man!"

Hugh Bainham's countenance lost its animation at once; he reddened, grew pale again, and at last, with an effort at indifference, asked why Sir John Oldcastle, or the Lord Cobham, as he was generally called, was to be set down as wicked?

"Because he is a heretic," she replied, "and a very bad man, that never goes to mass, and wants to pull down all the churches besides."

"And who was it," said Hugh, laughing, "that told you these terrible stories?"

"Why, sister Bridget for one; but everybody says just the same."

"Not every one, Gwyneth," he replied gravely; "thank God there are still left in England some who know the truth and honour its champions. I have seen the Lord Cobham many times, and know well that he is a good and charitable man, and one who would build up churches instead of pulling them down. He gives great part of his estate to the poor, and would have them taught the real truth, instead of errors and fables; for the which he is much hated and ill-spoken of, especially by monks and priests."

"O, if he is good to the poor, he cannot be so very bad," she rejoined; "and I believe Bridget had the story from Father Paul, who is a very hard man, and made the worst of it, I dare say."

With this remark she dropped the subject, and resumed her ques-

tions about the farm, &c., to which, however, her lover paid little attention. He seemed anxious and absent, frequently answering at random, as if his thoughts were elsewhere. At length he took his betrothed by the hand, appeared to nerve himself for an effort, and said, with a faint smile and apprehensive look, "What would you say, Gwyneth, if my opinions were like those of the Lord Cobham?"

"Indeed, Hugh," she answered, a little frightened by his manner, "I don't know what to say about such things; but I know you wouldn't believe anything that wasn't according to the church, and what the priest teaches us."

"You are partly right, Gwyneth, but not quite. I am one of many who think the priests wrong in some matters, and that the church has been corrupted by them. We want to bring things back to what they were in old times, and ought to be now; to make people really good Catholics, instead of worshipping images, and praying to saints; and to have priests of holy living, instead of vicious, and covetous, and idle, as too many be now."

"Well, I think there can't be much harm in that; only, Hugh, don't let the learning make you too high-hearted."

"Yes, but Gwyneth, you do not understand yet. The king has made a law against us, and the bishops are set upon punishing those of our way of thinking, and I may be brought into great trouble about it by-and-bye."

She looked up in his face with quiet affection, pressed his hand gently, and said with glistening eyes,

"If they trouble you, Hugh dear, I am sure it will be without reason, for you are as good and kind as any can be, and I shall only love you the more for it. So you shall tell me all about it another time, for we must go home now."

Before leaving the mountain, they entered the little chapel of St. Michael, and Gwyneth, kneeling before his image, repeated a string of aves and paternosters; Hugh Bainham was about to kneel beside her, but checked himself instantly, and turning to the door offered up in silence a vesper prayer. With hands clasped together, and hearts full of "gentle feelings and affections," the betrothed couple took one more look at the glorious sunset, and then retraced their steps from the summit of the Skyrrid Vawr.

The persecution against the followers of Wickliffe, to which the student had alluded, was hotly followed up in the first years of Henry the Fifth. Even Lord Cobham, the king's personal friend, had been summoned before the synod of the clergy, and committed to the Tower as a contumacious heretic: nor was this a solitary instance. Everywhere the more zealous among the priests and monks were searching out and bringing to punishment the unfortunate Lollards; and within three months of Hugh Bainham's return from Oxford to his native village of Clodock, a secret enemy had already denounced him to the Bishop of Hereford.

In a small crypt-like room, or oratory, in the bishop's palace, on the first of November, sat the prelate himself, together with two other ecclesiastics, one of whom was the Prior of St. Mary's, Abergavenny, and the other no less a person than Father Paul, the celebrated monk

of Llanthony. He was a tall gaunt man in the black dress of his order, the canons regular of St. Austin. Their rule was more austere than that of any other of St. Austin's followers, and, from the wasted figure and haggard features of Father Paul, it was evident that he carried out its precepts with the utmost exactness, if indeed he did not add to their severity. A narrow wrinkled forehead, marked by prominent bony ridges from the scalp to the temples, deep-sunk eyes, straight thin bloodless lips, and a stern ascetic expression, told at one glance the character of the man. He was standing before the other two with a scroll in his hand, as if eager to make some communication, but restrained by respect for his superior, and by long habit of mental discipline.

"I have desired your presence here," said the bishop, turning to the prior of St. Mary's, "that I may have the aid of your knowledge and experience in a matter which our brother of Llanthony has brought before us touching this heresy of the Lollards." The prior bowed his head. "You know how this pestilent sect has increased of late years, and how the church has at length aroused herself, and punished many by spiritual censures, and even by delivering them over to the secular arm to suffer death, more especially in the case of that heretic and traitor, the Lord Cobham, who was to have been burnt at the stake on Friday last."

"*Was* to have been?" exclaimed Father Paul inquiringly.

"Even so," resumed the bishop, "for I learn by letters missive from Lambeth, that on Thursday night, being the Feast of the blessed St. Simon and Jude, he escaped from the Tower, it is said by the aid of his lady and a servant. Now, as his house of Oldcastle is in your neighbourhood, it would be well to keep watch over those who frequent it, so that he may not harbour there."

"That will I do," said the deep voice of Father Paul, "and by sure means too. This Hugh Bainham," he added, touching the scroll in his hand, "is a follower of that same arch-heretic. Will it please you to hear the proof against him?"

"In good time, brother—in good time," replied the prelate with great dignity. "In truth, I fear you have been somewhat over-zealous in this matter, for I bethink me your immediate superior, the Prior of Llanthony, was not consulted thereon."

"Reverend Father," replied the monk deferentially, "you know how our poor abbey of St. John has been spoiled and plundered to enrich her own daughter, the Church of St. Mary, near Gloucester, and how none are sent thither but the old and infirm, as to an almshouse. Father Clement is well-stricken in years, and feeble withal."

"Well, well," interrupted the bishop, who was perfectly aware of the fact, but always discouraged 'evil speaking of dignities;' "we will let that pass for the present. You say," he went on, referring to a paper before him, "that Hugh Bainham, of Clodock, in the county of Hereford, is a heretic, and out of belief, inasmuch as he denies the mystery of transubstantiation."

"A fearful error!" ejaculated the good Prior of St. Mary's.

"And farther maintains that the bowing down to images, and praying to the Virgin, and the blessed saints, is altogether idolatrous."

"His very words," said the monk bitterly.

"Besides which, it is certain that he has most part of the Bible translated into common English, which he both reads himself, and would have others do the like. These," resumed the prelate, are grave charges, subjecting the offender both to excommunication by the church, and to suffer death by the secular laws. What are the proofs against him?"

"Their name is legion, for they are many," answered the monk. "Besides divers witnesses among those whom he had endeavoured to pervert, there is a devout woman, one Dame Bridget Howell, who has often rebuked him for his shameless heresies. And there is also a maiden in her dwelling, to whom this Bainham is betrothed, and who doubtless is fully instructed in all these matters."

"Nay, brother," said the prior, in a deprecating tone, "that were hard measure. The maiden is a good Catholic, as I myself can testify, and by no means inclined to the evil learning of Wickliffe."

"There is the more reason then to save her from temptation," re-oined Father Paul. "But, in truth, no proof will be needed, for his Hugh Bainham is a stiff-necked, presumptuous heretic, and will penly maintain his detestable doctrines, even in the face of the hurch."

The bishop intimated his satisfaction with this part of the case by grave inclination of the head, and falling back in his chair, appeared o be revolving in his own mind the proper course to pursue. Unnfluenced by the bigoted zeal of the Monk of Llanthony, he yet felt : incumbent on him, as one of the heads of the church, to put down eretical errors so glaring and dangerous as those of the Lollards had ecome. Considering the business, however, rather in a judicial tatesmanlike manner, than with the heated feelings of a partizan, he oubted the expediency of fixing upon one so obscure as Hugh Bainam by way of example.

"The man is but a yeoman's son," he observed, "and there be nany of more mark and station, against whom proof of heresy might asily be procured."

The prior bowed in acquiescence, but Father Paul, with difficulty uppressing his disgust at this cold-blooded calculation, perseveringly upported his charge.

"Reverend father," he said, "it is true Master Bainham is but a eoman's son, yet he has been at Oxford, and made himself a name here for learning, so that his exemplary punishment will be a wholesome check on that university, which is unhappily so deeply ainted."

Here the bishop nodded, and made a note on the paper before him.

"Besides which he is at this moment gathering scholars from the neighbourhood, under pretence of instructing them in secular learning, but without doubt intending to lead them astray, to the imminent peril of their souls."

The prelate knit his brows, and put out his under lip; then shaking his head expressively, wrote again upon the scroll.

"At Oxford he was a follower of that accursed man, the Monk of Byland, and of the Lord Cobham also, whom, I doubt not, he will assist at need; and so the heretics will draw to a head in these parts, for want of speedy judgment against them."

Once more the bishop made a note; then pausing for a while to review the several charges, he turned to the prior, and inquired if there was anything he wished to say in favour of the accused? The good father shook his head mournfully, and attempted no defence.

"If that be so," resumed the bishop, "he must certainly answer to the accusation; and if he continue in his pernicious errors, and refuse to recant them in open church, we will pronounce against him the censure of excommunication, which has of late been too rarely employed."

"The heretic, William Sawtry," remarked Father Paul, "was delivered over to the secular arm, to be burned at the stake. Should not this Hugh Bainham undergo the like?"

"We have delivered our sentence," returned the bishop, with a dignified wave of the hand; "the weapons of the church are sufficient of themselves, and there is somewhat in the pains of burning which misleads ignorant spectators into pity for the heretic, instead of detestation for his impious doctrines. This is now the day of All Saints; we will cite the accused to appear before us on the morrow of St. Andrew, when, if he submit himself to the church, his backsliding may be atoned for by severe penance and open recantation. But if he persist in disregard of the church's authority, we will assuredly excommunicate him in the most public and solemn manner."

With this declaration the conference broke up, the prelate intimating to his fellow-councillors, as a matter of course, that accommodations for the night awaited them in the palace. To his great surprise, however, Father Paul humbly desired leave to return at once to Llanthony, although the day was already far advanced, and the weather by no means propitious. The bishop, with courteous hospitality, pressed him to remain for one night at the least, but finding him bent on his purpose, no further objection was made, and the Monk of Llanthony, with a low obeisance, left the presence of his superior, probably to the mutual relief of both parties. A lay-brother from the abbey, and three peasants from Clodock, had accompanied him to Hereford; these were now summoned, and the whole party mounted their horses, and set forward.

For some miles they took the main road to Abergavenny, which lay over a cultivated country, and was in tolerable condition, but when, at the village of St. Devereux, they turned off to the right, the bye-road soon degenerated into a mere hill-path, distinguishable only by its freedom from heath and fern. The sun was just sitting behind the Black Mountains in their front, as they entered on this track; the wind was rising every hour, and occasional showers drove heavily by as precursors of the coming storm. Still the monk rode on indifferent to time and tide, until the lay-brother, thinking it impossible to reach Llanthony that night, ventured to remind him of their situation, and suggest the necessity of seeking shelter until the morrow. They were just descending into the valley of the river Dove, to the

right of an old Saxon village, which once formed part of the demesne of Harold the Fair-haired. A small monastery, or rather cell, attached to the Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter's at Gloucester, stood on the bank of the stream between the travellers and the village, and there it was the monk's attendant proposed to claim a night's hospitality. But Father Paul briefly replied that he was resolved to reach Longtown that night, so as to cross the mountains at earliest dawn; and the poor lay-brother, with many a wishful look at the sheltering walls and lighted windows, which stood so temptingly on the left, was obliged once more to face the chilling west wind, and pick his way as well as he could through the swampy or precipitous ground over which their journey lay. Long before they reached their destination, it had become quite dark, and but for the sagacity of the peasants' horses, to whom the track was familiar, they might easily have wandered far away from the path. As it was, the whole party entered Longtown in safety about eight o'clock in the evening; the Clodock villagers turned off to their respective homes, and the monk, with his follower, drew up their tired horses at a small inn or hostelrie, bearing the sign of the Dragon. Father Paul dismounted in an absent manner, and scarce returning the reverence of mine host, or noticing the bright fire that blazed so cheerfully within, he paced up and down, muttering to himself, stopped suddenly as if a new thought had struck him, glanced towards the black mass in front, and after a minute's pause, announced to the astonished lay-brother his intention to cross the mountains to Llanthony that instant.

"Brother David," he said, "you will go round with the beasts in the morning. For me, I hope to join the brethren at midnight service."

And with this abrupt intimation he disappeared in the darkness, long before either his attendant or mine host of the Dragon recovered from their astonishment.

"Cross the Mynyd Cadair hills by night!" ejaculated the latter, in his native Welsh dialect.

"And he has eaten nothing the whole day but a crust of bread," added the lay-brother.

"Nay," said Boniface with a somewhat affronted air, "an the Dragon had been a witch's den, it might have served his reverence for a night's lodging at least. But mayhap it is not good enough even for a lay-brother from the rich Abbey of Llanthony."

The poor half-starved servitor hastened to appease his resentment, and being relieved from the dread of Father Paul, his complaisance led him to quaff the host's liquor so freely, and laugh at his jokes so heartily, that his head began to be affected, and in the true conventual spirit he launched forth in laudations of his own particular monastery. He could not boast of its riches indeed, for every one was aware of its miserable poverty, but its sanctity was a never-ending theme. St. David himself, the patron saint of Wales, had been the original founder; Milo de Lacy and the good Bishop Ernesius, had lived there as hermits in the odour of sanctity; and though in the wars of King Stephen the brethren had been forced to leave it for a time, and the new Abbey of St. Mary's was built for them near Gloucester;

which all the wealth of the former had been transferred, still the palm of superior holiness belonged to the old abbey of St. John, of which Father Paul was the most illustrious ornament. Fearful were the tales he told of the monk's supernatural powers, of his extraordinary knowledge, and of the terrible penances he underwent; how he scourged himself till the blood ran in streams under the door of his cell, and how he wore next his skin shirts of horsehair bound tight with a chain of rusty iron. Boniface listened to this account in great wonderment, and at every pause took a long pull at the tankard, or pitched a fresh log on the fire, as if the bare recital of such mortifications excited in him a keener sense of his own bodily comforts.

Meantime the monk of Llanthony hurried through the village, forded the Olchon brook, and strode over the level ground beyond, as though he strove to suppress by physical exertion the bitter feelings which wrought within him. He soon reached the foot of the Hatteril or Black Mountains, which bar in the Vale of Ewias on the east, and pressed up the ascent until want of breath compelled him to pause. He looked back, and shook his hand fiercely towards the place where Clodock lay invisible in the gloom.

"He shall die," he muttered, "he shall die the death; the fire shall utterly consume the accursed Achan. And that arch-heretic," turning in the direction of Oldcastle, "where should he fly, but to his old den? And who should aid him there, but they of his own devilish creed? Yes, the pit is digged for them both; they are delivered into my hands, and the secular laws shall avenge the church's wrongs."

Once more he resumed his journey, but he was now fairly on the side of the mountain, and the ascent grew difficult and laborious. At one time he would toil steadily upwards until his sinews ached and demanded rest; then he would climb with hand and foot up some steep bit of rock, slipping perpetually, and cutting his legs against the sharp stones; then again he would make a rush for twenty yards or so until his limbs gave way under him, and he dropped on the grass powerless; still the moment his strength returned he resolutely bent him to the task, until he reached at length the summit of the ridge, and threw himself exhausted upon the dripping fern. For several minutes he lay panting there, while the sleety rain beat upon him, and the wind tossed his black robes about like feathers; the mountain itself had hitherto shielded him in some degree, but now he lay exposed to the whole violence of the storm. As he rose from the ground, wet, chilled, and shivering, a fierce blast drove him staggering backwards, nor was it without some difficulty that he kept his footing on the ridge as he strode along. But the man's spirit was untamed.

"So would I have it, so would I have it," he uttered aloud. "Thus would I struggle with the prince of the power of the air, even as the blessed St. Dunstan was wont to do. Ay, then indeed the church had her strong men, her Samsons, to tear in pieces the beasts of prey that attacked her. But now her bishops are politic forsooth, and cold of heart, like him of Hereford. They hold the sword in vain, and suffer the heretics to run rampant about the heritage, instead of smiting them, hip and thigh, with a great slaughter. There," he continued, in great excitement, as Llanthony Abbey was distin-

guished far below in the darkness by lights in the oriel window—"there again is a shame and a disgrace to a christian land. That house of God, once an abode of holy men, a stronghold of the church, a light shining in the darkness, is plundered to maintain a race of idle drones, who are but an offence and a stumbling-block in our path. A few old and infirm monks are all that remain of the brotherhood, yet none take these things to heart, or cry to the great White Throne for vengeance. How long! how long!" he shouted wildly, tossing his arms in the tempest. The next moment, as if goaded to madness by his own thoughts, he dashed suddenly down the mountain with headlong violence. Now he slid down a considerable distance, now went plunging and tramping among the furze and brambles; here and there he fell over large stones, or grated his flesh down a slope of gravel. All was pitchy darkness, and his escapes were innumerable; but at length he stepped right into the bed of a little rill, his foot sunk in, he staggered forward, fell, and in a moment rolled down the mountain-side at a frightful rate, until he was stopped, in a senseless state, by the inclosures on the slope of the hill. Fortunately he was not seriously injured, and in a few minutes his faculties returned. Though terribly shaken and bruised, he managed to rise and limp painfully forward. His long habits of endurance now stood him in stead, as slowly he felt his way in the thick darkness of the valley, sometimes literally crawling over the ground to relieve the tortures of his wounded feet. At length he reached the abbey wall, passed the lighted chapel, and knocked at the western gate. The lay brother who admitted him uttered a cry of surprise and terror at the ghastly figure, covered with blood, that entered the portal. It was at first supposed that Father Paul had been attacked by robbers, but when he recovered strength so far as to inform them of his voluntary pilgrimage, the community were enchanted by his saint-like heroism. And when the good fathers entered their chapel, and began their midnight chaunt, the indomitable monk of Llanthony, to the great amazement of the brotherhood, stood in his place, and bore his part with a stedfast disregard of bodily suffering that, in other times, and in another cause, might have given him a high rank in the noble army of martyrs. He possessed in a high degree the energy that conquers pain, and the lofty power of soul which the clear spirit can raise, to scorn delight and live laborious days; and such high gifts must ever be respected and admired, however mean the object on which they may be employed.

The news that a sumner had been at Clodock, and left a citation for Hugh Bainham to appear before the Bishop of Hereford, soon spread through the country. Dame Howell made no attempt to conceal her share in the transaction, and even exulted in it; Griffiths, too, looked grave whenever the subject was mentioned, and with difficulty allowed his sister to spend a day with Hugh's mother at the farm. There, however, the poor girl found but little comfort; the student himself was so pale, and his kindness to her so mournful, while his mother, an active, bustling little body, kept up a constant succession of reproaches, lamentations, and entreaties, from morning to night. On her return to Abergavenny, accompanied by Hugh,

Gwyneth's anxious inquiries were met by the declaration that he could not abandon his principles, and that he was prepared to suffer whatever might happen.

"But the church, Hugh, the church must be right, and we ought not to set ourselves against it."

"The church," he would reply, "has herself gone astray, following the traditions and inventions of men. I believe all that the apostles and the early fathers taught, but not the corruptions of popes and councils."

Gwyneth did not comprehend this, and feared that learning had made the student presumptuous; she felt depressed and unhappy from a presentiment of approaching misfortune; and when, on arriving in sight of Griffith's house, it was time to part, she dropped her head on her betrothed's shoulder, and wept like a frightened child.

"Take care, dear Hugh, pray, pray take care," sobbed the affectionate girl; "everybody is trying to do you harm—sister Bridget as bad as any; and that terrible man, Father Paul, wanted *me* to join against you—he did indeed, and spoke so frightfully when I refused." The student did his best to calm the apprehensions of his betrothed, though far from believing them groundless; but when he had seen her safe at the flannel-maker's, and was retracing his way alone, the danger of his situation pressed heavily on his thoughts. William Thorpe had been imprisoned five years before; Sawtry and many others had suffered at the stake; Lord Cobham, too, had escaped from death only by a fortunate chance, and was even then a hunted and outlawed man. Why might not he too be destined for another victim? And if he were, what would be the misery of Gwyneth and his mother? He shuddered at the very thought, and began earnestly to consider whether he were indeed sacrificing all things for the truth, or whether he were not tempted astray by dangerous and deceitful errors. In vain he struggled with these painful doubts, which the fear of bringing wretchedness upon others had conjured up;—he could not banish them, and longed for some friendly councillor to whom to confide his distress.

It was dark when he had forded the Honddwy river, and was proceeding at a slow pace up the vale of the Monnow, close at the foot of the Black Mountains, when, on reaching a bye-road which turned off on the left to Oldcastle, he was not a little startled by a rough voice calling out, in guarded tones, "Hillo! chut! chut! Is that Master Hugh Bainham?"

"Who calls?" replied the student, gathering up the reins, and e ttling himself for a gallop, in case of need.

"Speak low," said the invisible questioner sharply. "I know your voice, Master Hugh, and you should know mine—I am Ralph Harpool."

"What! Ralph Harpool, the Lord—"

"Chut, chut," repeated the man, coming up close—"he is there, and waits your coming, an' you be not afeard."

"I am ready, quite ready," replied Hugh, turning his horse's head to the left.

"No, no," said Harpool gruffly—"no horse-tracks to Oldcastle;

tie the beast up in the field here, and he'll be safe enough when you come back."

This was soon done, and the student followed Lord Cobham's servant up the hill-side to the fortified house which formed the good knight's slender patrimony, and from which he derived his own name. On his subsequent marriage with Joan, widow of Sir Nicholas Haubergh and grandaughter and heiress of the old Lord Cobham, Sir John Oldcastle assumed the title of Lord Cobham, and became possessed of Cowling Castle, and many rich manors in Kent, where he commonly resided. His recent escape from the Tower was known to everyone, and Harpool now confirmed the report that it had been effected by a change of clothes with Lady Cobham—a stratagem in the success of which he himself had no small share, and the recollection of which elicited a grim chuckle, his nearest approach to a laugh. After many precautions and watchwords, the two were admitted by an old retainer, who with his wife made up the whole household, and Lord Cobham received the student as composedly, and in as cheerful a manner, as if he were still a prosperous baron in his Kentish castle, instead of a proscribed heretic, seeking concealment in the Black Mountains.

"O, content you," he replied, in answer to an expostulation on the danger of his present refuge; "there is no safer place than Oldcastle just now. The sheriff and his posse searched every corner of it but yesterday, and will hardly trouble us again for some days, at the least. Our only strait is how to obtain sufficient provision without notice by the neighbours—in which matter, to say truth," he continued with a smile, "I look for some help at your hands, Master Bainham."

The student readily undertook to furnish the necessary supplies from his own farm, provided any one could be found to convey them safely.

"But it will be a dangerous service," he remarked, "for all eyes are upon me and mine."

"And why so, Master Hugh?" demanded Lord Cobham, somewhat coldly.

"Why so!" repeated the student in surprise. Surely you must have heard that I am cited to appear, on the third day from this, before the Bishop of Hereford, on a charge of heresy?"

The good lord's sudden start of surprise showed at once his entire ignorance of all that had occurred. With his usual warm-hearted interest in others, he forgot his own difficulties, and eagerly inquired into the particulars of Bainham's situation.

"It was the school," he remarked, when the student had ended—"it was the school that brought them upon you. These priests have a shrewd dislike to let the people be taught to think for themselves—and good reason too. As to that monk of Llanthony, I know him to be a bitter persecutor of the truth, and a dangerous enemy to deal with; nor can it be denied that you stand in great jeopardy."

Hugh then confessed the doubts which so recently assailed him, and his fears on account of Gwyneth and his mother.

"Ay," replied the old knight, shaking his head, "these be the

springes set for souls. Little blessing can be looked for in such connexions with the followers of Antichrist, as you now experience in this season of temptation. But I know you, Master Bainham, for one that is stronger than he thinks himself, and doubt not but you will quit yourself like a man."

He then gave a brief narrative of his own adventures, recounting the accusation brought against him by the synod, the king's friendly attempt to induce him to submit, and his broad denunciation of the papistical errors in reply.

"They cited me," continued the old knight, "as well as they could, for no sumner dared come nigh my castle; but I gave little heed to it, and so Archbishop Arundel excommunicated me for not appearing. I then rode to court, and in the king's presence offered to bring in an hundred knights who should purge me by oath of all heresies, or else to do battle, after the law of arms, with any one, heathen or christian, the king and the lords of his council excepted. But all was to no purpose; that hypocrite Arundel, and the bishops of London and Winchester declared such practices unchristian, and moreover not to be admitted to one under condemnation of the church, and so I was thrown into the Tower, and pressed with examinations, and exhortations, and the like, until they grew weary. You know, Master Bainham, what the upshot was, and how narrowly I escaped death at their hands; therefore bethink you in time, before entering into the lion's den."

"There is one that can deliver me," replied the student in a low tone—"I have no other hope."

"Nay, but why go at all?" urged his companion; "you cannot look for justice, and no man should lightly peril his life for nought. Besides," he added mysteriously, "the times may change, and that shortly too. There are thousands and tens of thousands at this moment ready to defend the right, if need be, and surely it were as well to flee for a season, or betterstill to join heartily in the common cause, than to die at the stake or in prison, as so many have done already."

Bainham answered, with some warmth, that there were many passages of Scripture to inculcate patience under suffering, but that he knew of none which justified resistance to the powers that be; and the Lord Cobham immediately dropping the subject, allowed his guest to depart, though not without pressing him, in the most friendly manner, to take refuge at Oldcastle in any emergency, provided, indeed, he escaped with life from the hands of the Philistines. The student expressed his gratitude in suitable terms, and left the old mansion with the same caution he had entered it. He made his way in the dark down to the field where his horse was tied, and reached the farm safely, without any one suspecting the dangerous interview which had just occurred.

It would seem, however, that the conveyance of provisions to Oldcastle was not conducted with equal secresy, for on the day before that on which Hugh Bainham was to appear at Hereford, a peasant from Clodock crossed the mountains, and gave information of what was going on to the monk of Llanthony. It required but

little sagacity to infer that Lord Cobham had taken refuge in his old house, and had opened a communication with his fellow-heretic—the difficulty was, how to bring this home to the latter, and how to ensure the capture of the former. Father Paul dismissed the peasant with strong injunctions to secresy, and retiring to his own cell, drew forth a parchment roll, on which a sort of chart or map was delineated. After studying this for some time, he placed it in his breast, and concealing a small lamp under his robes, proceeded at his usual slow pace through the western portal into the abbey enclosure. Exactly opposite, at a few yards' distance, stood the grand entrance, a fine massive archway, containing a porter's cell on each side. The outer front was even with the boundary wall, but the inner projected ten or twelve feet into the court, and in the two sides which thus stood at right angles to the principal front, smaller but deeply-sunk arches formed sheltering niches for the figures of St. James on the left, and St. John on the right. Father Paul entered the porter's cell, and, making some excuse to send the lay brothers away for a moment, lighted his lamp at the miserable charcoal fire, carefully hid it under his sleeve, and thus provided, turned into the niche on the right, and knelt before the image of St. John. One or two of the community, who noticed his movements from mere curiosity, supposed that this was some new penance which the monk had imposed on himself;—but if so, its duration was short, for in less than ten minutes he was no longer visible, though none of those who observed him had noticed the time of his departure.

SONNET.

MAN, as he journeys through this vale of tears,
Suffers from real causes and from fears
Which penetrate his bosom like a dart,
And the brow borrows sadness from the heart.
But when the pilgrim sinks into his rest
As the sun sets with glory in the west,
The heart has ceas'd to feel, the mind to mourn,
And smiles, which grac'd his happy hours, return;
His eyes, which stream'd with tears, no longer weep,
But seem reposing in a transient sleep.
Then what a blessed sight it is to trace
Angelic sweetness in a dead man's face!

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THE RUSTIC GOING TO COURT.

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

CHAPTER I.

THE joyous light of a bright, flickering, ruby-coloured, sparkling, crackling wood fire was throwing its warm comfort-giving radiance round a freshly-swept hearth, on which new logs had just been piled, diffusing its own cheery influence into every corner of the room which it was irradiating, and over every article of the goods and chattels therein contained. The blazing of a glowing fire is certainly the sunshine of home—the very household smile, and pleasant enough is it to see it with such an agreeable countenance. The light in question was gleaming brightly in an old-fashioned room wainscoted with oak grown black with time, with carved mouldings round the panels, the lead-casemented windows, with their little patchwork panes of glass, being sunk in deep embrasures, and the floor, likewise of oak, being rubbed and polished until it was as slippery as ice, and the walking over it a matter of as much peril. The fire itself was blazing on a hearth large enough for a dozen modern ones, flanked on either hand by a projecting wall, and so making a couple of the cosiest corners imaginable, on one side of which stood a settle, covered with red leather, as unlike a modern sofa as could well be imagined, not the least inciting to idleness and lounging, but rather preaching up dignity and decorum, and uprightness and downstraightness by its own example. A round table with carved legs, connected together by intersecting frameworks, was stationed in front of the fire, and along the square sides of the room stood rows of stiff, high-backed, uncomfortable-looking chairs, like soldiers drawn up in line. We omit a thousand little minutiæ in our description, because we will not willingly commit tediousness upon our readers, feeling somewhat afraid of being tried for that worst species of manslaughter.

So much for the chamber, and now for its occupants. Clustered round the fire was a group of happy rosy faces, full of that gleefulness which only childhood and youth can know. Aye, that is a happy age when the eyes are young enough to see everything the colour of the rose! and then how musical, how much finer than anything that Grisi or Lablache can give us, is the ringing sweetness of a merry laugh! just such as was now pealing round that happy hearth, where the fagots were crackling and blazing, and the crickets were chirping, and the old house-dog was gamboling, and the busy hum of a spinning-wheel, which was going merrily round, chimed in with the twitter of a pair of knitting-needles that were glimmering and glancing in the gleam of the fire. Ah, what a dear delightful thing is noise—what a dreary place the world would be without it, and alas for the lonely hearths and homes where all is silent!

We suppose, however, that we must particularise a little more, if

re mean to be understandable. Well, then—on the old stiff settle here sat a mortal mould almost as old and stiff as itself,—a certain randmother-like looking old lady, whose gray hairs were gathered up nder a coif of spotless white, having a wrinkled brow open to inspecon, (only there were no phrenologists in those days,) gray eyebrows rching over a pair of eyes, the vivid brightness of which, time, with ll its illnature, had not been able to injure, a finely-formed nose fter the pattern of old Rome, and a mouth with the fault of being ather too small. Altogether, this old lady was a very fine specimen f the beauty which time, with all its cutting and hacking, and searng and withering, and sapping and mining, and various modes of ssault and battery, can never wholly destroy. It was a fine old atronly face, somewhat thoughtful about the brow, somewhat anxious bout the eyes, and somewhat rigid about the mouth. The very folds f her kerchief were stiff, and the very drapery of her kirtle formal, s though they were both perfectly aware that they were part and arcel of a very respectable old lady, and an industrious one too, for ound and round went the wheel almost as quickly as if propelled by team—only there was no steam in those days—saving and excepting hat which issued from the mouth of that newly-invented thing, a teaettle.

Opposite to this highly respectable old lady, ranged in an ascending cale, ran up an octave, from little urchin number one, to a tall, comely, well-grown youth, who for some time had been secretly opinionating that he was a man. The one below himself in the rotation was a rosy, bright-eyed girl, in whose hands the knitting-needles were twittering away as though they were possessed by St. Vitus, but whose lips dilated into a laugh at every gambol of the dog, and chimed in with every grimace of the juvenilities below her. As for the youth himself, he had been sitting with his eyes rivetted on the fire with an intensity of gaze as strong as if he had beheld a salamander in its blazing, or rather as if he there saw, as in a magic glass, visions of future greatness, which was coming to him as fast as possible. The fact was, that Godfrey Langelande saw very wonderful things in that fire: he had stared until he visibly beheld, with a distinctness that would have enabled him to depose as much before the Star Chamber, that he saw a coach-and-six, ay, and a state-coach too, with all its sumptuous trappings, in the red embers before him,—ay, and more than that, for he saw the king with the crown upon his head, seated upon his right royal throne on one hand, and a grand castle, with towers, and turrets, and garrisons, and drawbridges, on the other.

"Grandame," said young Godfrey to the old lady, "I should like to say something to you."

"Then say it, my son."

"I like and I like not."

"Thou art child-like."

"Nay, not so," replied Godfrey, with a heated face, "children measure not six good feet towards heaven."

"Thou art irreverent, Godfrey."

"Nay, grandame, but it angers me that you are for ever twitting me with being a boy."

"It seems to me but yesterday that thou wert born. Nay, nay, thou art yet but a child!"

"I wonder me, grandame, that ever thou gavest me a doublet. An' I be but a boy, e'en why do ye give me the garb of a man?"

"Thou hast outgrown thine years, Godfrey, and for the rest thou art but a boy, as thy manners tell."

"And when may I write me man? say five, or ten, or will you have it twenty years hence? when I shall have grown grey-headed?"

"It is ever thus with overgrown children, Godfrey. I will call thee a man when thou shalt behave as beseemeth one."

"Nay, grandame, I meant not to chafe thee, but this bringeth me to the matter on which I would fain have had speech with you. Dear grandame, being now grown into the estate of a man—"

"Tut, tut, boy!"

"Nay, dear grandame, hear me. I have now counted me twenty summers."

"Nay, nay."

"It lacketh but a few hours. To-morrow, as thou knowest, grandame dear, is my natal day."

"Alack, alack!" said the old lady, raising the corner of her apron to her eyes, "thy father was then a brave and stalwart man—thy mother as comely a flower as ever bloomed. Ah, we were joyous on that day, and thought, fond fools, that it would last for ever! and now the sods cover them! Alack, alack!"

"Dear grandame—"

"And now ye are all that are left me, and I see thy drift, Godfrey! I see it only too well! Thou wouldst go wandering abroad, and be gallivanting thee here and there, and thrust thine unwary head into the lion's jaws. Ah, boy, what wouldst thou more than thou hast? Thou hast bed and board, thou hast thy nag, and thy dog, and thy gun—thou hast thy fire-side to sit by, and a good house over thine head!"

"Dear grandame, would you have me ever lead this slothful life, like a lazy hound in its kennel, when I should be abroad, and making mine own way in the world? Our heritage is small, we know full well, and why may not I increase it? Dear grandame, I will back to thee a lord at the least, with more gold in my purse than thou wouldst care to carry."

"Ah, boy, boy! thou babblest like a baby! and wouldst thou leave little Austin and thy sister Mabel, and the rest of us, to go gallimaufrying hither and thither, getting a knock on the pate here, and a rap of the knuckles there, when thou hast nothing to do but be happy, without trouble to thyself, where thou art! Ah, Godfrey, Godfrey, wilt thou be thus wayward?"

"Dear grandame, it is sin and shame for a man like me—"

"A man like thee! Alack, what will the world come to?"

"And our means be small. Mabel here, in the stead of twittering her needles over the making worsted hose, ought to be learning to twiddle her pretty fingers over the keys of a spinnet, and—"

"Ah, then, perhaps thou likest not the wear of these same worsted hose, though they be the handiwork of thy sister Mabel?"

y, I care not—at the least not over much, though I own not
e of darnings."
d it may be that thou liketh not the make of thy shoon and
iblet?"
ike not over well the patches that be upon them, even
they be Mabel's putting, and—"
d thou wouldst rather a velvet cap with a wavy plume than
ver?"
eeds must own it to be the comeliest."
d a point collar in the stead of thy home-spun linen—though
eel hath gone round for thee, and my fingers delved for thee?"
y, grandame—"
y, nay, thou needest not to gainsay! I see that thou wouldst
bedeck thyself in slashed velvets and point, and gold and
lery, after the manner of the vain and the sinful, than rest
ntent in thy homely garb, which bespeaketh not of vanity
y, and flaunt thee in the chambers of the great, than rest thee
own old hearthstone! Alack the day that I should hear thy
s son confess such love for vain gauds and shows! confess that
l better the sinful vanities of the flesh than—"
uted shoon and a patched doublet."
d the wassail cup and dainty feastings of the children of this
vith their vessels of gold and vessels of silver, better than—"
ridge with a wooden spoon."
dfrey, Godfrey!" interposed Mabel, "thou wilt grieve thee
unkindness to our grandame! Thou wilt not sleep a-nights for

epent me now, dear grandame. I would rather chop off my
nd than anger thee, and thou knowest that I love not vain
any better than thyself, when they are to be come at in the
wrong doing. But now, only an' thou wilt let me go, see how
ously I shall return. I shall come back to ye all in my coach-
with gold enough to gladden all your eyes, and cheer all
arts, and men will doff their caps, and say, as I pass me along
ge, 'Long life to ye, Master Langelande! There passeth on
shipful Master Langelande, the grandson of the good dame
on. He went to seek his fortune at the court, and he hath
l with houses and lands, and bags of silver and gold.'"
court! and thou dreamest in thy folly that thou wilt find an
e there! Pr'ythee tell me what project hath entered thy brain?
alt thou win an entrance there?"
ar grandame, thou art thinking that I am altogether ignorant
ays of the world, which thou art, mayhap, forgetting thyself.
I must needs have some one to open me a door before I can
, but then do ye not forget that mine own uncle, the brother
oor father, hath a place there, and think ye not that he will
ay, right joyously, take me to the king's majesty, and say,
t please your right royal grace, I have brought you my
(and haply he will add 'he is a right comely and honest
nd hath great aptitude to learn,') and I beseech your royal
take him into your service; he will be right useful to you,

and it will greatly pleasure me, so please your majesty.' And then the king, sitting upon his throne, will haply smile, and nod his right royal head, and say, 'The youth seemeth a goodly youth, and looketh as if he possessed a ready wit and an honest heart. We thank you, Master Nicolas Langelande, for bringing us this kinsman of yours, and we doubt not he will do us all good service.' And then he will bid them to give me the robes of a courtier—the velvet, and the gold, and the plume, and the embroidery, and—ah, dear grandame, you will hardly know me when I come to pay my first visit to you in my carriage-and-six, with retainers and halbardiers around me!"

"Good lack! good lack! Thou art beside thyself. Thou a courtier! Why thou wouldst give umbrage to the king every time thou didst open thy unwary lips! and for the courtiers—why thou wouldst come to cuffs with them in a crack—they would trounce thee!"

"Trounce *me!* I should like to see them make an endeavour after that. Why I am the best cuffer and wrestler on our county side—Ay! ay! let them try! let them try!"

"And thou thinkest, poor simpleton, to make thy way at court by wrangling and rioting. I tell thee, Godfrey, that a smooth tongue and a seared conscience be the right materials for that. But, good lack! we be both reckoning without our host. No fear of thy misbehaving at court, since thou wilt never get thee there."

"Thou art forgetting that there lieth a smooth way through mine uncle, Master Nicolas Langelande."

"Nay, I forget him not. I remember him right well, and but little cause hath one of mine to hope much from his hands. Dear Godfrey, thou knowest as yet but little of the stony-heartedness of the world, or even of thine own flesh and blood. There be no marrow in the bones, and the hearts of such men be but gristle! Shall I narrate to thee the little history of thy parentage? Hitherto I have kept silence, because I knew that, without great need, it were sin to speak evil of any man; but now thou shalt hear how this uncle of thine hath comported himself."

"Ay, dear grandame, and as how?"

"Why it was thus wise. Thou knowest that I was in mine own young days left a widow, with but one little ewe lamb to comfort me; that was thy mother, and she grew up like a sweet rose in the midst of a garden of herbs. Well, thy father's father had two sons, thine uncle Nicolas and a younger born. Their means were not great, but they held up their heads ahigh, for they ever clung to the court ways. Well, it chanced—nay, I may not say that it *chanced*—it was permitted that thy father should ride this away while following the chace, and that his eye should light on my blossom—and he came wooing, wooing, till he won. Ah, it was sore grief to me, and I gainsaid it long, but it was to be. So when I found that it was hard to contend against a torrent, and that I might as well strive with my weak breath to outpreach the wind as to argue the wilful out of their passions—why then—"

"You consented, dear grandame."

"No matter how it chanced; it fell out that thy father and thy mother were so joined together that no man might put them asunder:

and tney would have been houseless and homeless, but that I opened my poor doors to receive them into its shelter, for old Master Langelande would no more look upon his son, and it was whispered that young Nicolas blew the fire of his wrath into a flame. Howbeit, they needed nothing from him, for thy father doffed his court gear, and donned a village robe, like unto that thou art now awearing, boy, and settled himself contentedly by the hearthstone where thou thyself art sitting; and he gave up the follies and the flauntings and the profligate ways of the gay lordlings of the thoughtless King Charles, and grew into a painstaking man. And little cause had I for sorrow that my darling had made an unworthy choice, for he was ever as a dutiful and affectionate son to me, and I joy to think that I was ever as a mother to him; and happy were the years that we so cheerily gathered round this very hearth, and many was the blythe laugh and the harmless jest; and often and often would he say that he was happier than as if he had consorted with princes. Ah, we had little sorrow till the sad day came when I was called upon to lay them together in the same grave; and now ye are all that are left me, and ye have grown up lovingly around me, and I hold ye all, as ye well know, in my heart's core, and yet thou wouldst rob me of thyself—thou wouldst leave me, Godfrey!"

The stalwart young man felt his eyes fill with tears as he threw his strong arm tenderly around the neck of the old dame, and kissed her cheek with emotion. Mabel's round arms were likewise intertwined, and her rosy lips pressing the wrinkled brow, while little Austin was climbing her knee, and all the intermediate links of the chain were hanging themselves around her. Such manacles make a precious bondage, and as Mistress Kimbolton felt them twining around her, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Ah, bless ye all, my bairns! my bonny, bonny bairns!"

CHAPTER II.

The sun shone brightly on Godfrey Langelande's natal day, but there was a shadow upon his brow that even the material sun, all glorious, and all joyous, and all life-giving as it is, could not disperse; it was a shadow on his spirit, and as the venerable lady Mistress Kimbolton noted it, she too became anxious and pensive. It was in vain that Mabel made the daintiest of cates, and fabricated the finest of standing pies, sufficiently attractive to win the hearts of all beholders, her household cares failed to elicit the accustomed praise—Godfrey had neither spirits nor appetite.

"Godfrey, my son," said the old lady, after a pause in which all parties had tried to look merry, and seem as if nothing ailed them—"Godfrey, my son, go thou to the minister's, and tell him I would fain have speech of him, if his reverence can spare me of his time. I have somewhat on my mind on which I would have the benefit of his good counsel. Go thou, my son Godfrey, to the manse—I know that it is a pleasant road to thee, and one that thy willing feet know right well, without much guidance from thy head. Ah, thy *heart* showeth thee the road, Godfrey, I know full surely."

The ready blood gushed over Godfrey's handsome face as he took his beaver and departed on his errand. True enough was it that he could have found his way blindfolded into every nook and cranny of the dwelling where the nonconforming minister held his habitation, for it so happened that the reverend preacher was called "father" by a young girl with particularly starry eyes, and rosy cheeks, and right black hair; and as the Langelandes happened on the preaching days always to be sitting opposite the pastor's family, Godfrey did not find the three hours' sermons at all long—in fact, he rather wondered how any one could consider them so; for his own part, he was always surprised when the reverend gentleman, having gone through his preamble of some hour's length, came to his subject, which he usually divided into a firstly and secondly, and thirdly and fourthly, and fifthly and sixthly, and seventhly and eighthly; which of course had to be divided again into firstlies and secondlies, and thirdlies and fourthlies; and then again into subdivisions of ones, and twos, and threes;—we say that Godfrey was always taken by surprise when he came to his third and last "*finally*," and always considered the sermons of the shortest, albeit in this opinion he was somewhat solitary—though it must be confessed that the congregation in general were not quite so well assisted in their meditations by gazing in the bright eyes of the pastor's daughter, which Godfrey found wonderfully elucidatory and commentatory in aiding and abetting the understanding of the preacher's divinities and humanities.

Godfrey Langelande's fine face was in a glow when he presented himself at the cottage dignified with the residence of the nonconforming minister. The little chamber into which he entered was smaller, rougher, ruder, less fairly garnitured, than the domicile of his grandame—in fact, the Langelandes, though but a grade or two removed from rustic poverty, were considered by their humbler neighbours as among the small gentry of the country—perhaps only the smallest, but still *of* the gentry; and with the minister, on whose preachings the family, from the least to the greatest, were close attendants, they were counted as most admirable exemplars to the rest of the village people. The minister had little to reward his labours, save and except the payment of his own conscience, for the austere James, who had but lately ascended the throne, had until very recently dealt harshly with the nonconformists, and the pittance of those who differed for conscience sake was almost less than the pocket-money of a modern schoolboy. Thus it was that the pastor Muttlebury had literally a whitewashed cottage for his abode, over the rustic porch of which twined the woodbine and the rose, with little lattice windows opening in the centre, while the rough-hewn old oak door, opening with a latch, gave admission on to a flooring of red tiles into a little chamber where the pastor was now sitting, his gray hair shading his wrinkled brow, and his light blue eye intent on a huge folio. The garb of the venerable man was in the fashion of the day, square-cut and sober, but it was well-worn, old, and fragile. In bright and beautiful contrast with this time-worn old man, there sat a girl of some seventeen summers, on a high-backed, wooden-bottomed, spindle-legged chair, her skirt of gray serge gathered up in large folds into a plain, close boddice, and

her tight sleeves, descending over the elbows, disclosing below them a pair of well-rounded arms and dimpled hands. Were we to make an inventory of her charms, we should say that she had a pair of eyes of the colour of the darkest night, and yet shining like the brightest day; a complexion divided between the rival roses; hair glossy, redundant, and rich; that in her figure she was somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*, and that health and hope seemed to shine in her, and over her, and through her, in a sort of summer-day glory. O beautiful youth! and life-relishing health! there is nothing like ye twain in this wide world of ours!

Godfrey doffed his beaver, and bowed reverentially to the old man, but looked somewhat lovingly, out of the corners of his own bright eyes, at the young girl.

"Ah, is it thou, good youth"? said Master David Muttlebury. "Thou art welcome—indeed I may say thou art ever welcome, though thy visits are somewhat of the oftenest, but not too often;—nay, nay, I say not that, I meant not that. Daughter Esther, give thou our neighbour a seat. In sooth, Godfrey Langelande, thou art a pattern, though I say it, to all the village youths—ever the first at the place of meeting, ever the last to quit. Some of the idle and the vain think our meditations long, as infringing on the time they would fain spend in gauds, and games, and shows, but I warrant me thou art not one of them."

"In truth, your reverence, I think them ever of the shortest," replied Godfrey, and he glanced unconsciously at Esther.

"I doubt thee not, good youth, I doubt thee not. And now what hath brought thee hither, Godfrey? Is there aught I can expound to thee?"

"My good grandame sent me to say that she would fain have discourse with your reverence. She has somewhat on which she greatly desires your good counsel."

"Ay, ay; gladly, gladly. I will speed me to her. And I should before this have paid her my respects in token of the meal and the griskin which she so bountifully remembered us with, and which she is yet unthanked for, had it not been that I have spent many hours on a dark passage here. But it shall wait; haply light may break in upon my darkened mind when I am in the way of my duty—and my duty it is to speed me to thy grandame, the good dame Kimbolton. But knowest thou, Godfrey, the matter on which she needeth the help of my poor thoughts?"

Godfrey coloured, and hesitated for a little space, and then replied, "I have my thoughts."

"And what are they?"

Godfrey twiddled his thumbs, and then answered out right manfully, "Why, thus it is, your reverence—I am weary of living like a drone in the hive, or a lady hound in the kennel, and I am thinking me of seeking my way at the court."

"Thou at the court, Godfrey!" exclaimed the minister, raising his hands and eyes.

Godfrey sat on the edge of his chair, played with the rim of his beaver, and looked as little like a gallant who might assume the courtier as could well be imagined.

"Why, Godfrey Langelande, thou art beside thyself! Dost think men who have any conscience can prosper in that scene of iniquity? Thou too who art a truth-loving youth."

"Men prosper by the truth in the long run. Do they not so, your reverence? So it seemeth to me that your reverence teacheth in all your discourses."

The pastor's yellow face flushed a little; his knowledge of the world was thus put to the test of his divinity.

"Doubtless, doubtless," said David Muttlebury. "But at court there needeth other qualifications. Albeit the metal of a man be gold, it must be polished"

Godfrey drew first one of his coarse cloth skirts over his knee, and then the other, and after stroking his beaver the contrary way, and looking as much like a gawky simpleton as any country clown could well do, replied, "Mayhap I may get the trick of the court polish too—why not, your reverence?"

Albeit unused to the laughing mood, the pastor smiled. That inflection of features, slight though it was, went straight like a knife to the throat of Godfrey's self-love.

"Be it as it may, your reverence, if I cannot be a gay rustling gallant, I can be an honest man."

"I doubt thee not, Godfrey—I doubt thee not. But it is hard uphill work to fight thy way at court."

"Your reverence knows that I can tussle, and single-stick, and wrestle with the best of them."

Again another smile passed over the sallow face of the secluded preacher.

"But, bethink thee, Godfrey, that men may not walk into a king's palace as if it were only the king's highway. How thinkest thou to win an entrance? Come, now, open thine heart to me. Let me hear thy projects."

"Why, then, thus, your reverence. I have an uncle who holdeth his place at court, and must needs be almost daily in the presence of the king's majesty. Now, your reverence always preacheth up the ties of flesh and blood, and it seemeth to me that if our uncle forgetteth us, we ought not to forget our uncle. If it be sinful in him not to hold in remembrance his kith and kin, why then, your reverence, it must also be sinful in us. That be right, and reason, and gospel preaching too, be it not, your reverence?"

Godfrey spoke in a tone of triumphant dictation, as if he had now advanced an argument from which there was no appeal. It seemed unanswerable, for David Muttlebury remained silent.

"Well, your reverence, my project is to don my Sunday suit, for I would not assuredly bring any discredit on my kinsman, and though such things be but vanities, as your reverence preacheth almost every Sabbath morn, and noon, and night, yet I doubt me not you would not consider it any grievous wrong doing for me so far to conform to the court ways as to wear my holiday suit, and to take the little nag which my good grandame bought me, and so, strapping on a knapsack, with a few hosen and shoon, and such like, make my way to the court; and when I shall have inquired for Master Nicolas Lange-

lande, which, I doubt me not, any serving man of the court can give me knowledge of, and am brought into his presence, I shall then bespeak him thus;"—and Godfrey rose from the stiff-backed, wooden-bottomed, spindle-legged chair on which he had been sitting, and holding his beaver in his hands, thus went on to speechify. "Master Nicolas Langelande, uncle mine, I have travelled far, and at much pains and cost, (you know, reverend sir, that the road is long, and mayhap dangerous—thirty weary miles and more—and doubtless the charge will be heavy, and I may well tell him this, lest he should think little of my coming,)—I have travelled far on a weary road to pay my bounden duty to you, and the rather because you are grown aged, and the toil of coming to us, your kith and kin, might overweary you. It be so long since you took note of us, that we are almost afeard that you have well-nigh forgotten our being, and I am here to put you in remembrance of us, for if it be but right for kinsmen to remember lovingly their own flesh and blood, it is as needful for me as for you to do so, and I am come to show you that I am right willing. Your reverence knoweth that it be only generous to be aforehand in kind dealings."

"And what thinkest thou will follow on this, Godfrey? Hath it come into thy reckoning that the heart of thine uncle may be as hard as the nether millstone, and that he may bid thee carry thy courtesy home again?"

"Ay, your reverence; but, an' if he should, I have a point on which to meet him there. Ha! ha! in such case I will not leave him a foot to stand upon. I'll e'en give him a Rowland for his Oliver!"

"Why, how wilt thou deal with him, Godfrey Langelande."

"Even thus, your reverence. If he should say to me, 'Get thee back again to thy country-home, with thy country breeding, and come not hither to trouble me,' then I shall answer him as thus—'A word with you first, uncle mine, before I speed me hence. Repentance hath a bitter flavour, and I would fain save my father's brother from the grief of eschewing it. In that same country-home to which you bid me depart again so roughly, we have a certain reverend divine, a grave and learned man, one who knoweth more of humanities and divinities—"

"Whom meanest thou, Godfrey?"

"—One who is in good truth a very light to the world—one who, an' he were in the king's counsel, would soon make the way plain, and guide the helm aright—one who—"

"Godfrey, Godfrey, what meaneth thou? There be none in this village, save the episcopalian, with his relics of popery, whom thou assuredly wouldst not laud after this fashion."

"A man," continued Godfrey, not heeding David Muttlebury's interpretation; "a man fit to be a very pillar, both to the church and to the state, and to whose preachings men flock from afar and near. This grave and learned man, whose name is the Reverend David Muttlebury—"

"Ah, Godfrey, the praise of man, whose breath is in his nostrils,

savoureth but of the vanity of the flesh;—but do men thus indeed speak of my unworthy self?"

"Right be right, and truth be truth, else would I not say it unto him," replied Godfrey; "but thus shall I speak me unto him—'Uncle Nicolas Langelande, thus doth this devout man preach unto his people—that men should keep to their natural affections, and live in love and kindly offices with all their kindred, especially should they cherish their poor relatives, and impart to them of their gold, and their silver, and their goods, and their chattels. If they be in need they should succour them, if they be athirst they should give them to drink, if they be an hungered they should feed them, and the poorer they be, and the scantier they be clad, the more they should give them the uppermost places at table, and the chiefest rooms at feasts, and the more should they say, Friend, come thou up higher.' And when I have thus repeated to him your reverence's words, he will at once say, 'The godly and most wise man must needs be right; nephew Godfrey, thou art welcome to me, and I will push thy fortune as I best may.'"

"Godfrey, thou art over-trusting to the strength of my weak words; nevertheless feeble vessels have been brought to honour. I will not gainsay that."

"And then will he take me by the hand to the king's majesty, who, according to his wont, will be sitting upon his sovereign throne, with the crown upon his head all ablaze with jewels, and decked in garments, mayhap of cloth of gold, all shining like the sun, and then while I bow me thus reverently, (and Godfrey suited the action to the word,) and mine uncle Nicolas bendeth low his head, he will say unto him, 'May it please your gracious majesty, I have brought my nephew unto you, who would fain do you some service. Your majesty may see that he is not altogether an ungainly youth, and I can vouch to your majesty that he is ready-witted, and he was never known to have a false tongue in his life, since he could first speak hath he never uttered a word with lying lips, and I can answer for him that he never will, if it so please your majesty.' And then the king will make answer, and say, 'Truth-loving men are ever most welcome at court, and such it is that make the fairest way in the world:' and that your reverence knoweth is just what you preach."

Poor David Muttlebury looked rather in a puzzle how he should reconcile his doctrine with his judgment.

"'And then the king will say, 'Give him lodging among my pages, and he shall have an office, and that right soon; and in the mean time clothe him in the fashion of the court, and mayhap, your reverence, that may be an embroidered cloak, and a velvet doublet, and a point collar, and a plumed beaver, and I doubt me not I shall find favour, for I shall ever speak the truth, and I shall soon have some rich office conferred upon me, but I be not over hot in my expectancies, for I doubt me whether I shall get it right early, haply not for a week or so, nay, it may even be a month. Your reverence seeth that I be not counting my chickens too soon; but, however it may be, as soon as ever I am in mine office I shall order my servant-

men to bring me my carriage, and I shall bid them mount around me, and I shall come and visit my own dear grandame, and Mabel, and little Austin, and the rest of them, and your reverence, and —— Mistress Esther here."

"Well, Godfrey Langelande, no man knoweth what be in store for him—no, not even from sunrise to sunset. Now, that thou hast explained thyself, I will get me to thy grandame, the good Dame Kimbolton. Esther, reach thou my beaver, and my out-going upper garment. Good Godfrey, I will but change a little of the outward man, though I trust not to render it like unto a whited sepulchre, and then I will travel forth to give of the best of my poor judgment to thy grandame."

The Reverend David Muttlebury found his aged flockling sitting musingly over the fire in which young Godfrey was wont to find such gay and splended visions of futurity. She, however, saw nothing there but types of the vanities of the world in the crumbling dust and ashes; and in this depression of mind her wheel stood still, and she rested her wrinkled cheek upon her withered hand. In this attitude she was found by the Reverend David, who, drawing the cumbrous chair to her side, laid his beaver down, and saluted her half as an inferior in his temporal character, half as a superior in his spiritual one.

"Reverend Master Muttlebury," said Mistress Kimbolton, "I am in a great strait. That misled and wayward boy, my grandson, Godfrey Langelande, hath taken up the mad fancy of going to court, and I am well nigh distract."

"Where is thy faith, dear neighbour mine?" said the preacher. "The darkest nights usher in the brightest days. When sorrow presseth the heaviest, comfort is the nearest. If grief be in thine heart, joy standeth at the door knocking. Open thou unto it."

"And doth not your reverence think, that, of all mad fancies, this be the maddest?"

"In my poor experience, I have ever noted that things that appeared the fairest have often issued the most untowardly, and that from some most hopeless beginnings have come forth the fairest and most joyous goods and comforts."

"But such a guileless, simple, single-minded lad to make his way at court?"

"With all his simplicity he lacketh not shrewdness. The boy hath a sound judgment, as he hath this good morning more than ever convinced me. An' he goeth, he taketh with him the words of sound doctrine, which I have in my poor person from time to time delivered to him, and which he doth marvellously well note and remember. They shall be to him as helmet, and spear, and shield."

"I know the lad is not wanting in parts. It was little less than wonderful how he learned his letters while he was yet a babe; and I doubt me not he can spell words of no matter how many syllables. Ay, there be a marvellous difference in children."

"And then, though favour be deceitful, and beauty be vain, yet in most men's eyes good looks count for something, and the youth is

comely, if I may judge from the gazings of our village maidens, though my Esther will not have it so."

"She must needs lack eyesight then, for our Godfrey is rosier-cheeked, and straighter, and taller, than any other that can be found in the whole country's side, though I say it that perhaps should not."

"Esther's eyes be good, by this token that I left her at her stitching; but let that pass."

"Then, good Master Muttlebury, your reverence thinketh it not unlikely that our Godfrey might prosper at court. Say ye not so?"

"At the least, he hath as fair a chance as others. It may be that when his uncle seeth him, his heart may feel the rising of natural affection, and leap towards him; in which case Godfrey would have a fair opening made. At all events, an' he failed, he could but speed him home again, and no great harm done. He might evermore be cured of his desire to rove, and be a home-loving man."

"But King James being a papist will scarcely turn an eye of favour on one of our contrary creed."

"Ay, now in that lieth hope. Said I not, that what was dark to-day might prove bright to-morrow. King James began by disfavouring our people, but now his policy hath taken another course, and he is turning a fairer countenance upon us. The lad may chance to fall upon a goodly heritage, an' ye let him fellow his bent."

"Ah, Master Muttlebury, I would not, as ye well know, stand in the way of Providence. An' it must be so it must."

And so it was agreed between the grandame, Mistress Kimbolton, and the nonconforming divine, David Muttlebury, that as Godfrey Langelande was a quick, and a comely, and a shrewd youth, and in some sort well fitted for courts and courtiers, he should even be permitted to sally forth and seek his fortune in the haunts and the favour of royalty.

THE BROTHERS.

A TALE OF VERONA.

"The sun goes forth—but Conrad's day is dim;
And the night cometh—ne'er to pass from him.
There is no darkness like the cloud of mind
On grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind!
Which may not—dare not see—but turns aside
To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide!"—THE CORSAIR.

WHO has ever been to Verona and not visited the magnificent terraces of the garden Piusti? To the right lie the ruins of the castles St. Felice and St. Angelo, whose mouldering walls are covered with the verdure of the wild vine and ivy. At the foot of the palace of Theodoric are still visible the remains of the once formidable bastions, which, at the termination of the last century, were dyed with the heart's blood of Germany and France. In the distance, on this side Monte Baldo, the Bolca mountains and the Euganæan hills, are seen the battle-fields of Rivoli and Montebello, and still further rises the cupola of Mantua's cathedral. But there is no need to let the eye wander so far in quest of objects of interest—we have them immediately beneath our feet. From amidst yon sombre mass of houses, by which the rapid waters of the Adige flow, the noble amphitheatre, the work of Roman art, lifts up its head high above the surrounding palaces. We look with wonder and admiration upon this noble edifice of a bygone age, and it requires but a little stretch of the imagination to bring before the mental eye one of the many scenes which have been displayed within its walls.

If we cast our eyes towards Veronetta, a small and unimposing house presents itself to our notice; but small and unimposing as it is, a poet's breath has hallowed it, and the circumstances connected with its history, sad as they are, have made it an object of interest in the estimation of the world. It contains the sarcophagus of Juliet.

But there is still another building, to which, for the sake of our narration, it is necessary to call the traveller's attention, and this is the ancient palace of the princes of Verona, the hereditary ducal residence of the Della Scala. There is something peculiar, grand, and yet sombre in its style of building;—the rudeness of its exterior, the want of all taste in its interior arrangements, the dark and crooked corridors, the innumerable stairs and passages, the spacious and imperfectly-furnished saloons, carry back the imagination to the period of its former possessors. There are perhaps but few histories of princely houses in which are recorded so many acts of munificence, with acts of heart-thrilling cruelty, as in that of the Scala, and yet their reign lasted but one hundred and twenty-eight years. It is the fall of this house which forms the subject of the subjoined narrative.

In the month of October, 1375, a strong military cordon was drawn up around the palace of Verona's sovereigns. Even at some distance from the princely house, the rider received directions to turn his horse's head down one or other of the side streets which lead over

the Piazza Bra, or Erbe, and the pedestrians, to whom these unaccountable precautionary measures afforded subjects for various conjecture, assembled together in groups at a distance, and compared notes as to the cause. Two men, whose dress and appearance denoted them of the lower class of civilians, stood at a respectful distance from the soldiery, and directed their curious eyes towards the principal entrance of the palace.

"I'd give my ears," said the one, "if I did but know what all this meant."

"No good, that you may rely on, Gioachimo!" replied his companion, with a knowing shrug of the shoulders.

"Why, that I could have told myself, simpleton," replied the other. "For my part, methinks it would require a wiser head than thine to point out any particular good which *has* befallen us poor Veronese for some time past. Can Grande was stabbed by his brother—it is true—and then, some four weeks ago, this said most affectionate brother, Can Signorio, had his younger brother's head chopped off, but whether we were exactly benefited or not by it, I am not qualified to decide. And still we may look upon it, in one respect, as no inconsiderable blessing that these dogs devour, as it were, each other, for, thou seest, by this means, they lose all inclination to satiate their ravenous appetites on us."

"Madonna!" exclaimed his terrified companion, "how canst thou let thy tongue run on so? Dost thou not see yon yeoman buffalo—the fellow with the long halberd—gaping at us? If you must let your tongue outrun your shallow wit, methinks 'twould be more charitable to seek some better opportunity, and not lug a quiet citizen and glover, like myself, who unfortunately happens to be near you, into some confounded scrape by your imprudence. God knows I have trouble enough of my own—six children, and poverty to boot. I have no particular wish to have their number increased by any man's folly; or, at any rate, if you must give vent to your thoughts, let me entreat you to put on a smiling and respectful face, as though you had a *viva Can Signorio della Scala* upon your lips."

"Corpo di Baccho! I wish the devil had him, with all my heart," returned his companion, in his usual voice. "But what ails thee, man? What!—thou'rt not going, surely? Why, thou jackanapes! art really frightened, Pasquale? Well, well, I know what I know," continued he, after a momentary pause, at the same time placing the fore-finger of his right hand on his right eye, and forcing an arch smile upon his features.

"Well, and what is it that thou knowest?"

"It's pretty nearly all up with him—pretty nearly!" shouted the other, so loudly, that the glover cast his eyes around to see if any one else had heard the information. "All up, I say," continued his companion. "Can Signorio has already despatched messengers to Florence, and recalled his son Bartholomæo. Tell me, does not that prove that he thinks himself in a bad way—past recovery?"

"Thou art but half-witted, surely," replied Pasquale, with a shake of his head and an incredulous smile. "Think'st thou, then, because the prince recalls his son, whom he has not seen so long, and whom,

from a thousand different causes, he may wish to see, that he must therefore be past all recovery? His other son, Antonio, is with him."

"That's just the very reason, master wiseacre!" replied Gioachimo—"the very reason, I say, why I am sure he considers himself past hope. But, to be sure," continued he, with an altered tone of voice, "how should you be able to form an opinion on the matter? Where do you live? In Veronetta; and unless some half dozen ministers are hauled out to lose their heads, or some other event equally interesting takes place—why, you know nothing, you learn nothing! Thou hast no connexions at court; whereas I—hast thou not heard of Christoforo—the German Chistoforo—the porter Christoforo? He's a boon companion of mine, man; not a Sunday passes but we empty our *fogliette vino santo* at the little wine-shop near the Porta Bursari, and from him I learn all the court news. Nay, I do assure thee, he comes often to me and—"

"You don't say so!" interrupted his companion, in that drawling tone of voice so peculiar to the Italian when he is about to banter—"you don't say so! Why, would you believe it, the people say this Christoforo only comes when your wife is alone! But then you hear the news second-hand, perhaps?"

"Confounded stuff and nonsense! a cursed lie!" exclaimed Gioachimo. No, no; I know what's what, good friend, and should like to see the German wild ass who would venture to—; besides, I know my Nazarena. Shall I tell thee what, man?—nobility have danced after her—nobility I say!—the young Scarpa, for instance, and the pot-bellied Pelegrine, and Signor Maffei, and—and—but down charge, Pompey!—off they go with a flea in their ear. No, no—true as gold! I know my Nazarena, man!"

"I dare say," replied Pasquale, but his look and the tone of his voice denied the assertion—"I dare say. The people, thou seest will talk. They cannot conceive how it is possible that thou, who art, nothing but an honest cap-maker, canst earn so much money, and that thy wife can carry her head so high and gaily as she does; and then, too, that thou hast so many leisure hours for the Porta Bra and the Porta Bursari. But that is thy concern alone. Let them say what they will; thy Nazarena is a virtuous, handsome, and fascinating woman, and who knows but what envy lies at the bottom of what they say?"

"True, Pasquale, true; there thou speakest like a reasonable man!"

"Well, then, do thou for once imitate my example, and tell me what thou knowest of the illness of Can Signorio, and the return of his son Bartholomæo."

"Why, you see, a curse hangs over the house Della Scala."

"What! a curse?" interrupted the other, whose curiosity was now greatly excited.

"What I tell thee, man—a curse; the necessary consequence of which is, that one brother must always aim after the life of the other, or by treachery seek his fall. This curse, you must know, takes its rise from the time of Mastino the First. I can't exactly

tell thee what was the cause of it, for I don't precisely know myself; and Christoforo, who had it from the lips of the duke's page, was himself not able to explain this point. But this thou mayest rely on, Mastino the First was murdered by four assassins. Here, you see, was treachery; for it was asserted, and upon pretty good grounds too, that his brother Albert had had a hand in the deed. Can Grande the First made the sons of his brother Alboin regents of the country, and what, think'st thou, was the return they made him? Why, man, they placed his illegitimate children in prison! Ingnano, a bastard of Mastino the Second, conspires against his legitimate brother, the reigning duke, Can Grande the Second, is attacked in his turn by him, drowned in the Adige, and the prince gives orders for the body of his brother to be pinned up to the gallows; and, to crown the whole, Can Grande is subsequently stabbed by the hand of Can Signorio, our present lord and master."

"By heavens!" exclaimed Pasquale, "there is truth in what thou sayest."

"Truth, sayest thou?—nay, but thou shalt hear more than this. How did it fare with Alboin, the poor half-witted brother of the prince? One would have thought that he, at least, would have had nothing to fear. Wouldst believe it, friend?—*he*, this half-brained Alboin, rebelled—that is, he was accused of having had the intention, and lo! the poor idiot loses his head!"

"Santa Madonna! it is but too true what thou sayest, Gioachimo. But what has this to do with Bartholomæo's return?"

"Why, Christoforo gave my wife—me, I mean—a key to the riddle, too. Thou know'st the duke has no legitimate sons—only two bastards; but that's neither here nor there; this is a privilege which our Italian grandees enjoy. Antonio and Bartholomæo are twins, and the duke, who was never known to love any human being before, thought mayhap to compound for this sin against the laws of nature, by bestowing a most extraordinary affection upon both of them. To this end he provided that, after his death, they should succeed him as joint regents of Verona. Their education, to be sure, was most strange, but calculated, as he thought, to attain the aim he had in view. The boys always slept in one and the same bed, drank out of one and the same cup, and ate from one and the same dish; every act of kindness, every present which the one received, he received it from the hands of the other. By this means the duke thought to elude the evil consequences of the curse, and to excite between the brothers an unextinguishable affection, and, i'faith, matters succeeded according to his wish, for the lads loved each other in a manner altogether unheard of in the Scala family; the one could not live without the other, nor was there any pleasure which they could enjoy separately. They are now twenty-one years of age, and the father begins to think it time they were married. You see, as they are both illegitimate, the old gentleman is very desirous that their choice should fall upon women of the old and noble blood of Italy, in order that the ugly stain which, in spite of all they can do, will still cling to the name of *bastard*, might, by such an alliance, in some measure be washed away. But in order to prevent anything like

contention or dispute during the period of courtship, Bartholomæo was first sent upon his travels, and, as soon as he returned, Antonio was to set off. Up to this period the young gentleman has been at Florence, but has not, as is said, met with any girl to his fancy. Here it was the messenger of his father found him, and it is now little more than two hours since his return."

"And from this you suppose—"

"That the duke is ill—ill unto death, Master Glover," continued the cap-maker, without awaiting the termination of his friend's observation; "for, see you, if he were but designing the execution of some master-stroke of policy, he would rather have packed the young ones off, as he did when the idiot Alboin lost his head, instead of summoning them both into his presence. No, no,—I tell thee, he will not suffer them to be present at any of his bloody amusements. When it has pleased his highness to manifest any extraordinary displeasure at one or more of his disobedient, restive ministers, he always deemed it prudent to send the youngsters into the country. He does not wish them to hear of or see his deeds. But now he summons them before him; an extra guard surrounds the palace. No, no—it is as I tell thee; depend upon it he is very ill,—ill unto death, I repeat."

"For the love of Madonna del Lago, I intreat thee, Gioachimo, not to raise thy voice so much," interrupted the terrified Pasquale;—"seest thou not that yon German hireling never takes his eyes from us?"

"Let the German jackass stare his goggle eyes out," replied the cap-maker; "what care I for these buffaloes, many as they are? What! are we not Lombardians? Was not my grandfather born in Rome? Was it not our ancestors who worsted the Cimbri? or is Chiusi, where they gained the day, so noted for its fat-ribbed beeves alone?"

Had our valiant cap-maker contented himself with words alone, he might have run on in the praise of himself and ancestors for a longer time, for the ears of the soldier, whose watchful eye had excited Pasquale's apprehension, were but little acquainted with the Italian idiom, but the Roman feelings which lay dormant within him, but which he had now awakened, together with a few sparks of that ancestorial spirit which had worked the overthrow of the Cimbri, seduced him to accompany his observations with gesticulations so unseemly and so indicative of provocation, that the halberdier's gall was at length excited.

"Son of a dog!" exclaimed he, hastening towards them, "how darest thou throw about thy unseemly proportions in the presence of the ducal body guard! By heavens, dost thou venture to clench thy fist? Donner und hagel! Ye frog-devouring murmurers, ye macaroni-swallowing rebels!"

The anger of the German was great, and the tone of voice in which he addressed the Veronese would have fully justified the correctness of the epithet "asino farino," which Gioachimo had applied to the hireling; however, the two friends did not suffer any further explosion of his rage to take effect on them, for they no sooner heard his encouraging exordium, and saw him approaching, than they imme-

diately took to their heels, scampered off across the square, and down the Strada Bella. To evade all possibility of further pursuit, the valiant descendant of the Cimbrian exterminators bolted into a well-known baker's shop, whose back door led into one of the numerous crooked lanes behind the Piazza Bra.

The danger which they apprehended was, however, by no means so considerable as they had imagined. The object of the halberdier had probably been merely to frighten them, for he no sooner saw that his words and august presence had succeeded in inspiring them with that respect which is due to the valiant body, of which he was so valiant a member, than he leisurely turned round and resumed his post.

But whilst curiosity and excitement were thus in full and, in various parts, noisy activity around the palace, the stillness of death prevailed within. The marble stairs, the long passages, were covered with carpets and mats. The appearance of the soldiers, who were posted at several parts within the ducal residence, was entirely different to what it usually was. They did not walk about, as was generally the case; there they stood, like so many marble statues, leaning against the pillars of the corridors, or sank, as it were, into the niches of the projecting windows.

In a remote part of the building, not far from a circular corner tower, whose base was washed by the rapid waters of the Adige, there was a room of no inconsiderable size, and the light of the declining sun, which fell through the dingy diamond panes of the small windows was but just sufficient to enable the eye to distinguish the objects it contained. Two youths, in whose age there seemed to be little difference, were pacing this apartment with a cautious step, and arm-in-arm. They paused, after some time, as if by mutual consent, at the upper end of the room, where the figure of a dog of gigantic proportions, symbolic of the name of the luxurious Can Grande, had been placed, by way of ornament, against the wall. The resemblance in the figure of the two youths was striking; the form of the face, which was handsome, the dark complexion, the black curly hair, were alike in both; the only difference was, that the expression of feature in the one was bolder and prouder than in that of the other.

"And thou really thinkest that all hope is past?" asked the one, whose dress denoted that he had but just returned from a journey.

"Too true, dear Bartholomæo," replied the other, shaking his head. "The doctor has already given him up."

"Hast thou spoken to our father?" asked the former.

"He has forbidden me to approach him,—refused all my services, till thou shouldst arrive to assist me."

"What a strange fancy," replied the other with a painful smile. "This continual apprehension that any favour, any kindness, however small and natural, conferred upon the one, should call forth feelings of jealousy in the bosom of the other. Dearest Antonio, is there anything good, beautiful, or desirable, which I would not willingly share with thee? Had I but an opportunity to prove to thee the truth of my affection,—to prove my readiness to participate with thee all—everything,—nay, my readiness to pour out my heart's blood for thee!"

"Do I not know thou wouldst, Bartholomæo?" replied Antonio, grasping the hand of his brother. "Were it possible that thou couldst feel different to myself? Did we not both lie at the same time beneath the heart of one mother? Were our wishes ever opposed—our affections ever divided? Can anything take place on this earth, I will not say to sow discord between us, but even for a moment to disturb the serenity of our brotherly affection?"

"Most assuredly not," replied Bartholomæo. "The Eris apple, which has hitherto caused so much misfortune in our family,—I mean the dispute for the sovereignty,—hath lost its power for us. I know not what our father may have decided on, but this I assure thee, I yield to thee my claims to the throne."

"May curses be my portion if I accept them!" replied Antonio in an impassioned tone. "Should our father have nominated thee as sole monarch, I shall bow my knee, as vassal, before thee; in every other case we reign conjointly."

"Thou art *born* a prince and ruler, my Antonio," rejoined Bartholomæo affectionately, throwing his arm around the neck of his brother. "Believe me, I have not that about me which qualifies me for the office. With thee it is different; thy stronger and more manly soul is better adapted to the exalted station; I should sink beneath the weight of a crown and the troubles it would impose. Thou knowest, my dearest brother, the object of *my* wishes is a retired, domestic life, in the peaceful bosom of nature. And even supposing I were nominally to reign conjointly with thee, I should, in reality, be but thy shadow, and, as such, I could render but little assistance to thee, and might injure myself."

"And yet, thou must confess, dear Bartholomæo, this is the only means to avoid all subsequent repentance, every possible alienation of mutual affection, and all those lamentable conflicts of interest, of which suppliant courtiers avail themselves in the furtherance of their selfish views. No, no, brother Bartholomæo, I will not listen to such a proposition; matters must remain as we have already resolved on; whatever arrangements our father may have deemed it prudent to adopt, we reign conjointly. Thou hast pledged to me thy princely word, and thou must and shalt redeem it!"

The answer of Bartholomæo was interrupted by the entrance of a third person. It was a man long past the meridian of life, of a tall, imposing stature, who entered the apartment through a side door.

"Ah, Signor Bevilaqua!" exclaimed Antonio, "how fares our noble father? May we approach?"

"The duke has expressed his wish to see you, noble sirs; I sadly fear he will not survive the night," replied the person to whom the question was addressed.

"Does he suffer much?" asked Bartholomæo, in a compassionate tone.

"Bodily, not," replied the other.

"What, mentally, then? Say, is his spirit so ill at ease?" questioned Antonio.

"When the fever leaves him, and he retains perfect possession of his senses, he bears up wonderfully; but the visions which at other

times fancy draws before his soul—young men, young men," suddenly exclaimed the old man, breaking off the observation he had commenced, and grasping the extended hands of the youths—"young men, I am now fast advancing into years, have gathered some experience in the bloody wars of the Guelphs, in the courts of justice, and at the festal banquets of princes, but—and, believe me, I speak the truth—I have learned more, much more, at the sick bed of your father than—but come, I dare not detain you; what you see and hear, God grant that it may not be lost upon you!"

With these words he re-opened the door through which he had entered the apartment, and motioned to the youths to follow him. After passing through several corridors and rooms, their leader ushered them into a chamber from which the light of day was entirely excluded. The apartment itself was but small, with dark wainscoted walls, on which, at different intervals, the gilt statue of a dog was introduced. Thick and richly-embroidered curtains were drawn across the two windows and doors which led into the adjoining rooms. The lamp, which hung suspended from the ceiling, diffused an uncertain and trembling light through the apartment. Pretty nearly the whole of one side of the chamber was occupied by an immense bed, the four corners of which were ornamented with groups of white ostrich feathers. The door had scarcely closed behind the youths and their leader, when a hoarse voice from the bed exclaimed, "Leave us, doctor; I will speak with my sons and the cavaliere Bevilaqua alone."

The sons now approached the sick man's couch. The ravages of burning fever were visible in his countenance; his features still retained somewhat of their youthful beauty, though each was marked with the undying stamp of passion and excess.

"I cannot tell thee, my father, how the sudden news of thy illness—"

"Not a word about my illness," interrupted the dying man with a violent effort to shake off the iron grasp of delirium, and to acquire and retain for this interview the full possession of his faculties. "Not a word about my illness! We have matters of much greater consequence to speak about. And what, after all, is life or death? Nothing—nothing—I tell you; but still—yes, yes—there is still something more in dying—more at least than I had calculated; but even this is soon over—and then 'tis nothing—nothing! But enough! I have summoned you to communicate something of importance. And first, my arrangements respecting the crown. I have appointed you joint regents. At your very births I resolved on this point, and your whole education has been conducted with this end in view. Discord and fraternal hatred have been hitherto matters of course in our house. Long before Can Grande ascended the throne, the never-dying enmity between him, me, and Alboin, had taken root in our bosoms. But with you—with you, my sons, such can never be the case. My prudent care, my wise precaution, my unwearied endeavours, have succeeded in warding off from you the melancholy fate which hovered over us. You, my sons, you *love each other*. Is it not so? Love ye not each other?"

Silently, but greatly affected at this interrogation, the brothers embraced.

"'Tis the first time!" exclaimed the dying man, visibly moved—"the first time that two members of the Scala family were ever seen to embrace when they were about to ascend the throne. But what," continued he in a raised voice—"what have I not done to effect it? My nights have been consumed in thought and deliberation for your welfare. I have sacrificed my rest that ye might sleep in peace. What sayst thou, Bevilaqua? *Murdered*, didst thou say? No, no—it was not murder! Give it another name; it was not murder, I say; 'twas nought but self-defence. Was not Alboin a rebel? The law—the law it was that punished him!"

"Not a word escaped my lips, my gracious prince!" said the old man entreatingly.

"True, true!" replied the sick man in a lower tone. "It was not you, Bevilaqua; good Bevilaqua, did I say it was you? No, no—look you—'twas the haggard being there, walking up and down the room with his head beneath his arm. Ha! ha!" exclaimed he, bursting into a violent laugh; "what an absurd and unseemly fancy to walk about with one's head tucked up beneath one's arm! Hark ye, cavaliere, I'll just trouble you, when you next appear at court, to pay a little more respect to the prevailing fashion!"

"Drink—drink, my gracious prince!" interrupted Bevilaqua, who, perceiving the return of delirium, now proffered the composing draught which had been prepared for the occasion.

The duke took the offered cup and drank its contents.

"I fear," continued he, after some pause, "I sadly fear I have been talking nonsense; but pay no attention to it, it is the natural consequence of my disorder, and cannot be avoided. As soon as I am dead, send to Padua to Galeotto Malatesta, the Margrave of Ferrara, and Franz Carrara; they will send you troops, and you will need them, for the Visconti must not find you unprepared for a sudden attack. You, Cavaliere Giuglielmo Bevilaqua, together with Thomas Pelligrino, will assist my sons with your council. I appoint you their privy counsellors, and entreat of them to undertake nothing in state affairs without first consulting you. Of state's secrets I know but two, and one scarcely deserves the name, as it concerns but me alone. That door," pointing to the one on the left side of his couch, "leads to the torture chamber. Political motives have frequently compelled me to have many executions performed there. The bodies were thrown into a sewer, which emptied itself into the Adige. This sewer you will have walled up, and the instruments of torture—you, I trust, will never need them—you will have destroyed. I do not wish that they should furnish food for the conjectures of the mob when I am no more."

"Rely upon it, father, your wishes shall be complied with!" exclaimed Bartholomæo.

"It is a measure necessary to be adopted on account of the weak, and in support of the dignity of our name," continued the duke in a quieter tone of voice. "The second secret I have to communicate to you is of greater importance. It bears reference to the curse pronounced against our race."

"Is then the dreadful saying ——?" exclaimed Antonio.

"*True!*" interrupted the father. "An event took place during the reign of our ancestor, Mastino the First, which is related in many different ways; in this point, however, all agree that a person upon whom sentence of death had been passed, called down this malediction upon the house *Della Scala*. I myself should have been inclined to consider it as a fiction, had not one fact put the truth beyond all possibility of doubt. When my father felt his end approaching he summoned me and my brothers before him in this very room, and informed us that he had appointed us joint regents of the country, and concluded by telling us that that door"—the sick man pointed to the right—"led into a long corridor, and this into an apartment which had never been opened since the time of Mastin the First. Our ancestor, he continued, had deposited a treasure there, and made the arrangement at his death, that every Scala, previous to his assuming the reigns of government, should be required to swear that he was ready and willing to sacrifice to his brother that which he held dearest upon earth, even his crown and life. Should it happen that two or more brothers expressed their willingness to take this oath, they were to open the chamber and divide the treasure among them; but if one, but *one* of the brothers refused, the room was to remain unopened. This was also to be the case provided there was but one member of the house in existence, although, in case he had no children, the treasure was to be at his disposal. Ruin of the house and violent death to its members would be the inevitable consequence to those who violated the oath, or entered the room before they had taken it."

A momentary exhaustion interrupted the narration of the duke. After a little time he collected his strength, and proceeded.

"Scarcely had our father made this disclosure, when Can Grande declared that, as regarded him, the room should remain unopened, and that the welfare of the land, which he had at heart, entitled him alone to wield the ducal sceptre; inasmuch as I was too young, Alboin an idiot, and he the eldest member of the family. During the succeeding twenty-four hours which were granted him to weigh the matter over, our father died. However, the truth must be told, and I must say that Can Grande did no more than I had resolved on doing. From our very boyhood the seeds of hatred had taken root in our bosoms. Both Alboin and I had refused to take the oath; but—" and here the speaker's eyes began again to roll, and the fever to preponderate over reason—"had he not been so severe—had he not been so cruel—had he not made his hirelings swear allegiance to his bastard—had he not treated us, whom our father had made equal with him, with contempt, I had not—mayhap I had not slain him. No, no—slain him I had not! But when he threatened me, when I had everything to fear from his cruel hatred, it was then time to look to my own defence. Was it not, Bevilaqua? was it not, my sons? Look you, the very beast is provident of its own defence when it sees itself ensnared and surrounded by the toils of its enemies; and say, why should not we be equally provident, though the enemy be our brother? Ha! ha! art thou there?" shouted the duke, overpowered by the violence of the fever. "Thou shak'st thy head at me—thou

hissest at me—thou tellest me that it was no chance my meeting with thee on that memorable 14th of December—that I *purposely* sought a quarrel with thee, and not contented with piercing thee through the body with my sword, I clove thy head in falling! What! thinkest thou I should have waited till thou hadst gained time to drag me to the block, as I——? Ha! and thou too, half-witted youth, thou wilt arraign me too! What! thou wert no rebel, sayest thou! Others it was who betrayed thee. I ought to have shown mercy to thy weakness! Fraternal love! the ties of blood! Ha! ha! Avaunt, thou wretched idiot! I understand thee not! Thou usest words which have no meaning for a Scala's ear!"

"Father! dearest father!" exclaimed Bartholomæo. "Collect thyself, my father! There is no one here but your children and Signor Bevilaqua, your tried and faithful servant."

The duke stared at the speaker for a considerable time, then seized the cup, which Bevilaqua proffered, hastily emptied its contents, and continued in a quieter tone.

"I have such disturbed dreams—had even when in youth and health—and now, the fever ——; but pay no attention to what I may have said; it is nothing—believe me it is nothing. But now, further, whilst the time lasts—say, are ye ready to take the oath I spoke of?"

"I am!" exclaimed Antonio with vehemence, offering his hand to Bartholomæo, who pressed it to his heart.

"Ye swear," continued the father, not wholly unmoved, "to love each other as brothers should, as Scala brothers never have, to sacrifice the one to the other what ye hold on earth most dearest, crown and life?"

"I swear it by God and my honour!" cried Antonio.

"I swear to love my brother unto death, to sacrifice to him, in case of need, both crown and life!" replied Bartholomæo in a milder tone.

"'Tis good, my sons. Now take this key—it opens the door of the private apartments," said the dying man, taking a rusty key from the casket which stood on the table near his bed. "You, Bevilaqua, give me your knightly word never to reveal to living soul what you may have heard escape my lips."

Bevilaqua seized the extended hand of the prince, and pressed it between his own.

"Go, now, my sons!" continued the duke in a tremulous and broken voice. "Go and be happy—happier than your father ever was. Should I be reserved for the morrow, I will send for you, if not——"

"Father!" exclaimed Bartholomæo, bursting into tears, and sinking on his knees by the bed side. "Father, your blessing!"

Antonio had assumed a similar attitude by his brother's side. The hand of the duke was raised to confer the boon so earnestly entreated, but it was speedily withdrawn.

"Away, away!" said he; "I cannot bless you. 'Twere worse than mockery! My hands are dyed with blood! Away, away!"

The brothers retired, overcome by the painful feelings which this interview had called forth. The morning succeeding the evening when

the above interview took place had just dawned, when the Cavaliere Bevilaqua entered their apartment.

"Has he sent for us? O lead us quickly to him!" exclaimed Bartholomæo to the knight.

"The Dukes of Verona are now Antonio and Bartholomæo!" replied Bevilaqua.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"He hath made everything beautiful."—Eccles. iii. 11.

Oh! it is beautiful to see a young girl timid stand
To give away that priceless pearl, her unpolluted hand,
At the altar of the God, her earliest infant pray'r
And latest in her maidenhood taught her was *ever* there.
'Tis beautiful, when vows are pledg'd, to see her artless eye
Gaze on her husband's, as to read her star of destiny.
Propitious be the horoscope that fate is casting now,
For it would be a cruel deed to gloom so glad a brow.
'Tis beautiful to see her sit beside his hearth at eve,
To joyful smile if he doth joy, but weep if he doth grieve;
Speaking to him in that low tone true sympathy doth show—
Mirth may be loud, but whispers best beguile the ear of woe.
'Tis beautiful to see her kneel down by her infant's bed,
To kiss the cheek like Cashmere's rose, ere one bright tint is fled,
And then, with hands cross'd on her breast, and graceful upturn'd eye,
Commend him, with a mother's pray'r, unto the Deity.
'Tis beautiful, in every stage, to watch a woman's life,
Whether as daughter, sister, friend, as mother, or as wife;
Through all pervades seraphic love, the purest, most sublime,
Unchang'd by age or circumstance—oh! strengthen'd but by time.
'Tis beautiful, *most beautiful*, to mark her youth's decline,
When in the eye where passion shone is seen a ray divine:
Enkindled from the holy lamp, no cloud of sorrow pales,
When earthly hopes are held as nought, and God alone prevails.
'Tis beautiful, when she is dead, to see the smile survive
Triumphantly on the calm face, where death with fear did strive,
Engraven by angelic hope upon that Christian face,
As her freed spirit soar'd above, unto a fitter place.

THE BACHELOR OF FIFTY.

BY CHARLES DE BERNARD.

A WOMAN accustomed to admiration is alone capable of carrying on a flirtation with calmness and dignity; any other, at once excited and puffed up, seems ready at the slightest success to rise above the common earth and soar into the clouds. This was eminently the case with Mademoiselle du Boissier, when M. de Morsy poured into her ear the divine elixir of flattery. Intoxicated with the first draught, her amiability ran riot in so extraordinary a fashion, that Madame d'Epenoy, who, once embarked in the affair, watched its progress with warm interest, began to tremble for her success. In vain she endeavoured to restrain the effervescence of her protégée. Neither disapproving glances, indirect warnings, nor change of topic, could succeed in taming down this frolicsome outbreak, caused at once by the desire and hope to please. In spite of her natural character, she was playful and naïve, sentimental and enthusiastic, as the whim seized her, and exhausted her quiver to subdue the heart of the marquis. To every shaft that fell harmless at his feet, M. de Morsy replied by some compliment, which fanned into a flame the triumphant spirit of Alphonsine. The more she coquetted, the more agreeably he smiled; the more her ambition to shine tempted her out of her depth, the more he listened with an air of approval; the more ridiculous she made herself, the more charmed he appeared.

Madame d'Epenoy, after having in vain attempted to oppose some barrier to this ebullition of girlishness, finding that it broke through all restraint, desisted at last from her useless resistance. Silenced, gradually, by the loquacity of Mademoiselle Alphonsine, she bore her part in the conference from which she had at first expected such brilliant results, with as much anxiety, dissatisfaction, and rage, as a general might be supposed to feel, who after having taken his enemy at disadvantage, finds his success compromised by the fault of one of his lieutenants.

"And this is the twenty-ninth!" said she to herself, with mingled vexation and irony: "It is all over; I give her up. She must settle her matters for herself; I wash my hands of them. She will die an old maid, and it will serve her right."

Notwithstanding this barbarous resolution, which she invariably renewed at every fresh check her protégée sustained, Madame d'Epenoy stole a furtive glance at the marquis, and endeavoured to read his sentiments in his eyes. Whether from the politeness habitual to a man of the world, from studied dissimulation, or some inexplicable fascination, he appeared completely captivated, and the expression of his countenance bore witness to the satisfaction he felt. Surprised, but not entirely reassured, the old lady profited by a moment when Mademoiselle Boissier was turning over the leaves of an album, to say in confidence to M. de Morsy:

* Continued from p. 158.

"Timidity sometimes produces effects quite the opposite to what might reasonably be expected: your presence has made her nervous, and it is to hide her embarrassment that she runs on in this way. You must not suppose that she is always in this state."

"A person who talks so well cannot talk too much," answered the marquis, with well-assumed gravity.

Madame d'Epenoy looked at him with an expression, half-scrutinizing, half-astonished.

"Her conversation pleases you then?" said she.

"Were it otherwise, I should be very difficult to please. She has a great deal of wit."

"She certainly has."

"She is very lively."

"I quite agree with you."

"And it seems to me that she has a good disposition."

"Excellent."

"In a word, I am most agreeably surprised."

"And I will never again flatter myself that I understand a man's character," thought Madame d'Epenoy. "I expected that she would make a fool of herself, but that he should be taken with her extravagancies is inconceivable. He thinks her amiable, and even witty; he will find out next that she is handsome! Poor man, love must have deranged his intellects; I can explain it in no other way. However, if my 'poor Alphonsine' can profit by the circumstance, I shall be satisfied."

The matrimonial interview was drawing towards its close—it was nearly nine o'clock. M. de Morsy, who had ordered his carriage for that hour, begged to be allowed to set down Madame d'Epenoy, at the house where she was to spend the evening, and then to take Mademoiselle du Boissier home. The two ladies consented to this arrangement, at which the spinster appeared in nowise startled, although a *tête-à-tête* between herself and the marquis was to be the result.

Although naturally simple and unostentatious in his tastes, M. de Morsy had, on this occasion, departed from his usual habits: his most brilliant equipage was in attendance, and the chasseur who held his cloak was resplendent with bullion epaulettes and embroidered sword-belt. This display, as he had perhaps intended, was not without its effect on Mademoiselle du Boissier, who, seated by the side of Madame d'Epenoy, thought with impatient delight on the moment when all this magnificence would be her own.

"I shall have the carriage re-lined with blue," thought she; "yellow is not becoming to a fair complexion. With that exception, horses, servants, and carriage, are perfect."

They soon reached the Rue du Bac, where Madame d'Epenoy was to quit them. The marquis assisted her to alight, and having taken leave of her, re-entered the carriage with the air of a man really enamoured. On remarking his eagerness, Mademoiselle Alphonsine's heart beat violently, and she panted with agitation. Notwithstanding its being very unusual to enter upon the solemn question of marriage in a first interview, she was convinced that the marquis, restrained

until then by the presence of a third person, had contrived this *tête-à-tête* for the purpose of at once avowing his passion. She awaited, therefore, in a delirium of sweet emotions, this tender declaration, and already, in spite of the semblance of hesitation which a regard for appearances rendered necessary, her whole soul had answered "yes."

M. de Morsy seated himself opposite to Mademoiselle du Boissier, an instance of good taste and respectful consideration which she greatly appreciated, but instead of taking advantage of this opportunity to open his heart to her, he sank back in a fit of deep musing, from which, greatly to the disappointment of his companion, he did not rouse himself until the carriage stopped for the second time.

"Mademoiselle," he then said, with an expression of seriousness, "I have a request to make, on a subject that greatly interests me, which I trust you will not refuse. It is important, I may almost say indispensable, that I should have a few moments conversation with you in private, and my carriage is not a suitable place for such an interview. Although I have never yet had the honour to be received by you in your own house, may I beg that you will permit me to accompany you up stairs? It is still so early, that you may, without indiscretion, grant my petition, and the few words I have to say will not detain you long."

"What delicacy! what *savoir vivre!*" thought Mademoiselle Alphonsine, whose rising spleen was quickly dissipated by this significant request; "a vulgar person would have spoken in the carriage; but he is too well-bred, has too much of the tone of good society for that. I do hope that thoughtless Marguerite has lighted the fire in the drawing-room."

The favour he solicited having been graciously accorded, M. de Morsy offered his arm to Mademoiselle du Boissier, whose apprehensions with regard to the state of her apartment were quieted at the sight of a cheerful fire which sparkled in the hearth. Everything was in perfect order, and the room presented that tidy, well dusted, square appearance, which usually characterises an old maid's abode.

"I am not at home to any one," whispered the mistress to her attendant, whom this unwonted order, coupled with the visit of the marquis, plunged into a state of profound amazement.

Having taken a seat by the fireside, facing Mademoiselle Alphonsine, M. de Morsy opened the conference in a courteous tone, whilst the lady bent her eyes modestly on the ground.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "Madame d'Epenoy has told you of my desire to be presented to you, and of the importance I attached to such an introduction; but she has not perhaps explained, as clearly as I could desire, the strange position in which I am placed. In any case, it would be necessary for me to render the explanation more full and complete, as, subsequently to my conversation with her, an event has occurred which it was impossible for me to foresee, but which has occasioned a great change in my views. Considering the terms on which we now stand, and your condescension in granting me this interview, I feel it my duty, both to you and to myself, to lay frankly before you the motives of such a change."

This preface fell greatly short of the expectations Mademoiselle de Boissier had encouraged; her countenance lengthened visibly, and the smile, which had lately played about her lips, vanished, in spite of all her efforts to retain it.

"Madame d'Epenoy has told you," resumed the bachelor of fifty, "that after much hesitation, I have at last resolved to marry; but she has probably, from a feeling of delicacy, left you in ignorance of the fatal cause which has influenced me in this determination."

"At least she spoke of it in a very vague manner," answered Mademoiselle Alphonsine, with an air of reserve.

"She has, then, mentioned the subject!" cried the marquis. "This opening gives me courage to proceed. Since the ice is once broken, the task I have to fulfil is far less difficult, and I feel that I shall now dare to explain all to you, without reserve. Yes, mademoiselle, it is a passion, as violent as it is unreasonable, a love equally without illusion and without hope, which, after having for a long time disinclined me to marriage, at last urges me to it, as to the only haven in which I may regain my peace of mind, and find forgetfulness of my sorrows. A lady, with whom you are unacquainted—"

"I know the lady," interrupted the spinster, smiling bitterly.

"You know her! In that case her beauty, her fascinations, will make my infatuation intelligible to you. I loved her, then, although I could not conceal from myself the madness of my attachment; to love a married woman, at my age, when so many motives made my own marriage desirable, was to throw away all hopes of happiness in my future life. But how powerless is reason when opposed to passion! you, whose slightest words betray such exquisite sensibility, who understand so well the secret springs of the heart—you, mademoiselle, will not be surprised at the confession I am about to make. My attachment for that woman had reached such a point, that, unable as I was to break through the barrier that separated me from her, I mentally resolved that I would never voluntarily raise up a new obstacle between myself and the object of my passion; I swore that I would never marry."

"But—however—your resolution has at length changed," said Mademoiselle Alphonsine, with ill-disguised anxiety.

"Yes, mademoiselle, my resolution has changed, and you shall know the reason of that change. I learnt that this woman, whom I loved so devotedly, to whom I sacrificed all my future hopes of happiness, was unworthy of my attachment; I learnt, that, forgetful of her duties as a wife, she loved another."

Whilst the marquis faltered out this painful confession, hope, joy, and triumph were re-awakened in the breast of Mademoiselle de Boissier, but that lady, prudently veiling the satisfaction she felt in a show of sympathy with the sorrows of her visitor, exclaimed, with a look of sanctified horror,

"Is it possible that a woman's heart can be so perverse?"

"Yes, a woman's heart may be so perverted, but at the same time a woman's conduct may be calumniated," resumed M. de Morsy, warmly, the expression of whose countenance suddenly changed. "Calumny, like a hateful reptile, may make the purest woman its

prey, may tarnish her reputation with its poisonous sting; but, however deep the wound, sooner or later, truth will prove its antidote."

"Do you mean to say that the lady in question has been calumniated?" asked Mademoiselle du Boissier, whose heightened colour and trembling lips betrayed her sudden and angry emotion.

"Yes, mademoiselle, calumniated, cruelly calumniated. The charges brought against her are falsehoods, the offences attributed to her malicious aspersions, the letters she is accused of having written, odious inventions."

"Ah! you have then heard of those letters?" cried the spinster, casting a hurried and inquring glance at the countenance of the marquis.

"I have heard everything," replied he. "But within the last few hours I have discovered that the whole story is one of those contemptible scandals, on which an uncharitable world so greedily seizes, but for which no one chooses to be personally responsible. Proofs have been promised me, but proofs are not so easy of invention as calumnies, and those who had engaged to produce them, have been forced to confess that they have been too credulous. In a word, this lady, whom I have thought guilty, is perfectly innocent, and worthy of all my respect."

"Innocent!" repeated Mademoiselle du Boissier, with a malicious sneer.

"I have now to request all your indulgence," resumed M. de Morsy, privately studying each varied expression of his companion's stormy countenance; "Were you other than you are, I should hesitate to proceed; but I cannot pay so unworthy a compliment to a woman of your character and nobleness of mind, as to conceal from you the truth, or any part of the truth. I will own to you, therefore, that the full justification of the person of whom I speak forces me to renounce all idea of marriage."

Pierced to the heart, Mademoiselle Alphonsine's downcast look expressed all the mortification she felt at seeing her château en Espagne crumbling away prematurely beneath her feet, for the nine-and-twentieth time.

"I regret extremely that I was not undeceived on this point a few hours earlier," pursued M. de Morsy. "I might then have spared you this annoyance; but since the mischief is irremediable, I have only to intreat your pardon. Were I free, allow me to repeat that I should have felt sincere pleasure in laying at your feet my name, my title, and my fortune; yes, were I free, I should esteem myself happy in offering to so many virtues a position worthy of them—but I have sworn—"

"You have sworn?" said Mademoiselle du Boissier, raising her eyes inquiringly.

"Never to marry whilst she is worthy of my affection. I look upon this oath as sacred; an engagement from which some fault of hers alone can free me; but of such a fault I must have proofs, tangible, irrefragable proofs. In such a case I should hesitate no longer; but she is innocent, and the slanders of which she is the victim, give

her new claims on my affection, and make me more entirely her's. You agree with me, I am sure?"

"I do more, I admire your feelings."

Without appearing to remark the sneer implied in her answer, the marquis rose to depart.

"Adieu, mademoiselle," said he, with mingled respect and tenderness, "I shall never forget the hours I have passed so agreeably in your society."

He bowed as he spoke, and retired slowly. When he had reached the door he paused for an instant.

"No," cried Mademoiselle Alphonsine at that decisive moment, and the pent-up hurricane burst forth with irresistible violence, "I cannot allow an honourable man to be the dupe of his confidence and good faith. Stay, M. le Marquis, my conscience forbids me any longer to keep silence."

In possessing herself of the letter, which she had found in Madame Gastoul's glove, Mademoiselle du Boissier had yielded rather to an impulse of natural malevolence, than to a preconcerted plan of hostility. Delighted to have in her power the means of injuring a woman whom she detested, she might perhaps have hesitated to employ them; for she could not but feel that, in giving publicity to her discovery, she would expose herself to the indignation of every delicate and honourable mind. But the warnings of prudence, however much listened to in ordinary circumstances, were at this moment drowned by the all-powerful promptings of self-interest. To see the wedding ring, the coronet of marquise, the golden fruits of fortune, every object of her long-cherished desires—in short, the realization of her wildest dreams, and at the same time vengeance on her enemy, within her grasp, a single obstacle remaining between her and entire success, an obstacle which she might by one word remove—such was the position in which Mademoiselle Alphonsine believed she stood. This ordeal might have shivered to pieces the scruples of a better-regulated mind than her's, and she sunk beneath it, as the marquis had anticipated.

"Explain yourself, mademoiselle," said he, re-seating himself; "the solemnity of your manner convinces me that you have some important disclosure to make. Speak freely, I intreat you."

Mademoiselle du Boissier paused for a few moments to recover her compdsure; she then replied, with an air of modesty, and in terms of affected reluctance.

"I trust, monsieur," said she, "that I shall not suffer in your good opinion for a revelation to which I am urged by the conviction that in opening your eyes to the duplicity that has been practised upon you, I am fulfilling a sacred duty. Too conscious of my own imperfections to judge uncharitably of others, it is most painful to me to speak of one of my own sex otherwise than with praise; and, but for the rare esteem with which you have inspired me, I should with difficulty overcome my aversion to what might be unjustly construed into a spirit of detraction."

"I fully appreciate the noble delicacy of your character," said M. de Morsy, bowing.

"Had I any personal interest in communicating to you the truth,

my natural feelings of reserve would compel me to be silent, but the flattering attentions with which you have honoured me do not amount to an engagement, and leave you, as well as myself, perfectly free. It is, therefore, without any selfish motive that I speak, and I should be truly grieved if I thought you capable of misjudging me in this respect."

"I am indeed incapable of such wilful blindness," replied the marquis respectfully; "but I await, with deep anxiety, your promised disclosure: explain yourself, I intreat, and keep me no longer in suspense."

"What I have to say will pain you, I fear," answered Mademoiselle du Boissier, in a tone of tender compassion. "And why should I speak? why, when self-deception is so sweet, should I destroy its illusion?"

"It is too late to pause—your silence would now be a refinement of cruelty."

"I yield to your intreaties. Be it so! but you know not with what unwillingness I yield. Heaven knows that my intentions are pure, and yet—"

As she spoke, Mademoiselle Alphonsine rose, and taking her writing-case from the *etagère* on which it stood, opened it by means of a key attached to her watch-chain. She then returned to where the marquis sat, and presented to him a paper, which she had in the mean time unfolded.

"Cast your eyes upon this letter," said she, "it will tell you all you seek to know. I sincerely sympathise with your sorrows, and would willingly have spared you this last overwhelming blow."

M. de Morsy hastily seized Madame Gastoul's letter, which he read with an emotion too great for concealment. In the meantime Mademoiselle Alphonsine studied the varying expression of his countenance, anxiously awaiting that burst of wrath on which her matrimonial speculations were founded. Her hopes were not realized; instead of manifesting the indignation she had expected, the marquis, having read the letter through, remained silent and thoughtful. In order to rouse him from this reverie, the calmness of which augured ill for her wishes, Mademoiselle Alphonsine resumed the conversation.

"An unforeseen chance threw this letter into my hands. I need not tell you that I only waited for an opportunity to return it to the person by whom it was written. In making you acquainted with its contents, I have been guilty of an indiscretion, for which I should never forgive myself, were I not fully assured that you will not abuse the confidence which I have placed in you; for if the existence of that letter were known, Madame Gastoul's reputation would be seriously compromised, and I should be miserable at the idea that it was so compromised through my instrumentality. Her condition is already sufficiently deplorable!" continued the spinster, raising her eyes to heaven with hypocritical compunction. "The happiness arising from virtue is so pure, the feeling of self-respect so sweet, that it is inconceivable how a reasonable woman can renounce them, for the sake of pleasures as false as they are short-lived! Outrage all

decency, deceive a trusting husband, disgrace the name of the man who has honoured her with his choice! When I think of these horrors, I feel as if I were in a troubled dream! What a miserable existence must be hers! Ah! how I pity any one who can be so guilty, and yet live."

M. de Morsy listened with quiet gravity to this homily; and when she arrived at her climax, bending upon her an icy look,

"Mademoiselle," he said, "a woman, such as you have depicted, is without doubt guilty, for no excuse can justify a dereliction from duty. Nevertheless, the inexperience of youth and the force of passion may sometimes extenuate her faults, and recommend them to the charitable indulgence of all generous hearts. But how shall I characterize, how paint in colours sufficiently despicable, women of another stamp, whom I am about to describe to you? There is in the world a class of beings, as unsightly as they are malevolent, condemned by their destiny to a solitary and barren existence. Never has the eye of man looked lovingly upon them,—never has a hand trembled at their touch,—never has a tale of passion been poured into their ear. Grown old before their time, the hideousness of their souls is painted on their features! Disdained of love, excluded from the joys of life, their spirits mortified and their tempers soured, they burn with malicious hatred for all that is young, all that is beautiful, all that is impassioned! If some woman, weak and lovely, cross their path, they fix upon her, as the worm upon a flower, to tarnish and to blight her. They become her spies, they even for a time overlook her errors, that her ruin may be the more complete. These are the women who deserve our pity, mademoiselle, for these are the really miserable!"

The marquis rose, quietly put into his pocket the letter, which he had until then kept in his hand, and bowing with haughty politeness to Mademoiselle Alphonsine, who was completely petrified by this apostrophe, turned towards the door. As he was about to open it, the lady, rousing herself from her stupor, rushed forward to detain him.

"What means this language?" said she in a trembling voice. "Is this your return for my confidence? Restore to me that letter, Monsieur—your conduct is disgraceful."

M. de Morsy smiled contemptuously, and calmly removing Mademoiselle Alphonsine's hand from the lock of the door, replied, in a tone of cutting irony,

"Your intention, as you told me, was to return this note to the person by whom it was written; with your permission, I will save you the trouble. And now allow me to retire; a *tête-à-tête* with a man to whom you have shown such amiable condescension might become dangerous if longer protracted, and I should be really grieved that your matrimonial projects were injured through my indiscretion."

The last sneer was such a refinement of barbarity, that Mademoiselle Alphonsine started back indignantly. The marquis profited by the movement to make his escape, and crossed the ante-room with hurried steps. On reaching the door, he found Marguerite disputing the entrance with an individual who insisted on being admitted. By

the light of the candle she held, M. de Morsy recognised Louis d'Epenoy, who perceiving him at the same moment, seized the waiting-maid by the arm, and twirled her unceremoniously into the middle of the room.

"Parbleu!" cried the young man, who, it was evident, from his dancing eyes and heightened colour, had made an excellent dinner—"I knew well enough that Mademoiselle du Boissier was at home. What the deuce did the hussey mean by telling me such trash? M. le Marquis, I wish you good evening. Eh! stop; I see now! I was not to be admitted whilst the lady was engaged with you. A thousand pardons, most discreet of bed-chamber women; I give you back my good opinion; you knew your duty, and would have died in the breach!"

"You are gay this evening, Louis, said M. de Morsy, smiling at the notion which Louis d'Epenoy had so readily adopted.

"Artificial spirits," said he. "Come, mademoiselle, will you make up your mind to announce me now?"

The *femme-de-chambre*, seeing her post forced, thought that further resistance was useless, and advanced to open the door of the drawing-room. Louis d'Epenoy followed her, having previously taken leave of M. de Morsy, who immediately quitted the apartment.

"He comes too late," thought he, as he descended the stairs, and his secret satisfaction at the circumstance lightened the tortures of his jealousy.

The marquis was not mistaken in the motive he supposed for his young rival's visit to Mademoiselle du Boissier. After the scene at the Théatre Français, d' Epenoy, mad with vexation, brought his mind with difficulty to the cool consideration of the course he should pursue.

"I am surely the victim of some perverse fatality," said he passionately. "Two letters, the first, the only two she has ever written to me, stolen, one after the other! Was ever such ill luck! However, lamentations are useless now—I must act. As for the second note, that gives me little uneasiness; the rascal who took it, fancying it some rich booty, must have torn it up as soon as he discovered his mistake. But with regard to the letter stolen by that accursed old maid, the business is more serious. She must be made to restore it! It is easily said, and it must be done; but how on earth to set about it I am quite at a loss."

D'Epenoy could not, like the marquis, affect a sudden inclination for matrimony, by means of which he might turn to account Mademoiselle du Boissier's vanity. In his case, no one would have been blinded by such a scheme—besides, the idea did not occur to him. After exerting all his ingenuity to concoct some stratagem by which he might effect his purpose, after weighing the difficulties and dangers of every plan that suggested itself to his imagination, he decided at last upon an enterprise, somewhat absurd in its details, and requiring considerable audacity in its execution. He therefore fortified his courage with an extra bottle of champagne, and lost no time in carrying it into effect.

The lover of Madame Gastoul entered the drawing-room with the air

of an envoy charged with an important mission. He found Mademoiselle Alphonsine on the spot where the marquis had left her. As the door opened, the spinster raised her eyes to d'Epenoy's face with a dull, unconscious gaze.

"Mademoiselle," said Louis, who had prepared his part beforehand, "I entreat you to pardon the liberty I take in disturbing you at so unreasonable an hour, but the business on which I come brooks no delay. My mother is anxious to see you immediately, and has commissioned me to escort you to her house. My carriage is at the door, and if you will do me the favour to accompany me—"

"Your mother!" interrupted Mademoiselle du Boissier—"why it is not an hour since I left her!"

"I am aware of that," resumed d'Epenoy, somewhat embarrassed, for he was unacquainted with the events of the evening; "but she wishes to see you, notwithstanding; she has some tidings to communicate which are of the utmost importance to you. She has not confided the secret to me, but I think I can guess what it is. A very rich American, unmarried, is desirous of—but my mother will explain the whole affair to you better than I can. I fear, too, that I should be infringing on her province if I spoke to you of marriage."

At that magic word Mademoiselle du Boissier raised her head with renewed spirit, as a war-horse shakes his mane at the sound of a trumpet, and fixed her kindling eyes on Louis d'Epenoy.

"An American?" she said, inquiringly.

"Yes, an American, rolling in wealth, a very handsome man, and scarcely forty years of age."

"You are acquainted with him then?"

"I have seen him occasionally at the club," answered Louis, whose position precluded a strict adherence to truth.

"I am always at Madame d'Epenoy's orders," said Mademoiselle Alphonsine, whose imagination, in spite of her recent and nine-and-twentieth failure, already transported her in anticipation to the glorious savannahs of America.

The lady put on her bonnet, wrapped her shawl around her, and leaning on d'Epenoy's arm, obeyed the summons. At the door they found the carriage, in which Louis placed his companion, and after whispering some directions to his servant, seated himself by her side.

"Now spare neither horse-flesh nor whipcord, coachman, if you love me," thought he when they were off. "My American was a genuine inspiration of genius. How greedily the old maid swallowed the bait!"

Overcome by the various emotions which had agitated her during the last few hours, Mademoiselle du Boissier remained for some time silent, and her neighbour gladly followed her example. This silence might have continued unbroken during their drive, had not the lady, in looking accidentally through the glass, perceived a long line of lamps reflected in the water.

"We have no bridge to pass in going from the Rue de Belle Chasse to Madame d'Epenoy's," said she, in some surprise.

"I am not taking you to my mother's," replied Louis, coolly.

As he spoke, the carriage entered the Place Louis XVI. from the

bridge. It then turned to the left, and rapidly ascended the Champs Elysées.

"Whither then are we going?" demanded Mademoiselle Alphonsine, with increasing wonder.

"You will know immediately—it is a surprise my mother has prepared for you, which I have promised not to betray."

"A surprise! An American! What can all this mean?" thought Madame d'Epenoy's protégée, racking her brain to account for so strange a proceeding.

All was again silent in the carriage; Louis feigned to be asleep, and Mademoiselle sank back again in a fit of musing.

"We have passed the barriers!" cried she suddenly, as the triumphal arch of the Etoile met her astonished eyes.

"We have indeed passed the barriers," said d'Epenoy, without stirring; "but do not alarm yourself—although I have spoken to you of an American, I have no idea of being your escort to America; we are going but a few leagues out of Paris."

"A few leagues!" repeated Mademoiselle du Boissier, whose astonishment quickly changed into alarm. "Surely you are not speaking seriously. It is not probable, indeed it is impossible, that Madame d'Epenoy, whom I left at nine o'clock in the Rue du Bac, should now be several leagues out of Paris, expecting me join her."

"Are you particularly anxious to see my mother?" inquired Louis in a tone of raillery.

"Monsieur, what mean you?"

"I mean, Mademoiselle, that any questions you may do me the honour to address to me at present will remain unanswered. We shall reach our destination in an hour, and I will then explain all."

"Monsieur, this language is unbearable. I beg that you will stop the carriage, and release me."

"What! in the middle of the road? Impossible!"

The lady let down the glass hastily, and cast a terrified glance upon the trees which bordered the road, and seemed to fly past them as they proceeded. Beyond, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, she clearly perceived the vast plain by which Paris is encircled.

"Am I then to be torn from my home, cruel ravisher?" cried she, turning with a tragic gesture towards her neighbour.

"Ravisher!" replied he with an unfeeling laugh. "However that may be, I am not so unfortunate as to risk being sent to the galleys for the abduction of a maiden under sixteen years of age."

Mademoiselle du Boissier shrunk into the corner of the carriage with as much horror as if the handsome young man by her side had been transformed into some unsightly and pestiferous monster.

The horses seemed to fly. They had now quitted the highway, and entered upon a narrower road which turned off to the left.

"Will you now condescend to inform we whither it is your intention to convey me?" asked Mademoiselle Alphonsine in a hollow voice, in fresh alarm at this change of direction.

"I have already had the honour to tell you that I decline answering any more questions until we reach our journey's end; the delay will not be long. In the mean time summon patience to your aid, and,

above all, be assured," continued d'Epenoy sarcastically, "that I am too sensible of the respect due to you ever to lose sight of it; your honour runs not the slightest risk—for this I pledge my word as a true knight."

This declaration, however consolatory in the abstract, became almost insulting from the tone in which it was uttered. Women in general are but little pleased to be considered on personal grounds safe from outrages of this description; and an exaggeration of respect is in many cases more offensive than impertinence itself. More and more incensed with her ravisher, Mademoiselle du Boissier desisted altogether from farther conversation, and awaited, with a singular mixture of anxiety, impatience, and curiosity, the winding up of this strange adventure.

After a long, though rapid drive, the carriage at last arrived before a gate, which opened at once to admit them. They entered a court surrounded by trees, and stopped before the portico of a building of small dimensions, but elegant architecture. Louis d'Epenoy sprung hastily to the ground, and, offering his hand to the companion of his journey,

"We have now reached our destination," he said, and in a tone so grave that Mademoiselle Alphonsine experienced, in spite of herself, a disagreeable sensation which had some affinity to fear.

SONG OF THE RHINE. (FREE TRANSLATION.)

BY MRS. ABDY.

O NEVER shall lawless and tyrant possessors
The sway of our glorious river attain,
Like clamorous ravens the eager oppressors
May hunger and strive to subdue it in vain;
While gaily its waters are sparkling and bounding,
While flow'rets its banks of fresh verdure entwine,
While the dash of an oar in its current is sounding,
The foe shall enslave not our beautiful Rhine.

While plenty its rich purple vintage is crowning,
And generous wine shall be pressed from the fruit;
While rocks in its stream stand majestic and frowning,
Defying the spoiler their strength to uproot;
While castles and palaces seem by reflection
In the depth of its clear placid bosom to shine,—
So long shall we guard it with pride and affection,
The foe shall enslave not our beautiful Rhine.

While love-stricken youths shall woo Beauty's fair daughters,
By the side of its banks, in truth's eloquent tongue;
While one glittering fish shall spring forth from its waters,
Or one early-known song by its peasants be sung;
So long shall we bravely defend our fair river,
Or its waves shall our cold lifeless bodies enshrine—
O, the hand of oppression shall vanquish it never,
The foe shall enslave not our beautiful Rhine.

MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR.

No. IX.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. FRANCES ELIZABETH DAVIES.

THERE is yet another record that I must present to my readers, and then I shall turn from these slight sketches to a more voluminous narrative that will complete the "Memories" which I think myself, for the present, privileged to offer to the public.

It was midnight and stillness reigned—but not the stillness of repose, for in that season of pestilence, many watchers waked to gaze anxiously into dear faces. Many mourners looked their last upon those they should never more behold, and in that solemn hour choked back their sobs, while kneeling beside the dying, lest the outbreak of their affliction should too early summon those who would bear away the clay, before their fond farewell was fully taken, or haply even before the soul itself had quite departed.

In such silence knelt, a pallid girl in a gorgeous chamber. Wealth had decorated it with a lavish hand, taste had presided over it with a careful presence. Costly silks festooned the walls, rich satins and brocades covered the couches, downy pillows were piled in ornate disorder; yet death looked not less ghastly, though clothed in the finest produce of the loom; nor was the solitude of the sad girl less touching, though forms of the most symmetrical proportions grouped around in classical arrangement.

Gems, too, were there flashing back the pale glimmer of the single lamp,—china of the most delicate fabric, and mirrors that in solemn mockery multiplied the passing scene.

But to the orphan, as she held within her passionate embrace the form that had so lately been animate with parental love, and gazed long and tearlessly into the inexpressive features, all this profusion of that which constitutes the world's wealth was valueless, she felt that all this lavish pomp had not availed to purchase help for the sick, and now, it could not win back for her a parent's smile. What, then, to her were riches?—they who had comprised her world were gone for ever! she was alone—alone with the dead in her agony,—and soon she should be alone in the wide world,—rich yet desolate.

The dull tramp of approaching footsteps, echoing through the marble staircase, fell with terrifying acuteness upon the ear of the mourner. The object for which the intruders came, required not a second thought: like the vulture, who scents afar off the carrion-prey, or the greedy shark that, ere yet the doomed dreams that his fiat has gone forth, follows hard on the ship's track, for the remains that are soon to be hurled into the bosom of the deep, so, by some mysterious instinct, do the dead-bearers discover the localities of their frightful vocation.

Aroused from her deep meditation, Rebecca clasped the corse for a

moment more fondly to her breast,—then she pressed a kiss upon the lips, and gently replacing it upon the pillow, flung a coverlet over the face, and with a wild glance to the further extremity of the chamber, sprang towards the door, but reached it not soon enough to prevent the entrance of two soldiers.

"What want you here?" she hoarsely questioned; endeavouring, by a show of composure, to evade their researches for a few hours.

"The dead!" was the brief reply.

"You come too soon—to-morrow—to-morrow."

The men looked at her doubtingly, and then, reading hesitation in her tremulous lip, answered,

"It's no use, miss, for we know that the gentleman has been waiting for us these two hours; and as for the lady, if she ain't ready by this time it's a wonder, and that's the reason we didn't come sooner, because we thought we might as well make one turn serve for both;" and, without waiting for permission, the man stalked towards the bed.

"Stay, stay, for pity's sake!" exclaimed the agitated girl, rushing forward, and throwing herself before him. "Touch her not; she is not dead, indeed she is not!" and as she spoke the hope, born of her wishes, gave an earnestness to her manner so like to truth, that one at least of her visitors was convinced—it was the man who had as yet been a silent spectator.

"If so be as miss was sure of that, it was no use to disturb the lady,—maybe she was asleep, and there was no hurry; they could call again to-morrow, and maybe the young lady would remember them for their trouble."

"O yes, yes, good men; take money—what you please, but begone—leave me;" and as she spoke, Rebecca flung gold upon the table.

"I can't go to say but that the young lady is generous," observed the first speaker, while his companion carefully pocketed the money; "but ye see, Jim, it's no use flinching, because we must do our duty. I'm sure that I have no particular fancy to carry off gentlefolks in this drumhead-court-martial sort of manner; but when a man 'lists, it's no use argufying with the commanding officer, and if we don't do what we are ordered, we shall find the odds of it; so, miss, by your leave, we must do our duty."

It was in vain the poor girl hung upon the outstretched arm of the soldier, for in an instant he had thrown aside the drapery that lay spread over a couch in the extremity of the apartment, and there fixed in death was revealed the form of her father.

"There, I knew I was right. Lawks, miss, what's the use of you're taking on after that fashion? it's what we must all come to; and so, Jim, lend us a hand, and then we'll look after t'other, because, ye see, it's no use making two bites of a cherry."

"I say so too, Sam, but if miss—"

"If! if! I tell ye, it can't be—the thing must be done right out."

"Hear me, good men, kind men!" shrieked the wretched girl; "in pity, hear me! Spare them but this night—only this one!"

"But what will save us from the halberds, miss, eh?"

"I will. You shall have gold enough to buy your freedom, to make you rich; only for this single night spare the parents to their child—to their desolate child."

The men answered not, but proceeded to raise the uncoffined body, preparatory to placing it in the miserable shell that they had brought for its reception, and, wildly shrieking, Rebecca flung herself at their feet.

"Name but the price—make your demand, and, before you quit the place, it shall be yours."

"I say, Jim," smirked the ruder of the two, "what if we were to take the lady at her word? she's a pretty wench, and—I say, miss, have you any objection to the knapsack? if you haven't, I've none to you, so you may give us a smack apiece to clinch the bargain."

"Unhand me, fellow!" exclaimed Rebecca, starting from her knees, and gaining dignity from indignation, "dare but to lay a finger on me, and the unprotected girl shall show you, that wretched as she is, she yet lacks not the means to punish your insolence."

"Best let her alone, Sam," interposed Jim, "the offer is a good one."

"Good! I'll make mine better, if she comes over me with any of her nonsense," sulkily muttered Sam.

"It is a good offer," pursued Rebecca, turning to the mediator, "and well worthy your consideration. See, here is a purse, it contains doubloons—try it—it is weighty—you can easily make it yours."

The men eyed the tempting bribe wistfully.

"What say you, Sam?"

"I say, a heavy purse is a good thing. What else *can* I say, you fool?"

"Why, then, I suppose we must do as miss wishes—eh?"

"If you've made up your mind, Jim, it's no use me holding out."

"Why then, miss, if you'll promise not to report us—"

"Fear not me," and she was about to relinquish the purse to the grasp that was extended towards it, when, detecting a malicious glimmer in the eyes of her persecutor, the caution of her mother's race recurred, and suspicion shot through her mind. "No, no, I trust you not, but to-morrow it shall be yours."

"And why should we trust you?" doggedly inquired Sam. "To-morrow you may, perhaps, deny us our recompense."

"True, true," responded Rebecca, "you have no right to trust me; but I will give you a pledge dearer to me than all the wealth that surrounds me;" and disengaging from her neck a locket encircled with gems, and containing the miniatures of her parents, "Take this, it is very costly, but not so rich as the purse—to-morrow I will redeem it with that which you will value more, but which to me is far less precious. Are you satisfied?"

"Why, yes, I suppose we must."

"Go, then, and leave me to my grief."

The men moved towards the door.

"Yet stay," she cried, "would it not be possible to procure—to

procure for these—" and pointing towards the dead, the poor girl burst into tears.

" Why yes, miss," said Jim, " I think I know what you want."

" To lay them respectfully in the grave."

" I understand, miss—yes, there's a shop open down below in the town, where they keep a fairish assortment of them there wooden surtouts ready made, and if you'll allow us to measure the gentlefolks, I think we can fit 'em both there to a tee, if so be as you don't mind paying rather a tightish price for the article, because ye see them there undertakers are making a niceish harvest of this business."

" Any thing,—only let me have all that is right, and you shall be well rewarded for your trouble :" and while the soldiers proceeded methodically to take the requisite dimensions, a process too harrowing for her to witness, Rebecca had once again recourse to her father's bureau, and taking thence an uncounted handful of gold, placed it in the man's hand, and with a bursting heart waved them from the room.

The possession of the money seemed to melt the sympathies of both; for they moved away on tiptoe, yet before closing the door, Sam stepped back to hope that " miss would contrive to be ready for them at nine in the morning?"

" Yes, yes, I promise—at nine. I will offer no opposition," exclaimed Rebecca, and the next moment she and the dead were—alone.

Sacred be the sorrows of that night of bereavement; let us draw a veil over the rites of the departed, over the grief of the mourner.

The father of Rebecca Mercandante was by birth an Italian, and one of the most considerable merchants resident at Gibraltar. His wealth was so great, that it was said, that if he endowed his daughter with the old staves of his sugar hogsheads, as he used sportively to threaten, in the event of her disobedience, her fortune would have been very amply sufficient to all the comforts, and most of the luxuries of life, though not to the princely magnificence to which she had been accustomed.

Twenty years before the period at which our tale commences, on a trip to England, Signor Mercandante had been introduced to a beautiful Jewish proselyte to the Protestant church, and having incontinently proposed himself for her husband, had been as frankly accepted, and, after a fortnight's courtship, had borne his bride away from her incensed Hebrew connexions, to place her in a foreign home, where she was honoured as a petty sovereign by the friends of her idolizing husband. In process of time she had made him the grateful father of two lovely children, and it had been the proud thought of the merchant, that the splendid dowry designed for his daughter would not prevent his son from succeeding to his own high commercial station, as the wealthiest merchant on the Alameda.

During his prosperous career, if a fault deformed the character of Signor Mercandante it was that of placing too high a value on the advantages of wealth. This often made him apparently ostentatious, even while the benefits that he conferred sprang from the generosity of a highly principled nature. But if he erred in this, he was destined to be rebuked in his pride, for the darling son, the presumptive suc-

cessor of all his advantages, fell an early victim to the pestilence and of his numerous household many shared that son's fate, while the rest fled fear-struck from the infected dwelling. Thus his stately mansion became a desert, and the humbled merchant was doomed to see the beloved wife of his bosom sinking before his eyes, and finally to breathe his own last sigh, unattended, uncared for, except by his delicately-nurtured and devoted child Rebecca.

To secure her interests in the best manner that he was able, was the last effort of the dying father's care, and by executing a document by which, during her minority, she was intrusted to the guardianship of her maternal uncle, who was also one of his commercial London correspondents, he hoped that he had secured her future welfare. So believing, the merchant died, piously thanking Heaven that at least the evils and the temptations of poverty could never assail the daughter of his affections.

His wife, who was delirious when he breathed his last, returned to consciousness two hours afterwards; concealment of the fact was impossible, and the shock at the crisis of her disorder fatal. She lived but to bless her Rebecca, then closed her eyes, and slept the sleep that knows on earth no waking.

* * * * * *

Three months were passed and gone; the pestilence was over; business and pleasure were resumed, and to many the past was as a sad dream that they would fain banish from memory, while to others it had left cankering sorrows that no lapse of time could entirely heal. Egress and regress were, however, again free, and crowds prepared to quit the place of their blighted happiness. Among them was Rebecca. No sooner had the departure of the plague been thoroughly ascertained, than numbers who held her father's name in veneration hastened to offer their services to his heiress, and the sorrowing girl who, in helpless loneliness, had been exposed to the insults of the rude soldiers, now again found herself a magnet of attraction, and the solitude of her home transformed into a levee of observant friends, but she, who had six months earlier moved among society like an embodied charm, delighting and fascinating by her playfulness and wit, shrank timidly from the approach of cheerfulness, and declined all overtures, preferring the simple privilege to weep alone.

It was piteous to witness the change that a few months had made in that bright young face; to gaze into those tearful eyes, so lately beaming with mirth and gladness. So thought those who loved her, and many there were who did, although in her solitude she had condemned all; but each had suffered an individual calamity, and it was not until all was over that each could guess what their fellows had suffered in the struggle, and then they saw that they had wronged their friends, and that the desolation which had been felt to be only personal, was indeed but too general. Rebecca, however, asked of those who would assist her but one favour, and that was to direct her in the transfer of her wealth, according to the will of her father, which effected, she determined to leave the Rock, and submit herself to the guardianship of her uncle in London.

It was the night prior to her departure, Rebecca sat alone in the saloon. All her arrangements had been completed, even to the last sad duty of a visit to the resting-place of her parents, where a splendid monument commemorated their fate, and their child's affection. The household slept, yet the young mistress of the mansion retired not, the sluices of her grief had been all re-opened, the thought of the morrow was a new bereavement, and when she kissed for the last time the grave of her parents, she had felt that death itself would be more welcome than her projected voyage, with all its strangeness, and the prospect of that untried world of which she as yet knew nothing beyond the name.

She had been told that wealth would purchase for her consideration in the metropolis to which her course was destined, but where could she find the love that had fostered her in the dear home of her youth? where even the kind hearts that loved her for her parents' sake?

Lost in such meditations, Rebecca threw back the jalousies which separated the saloon from the garden-entrance, and passing out into the portico, seated herself on the topmost step, and reclining against a marble pillar, remained sadly contemplating the moonlight scene.

Adjacent to her spread out a carpet of flowers, over which she had gambolled ever since memory began. There was the fountain spouting its silver streams as continuously as when those streams had formed the plaything of her childhood. What sad and sweet thoughts flitted across her mind, as she remembered the practical jokes which her brother and herself had played with the mechanical mysteries of that sparkling *jet-d'eau!* More distant, the bower where she had been accustomed to receive the daily instructions of the patient Madame Foubriant,—there the slender trees, that had been denuded of their branches, to leave free course to her swing. Nearer, and drooping round her, as if emulous to caress the tear-dewed face that buried itself in their blossoms, the rich cluster-rose that she had trained with her own hands, and thousands of flowers all fragrant, and glistening in the moon's ray, as though they wept in concert with their departing friend; and beneath her, down the hill-side, spread the habitations of friends! O word little understood! how often—how very often—profaned! More distant, the noble bay, its waters smooth as a mirror, and as polished; and there, away—away, but clearly visible, the vessel that is to bear her from all these objects so dear. Hill and mountain stands out clearly in bold relief, while far, far out at sea, a dense fog, like the veil of futurity, closes out the dim horizon of her promised voyage.

Sad were the thoughts that thronged through heart and brain, and then she beheld these objects no longer—she was in the chamber of her parents, not as she had seen it last, but decked for a festival—music was sounding, and song and dance re-echoed through the dwelling. She looked towards the couch of her parents, and saw a rich white coverlet spread over it. Suddenly she became convinced that the past was but a delusion. "My parents live!" she exclaimed. "I will fling aside that envious covering, and I shall bask again in

their smile, while sorrow shall fleet away as the night-mist before the morning's sun."

Full of such sweet certainty, she advanced, hastened by the voice of her father, who called her as she approached, and chid her for delay. In a moment she is standing by the bed; and then some invisible power withholds her hand—she is smitten by a strange awe, she has no power to lift an arm, and her feet grow rooted to the spot. Cold damps ooze from her pale brows, and the curdling torrent of her life-blood stops. Her eyes fix with a distended gaze upon the coverlet, and then, by unseen agency, it is withdrawn, fold after fold, and she sees her parents, not as when they lived, but as they *are*—in death, with all the horrid secrets of the grave revealed and visible to her aching sight.

Horror seizes her, and she would fly, but she has no power to move; she would shriek, but her voice is frozen, and a wild unearthly sound alone gurgles from her purple lips, and then, she is conscious of a giant's grasp, and a hideous yell close to her ear. Maddened by that touch and tone, she collects her whole force into one desperate effort, and with a frantic gesture dashes herself on the pavement. And then the mystic spell is broken;—again the moonbeams smile, again the flowers breathe upon her in their fragrance, the world in its silent beauty is before her, and with grateful joy she returns thanks to heaven that the scene of terror was "but a dream."

"Ay, ay, a dream, quotha! dreams are but the foreshowers of the future, my mistress."

Rebecca started from her knees, and turned to the speaker;—it was an aged crone, whose hideous aspect was scarcely less appalling than those of the fevered vision from which she had escaped; and as she stood out in the pale moonlight, wrapped in her ragged cloak—her gray hair floating disordered over her wrinkled face, and her bony finger raised impressively as she spoke—scarcely could Rebecca believe that she was not still looking upon a part and parcel of the same dreamy horror.

Memory, however, quickly reminded her of certain nursery-tales concerning the wise woman of the Devil's Gully, who dwelt there solitarily in a cave, hidden amongst its rocky recesses, seldom visited excepting by those who would learn from her the secrets of their future, and where rumour said that she pursued, not unprofitably, her vocation.

Although Rebecca possessed a nature full of the enthusiasm for which the children of the south are justly famed, she yet partook only in a small degree of the superstition which is equally their characteristic; but the tone of her mind was unstrung, her nerves were still tingling from varied causes, and when she remembered that the visits of the wise woman were said to be the precursors of calamity, it was not without a shudder that she recognised her presence.

"And what may your dream have been, my pretty bird?" croaked the hag. "Come, come, tell it—or shall I tell it for you of my own knowledge? I can"—and she peered meaningly into her face. "Do you think, if I could not, that I should have taken the trouble to wake ye from it?—for which, like many others that would do

a good turn, I had like to have got a slap in the face for my pains. But 'tis ever thus with you young things—you don't know your friends. Ay, ay, foolish now, but you'll grow wise in time; age brings wisdom—it does—it does!" and her voice sank into a discordant muttering.

"It was you, then, who awoke me, was it, good mother? I thought a giant clutched me in his death-cold hand, and—oh, it was a horrible dream!—horrible! horrible!"

"Ho! ho! ho!—it was no giant—only an old witch!—the witch of the Devil's Gully!—so fools call me!" and a malicious leer passed over the hag's face as she added—"and some, maybe, had rather fall into a giant's gripe than mine. But you are not one of those—I shall do you no harm!" and she crept closer to her auditor.

"Why should you, good dame?" asked Rebecca, gaining courage from the softened tones of the speaker—"why should you injure one who never injured you? I fear you not!"

"I'll give you a better reason, lady. Your father was my benefactor, and for that I would say farewell to his daughter, and serve her if I could;" and as she spoke, she crouched at the feet of the young girl, and gazed up into her face.

Rebecca was silent a moment, while she looked down wistfully upon the woman, and then, seating herself on the steps beside her,

"Tell me, then, for 'tis said you have the power of prophecy, what is the destiny that awaits me in that far land toward which, yonder vessel shall bear me on the morrow?"

"Lady, thou art very beautiful—the fate of beauty is one with the rose, that is its emblem!"

As the prophetess spoke, she plucked a flower from the branch beside her, held it to her lips, her heart, pressed it fondly, and then flung it contemptuously away.

"Alas," sighed Rebecca, "if your prophecy be not more encouraging, 'twere best that it remain unspoken!"

"'Tis well to know the danger while there is time to avert the doom," replied the woman. "But stay—let me hear thy dream—perchance it may speak of good. I would it may, for I love thee, Rebecca—yes, the wretched hag of the glen yearns after thee, as after the happiness of her youth."

Thus adjured, Rebecca extended her hand kindly to her companion, and poured into her attentive ear the history of her dream. The wise woman's brow lowered as she proceeded, and when the narrator paused, there were tears glistening in her eyes.

"And now, mother, expound me the vision."

"No, no, I have said," exclaimed the woman, abruptly rising, and dashing her hand across her brow—"I have said. What need of more words? Thou art beautiful!—beware of man!—farewell!"

"Go not without a remembrance of me; take this," and Rebecca held a gold piece towards her.

"Not so; I can win coin from others, but from thee I would have something that I can look on daily—a tress from thy bright hair!"

"Take this, then," said Rebecca, drawing a costly ring from her finger. "I have worn it long—'tis thine—wear it for my sake."

"To my death, lady—farewell!"

"And thou wilt not read my dream?" urged Rebecca, gently detaining the hand that clasped hers.

"'Tis too dark!—'twould fright thee!—yet stay, 'twere best known."

"Say on!" and Rebecca leant breathlessly towards her. The woman bent close to her ear and whispered;—the next moment a thrilling shriek burst from the lips of the affrighted girl, but when she looked up she was alone. * * * *

On board the vessel in which it was Rebecca's fate to sail for England, there was but one other cabin passenger—a young nobleman, on his return from Malta, whither he had been sojourning for the recovery of his sometime impaired health, and whence he was now returning, in obedience to the hasty and almost mysterious summons of the proud earl his father.

Startled from the congenial poetical existence in which he was dreaming life away among the music of the black-eyed Maltese, Lord Courtland's obedience to the parental command was paid with sullen deference; and as he was borne unwillingly over the blue waters of the regretted Mediterranean, his speculations upon the probable cause of his recall were anything but agreeable. He was fond of freedom, and had lived too long among the mysteries of Spanish life to hold marriage in extraordinary veneration, and the thought that by possibility the bonds of matrimony were already preparing to manacle his free will, formed by far the most unpleasant subject of his cogitations.

When, however, the beautiful Rebecca stepped upon the deck, he gave apprehension to the winds, and devoutly thanked his good angel for the chance that had placed him in juxtaposition with so enchanting a creature.

The vessel was already under way when Rebecca and her attendant came on board, but the former was too much absorbed in gazing her last upon her natal place, in consecrating it with tears and prayers as the resting-place of her family, to observe the interest she excited, or even to notice the propinquity of her fellow-passenger.

He, on his part, was too able a tactician to obtrude himself upon the flow of her sorrows; he knew that once the flood-gates had been freely opened, the torrent would subside of itself, and that then the companionship of sympathetic kindness would be appreciated as it deserved.

Contenting himself, therefore, with ascertaining that the eyes which glanced from beneath the falling crape suffered nothing by a comparison with the remembrance of those sparklers which he had left so unwillingly behind him, and that the form, despite its mourning mufflings, was replete with grace and dignity, Lord Courtland vacated his place by the side of the new-comer, and surrendered himself to certain airy castles of more pleasing aspect than had yet cheered the progress of his voyage.

Grief seldom kills—nay, more, be it ever so violent, it soon settles down into a calm and solemn memory. So it was with Rebecca, and not many days had elapsed before Lord Courtland was seated familiarly by her side, while she listened to the rich tones of his voice with grave but earnest attention.

Perhaps there is no position in life where intimacy springs up so quickly as on board ship, certainly none where character is so soon developed. The reasons are obvious. Sharing the same hopes, the same fears, one common danger, one common end, no less than the contiguity, all tend, in the business of acquaintanceship, to do the work of years. But in a *téte-à-tête* voyage like theirs, the approximation of thought was increased tenfold;—the result was inevitable—it must either be abhorrence or affection.

Abhorrence, because men are generally wretched *téte-à-tête* companions. Take a hundred accomplished and agreeable men, and on examination they will be found to be as completely *actors*, studied in their parts, and made up for the *coup de théatre*, as any buskined hero who ever "strutted his little hour upon the stage." Give them their audience and their arena, and they are delightful; but take them in solitary companionship, divest them of the twaddle of their coteries, and the eternal recurrence to personal flattery, covert or avowed, and they become, after a very short period, positively unendurable; and I am persuaded that if ladies in love, were compelled to pass a month of seclusion, with no other society than their adorers *before* marriage, instead of after, by far the greater number would make their farewell curtsey, and decline the horrors of that most miscalled and frightful season of ennui—the *honeymoon*.

Lord Courtland, however, was one of the gifted few, the *very* few, who, while he could flutter through the saloon in the most approved butterfly fashion, excelled in the *téte-à-tête*, and knew precisely how to amuse, as well as to instruct, with varied themes, leading his companion on from hour to hour, from day to day, a charmed and willing captive.

How different is the love of man from that of woman! She loves, she scarcely knows why or wherefore; she gives her heart without reservation, nor thinks of results. She has no selfish object to propitiate, nor desires aught beyond her happy consciousness, which makes both its own purpose and reward. Her love is pure, *spirituelle*, holy!—it is her kingdom, her world, her existence!

Not so man—his passion, like himself, is of the earth earthy! He loves, and can give abundant reasons for doing so; he can prove them with mathematical exactness, and knows, to the minutest curve of a lip, the quality of the smile by which he was made captive. He has calculated the end, while he is yet commencing the pursuit; he is ready with all the *pros* and *cons* while he is yet trembling under the novelty of the infatuation; he is armed to combat his dangers, or to surmount his difficulties, while he is whispering the first words of fondness: he is ready to fly should his pride, his self-love, or his prejudice be assailed—while she, is prepared to endure even unto the end. He runs a tilt for sport or pastime—her combat is *a l'outrance*.

Long before the white cliffs of England had broken upon the view of the voyagers, lip and eye had revealed the language of their hearts, and vows, on Rebecca's side holy as the first pure love of woman's heart could render them, had registered their passion. That his lordship was sincere too we may infer, since his first action on reaching the Downs was to forward a missive to his aristocratic parent,

ıing permission to engraft the merchant's heiress upon the ›gical tree of their ancient house;—that Rebecca's dignified ‹e attractions had conquered the prejudices of the young no-ı, was fully evidenced by thatfact. The earl's repiy was short hy; it contained a sarcastic refusal, founded, as his lordship upon the conviction, that his son would be the first to blame ulgence, if allowed to connect himself with a phalanx of plebeian es.

veto thus put upon his matrimonial scheme Lord Courtland : think fit to communicate to Rebecca, trusting that time, and alth as well as the charms of his lady-love, might work miracles he pride of the earl. When, however, on reaching the Tower he learned, for the first time, that the residence of Rebecca's ıal uncle and guardian was located in that degraded quarter of ı abomination yclept the Minories, and that his fair enslaver was about to become a dweller among their nastiness, it must fessed, that his passion lost much of its ideality.

d Courtland, however, was a man of the world, and wisely re-ering that many a beautiful perspective looks but commonplace tiguity, and the reverse, he was determined, out of the pure of philanthropy, to examine personally into the mysteries of this ed plague-spot of the metropolis, and so judge for himself er it were possible that such a place could be worthy to receive ıceful Rebecca.

it was not his lordship only that shuddered as the carriage into the dismal crescent with its dingy habitations;—poor ‹ca thought of her dearly-loved southern home, redolent of ı, and glowing with sculptured beauty. She thought of the glad that had there spread before her, and when the carriage stopped tly at her guardian's door, she flung herself upon the shoulder lover, and wept convulsively.

ı moment more she was standing in the dim hall, surrounded roup of over-dressed Jewesses, who called her cousin at second word, and half terrified her by their boisterous nstrations; while their father, a meanly-attired and very dirty man, bestowed an equally vulgar and obsequious welcome upon lear niece!" Rebecca shrank timidly from the group, and looking ıploringly in the face of her lover, seemed to say, "Alas! I ıt dwell among these!"

rd Courtland thought so too, but he quietly extricated himself the dilemma, and whispering a promise to call upon her soon, ‹ecuted a parting bow, and was gone in a moment. But alas! moment had been fatal to Rebecca's cause;—the passion of Courtland for the beautiful girl remained in all its fervency, ıs delicacy, its purity, its poetry, had all been destroyed, by ıideous vulgarity of a dirty little money-broker and his tawdry ıters.

O man! man!
Wayward art thou as the wind,
Unjust, ungrateful, insincere,
No innocence thy faith can bind,
No worth avert thy sneer.

The perceptions of love, when alarmed, are very powerful in searching into the occult mysteries of the heart it worships; and though there was nothing visible to a common eye in the manner of Lord Courtland, Rebecca felt smitten as by the wind of the upas tree, and all night long, as she tossed sleeplessly on her pillow, the figure of the wise woman of the Devil's Gully, and the frightful dream from which the sybil had awakened her, rose palpably before her sight, and low in her ears again seemed to breathe the warning of the prophetess.

That night Lord Courtland held a long conference with the earl his father, during which he took occasion to expatiate upon the importance which he attached to the parental authority, and having received from that exalted personage, sundry cogent, and some very weighty arguments in favour of a match of his own selection, Lord Courtland, with a dutiful submission worthy of a better cause, consented to present himself as a suitor to the Right Honourable the Lady Wilhelmina Castlekeep, only daughter of his Grace the Duke of Dunderhead.

* * * *

It was some years after the foregone events that one cold December night the theatres were pouring out their thousands into the crowded streets, the carriages were defiling in rapid succession, and the linkboys, for gas was not then in use, were flashing their torches into the eyes of pedestrians, and deafening them with their clamours, when a lady and gentleman who had just left Covent Garden sprang across Russell Street just in time to escape a coming carriage, and, anxious to escape the crowd, passed hastily down Charles Street.

The lamps shone but dimly, and there was a slight shower falling which added to the gloomy aspect of the street, yet they had not gone many steps before they became conscious that they were approaching a person in suffering, for a low moaning sound broke on their ear, uttered apparently by a person who sat crouching on a doorstep. The watchman and the pedestrians met at the same point.

"Come, come, my woman," said the gruff guardian of the night, "I told you before I can't have this noise here, so up and away!—come, tramp!—tramp, will ye now, afore I makes ye?"

"For the love of mercy," implored the woman, "let me rest here a little longer. I am ill, very ill, and—and—" here an awful cough closed the sentence.

"Ay, ay, that is all very well, I dare say; but if so be as how you doesn't go off my beat, I'll make you, that's all."

"Let the woman alone—what harm is she doing?" interposed the gentleman.

"No harm in peteklar, your honour, only, ye see, if ve don't keep the streets clear of them ere cattle, the place vouldn't be fit for a spectable gemman to walk in peace; howsumdever, if as how your honor 'ill be 'sponsible as she doesn't millest any one, I arn't no hobjection to let her sit there—not I!" and so saying, the man passed on, while the gentleman dropped a small gratuity into his hand.

At that moment a convulsive laugh broke from the lips of the destitute creature.

"Pity for me!" she shouted; "the outcast! the betrayed! the

houseless! the famished! Yes—yes!" she added in a changed tone, and starting to her feet with sudden energy—"Yes, yes—look at me well, lady. I have not eaten since yesterday, and then it was a mouldy crust that my father's dog would have rejected."

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed the lady; "that voice! Yet, no, no, —it cannot be!"

"Sophia!" shrieked the woman, and tottered forward.

"It is—it is—Rebecca!—my own, my darling Rebecca!" screamed the lady, and the pure and the guilty, the early, long-severed friends were locked in each other's arms, shedding tear for tear, as they had done in years gone by, when they had met as common sufferers in the general calamity.

"And can this be Rebecca Mercandante!—the idol of wealth—the indulged—the cherished child of the princely merchant?"

"'Tis even so; but go—go!" murmured Rebecca; "this indulgence is too great for me. Forgive me, madam—I had forgotten all save that we once were friends. I had forgotten what you *are*, and what I *am*, but now I remember it, and that I am not worthy of your compassion. Leave me to die—thankful that *ere* I die I have beheld one who once loved me—and thankful too that no eye but His above, who knows my crime, its punishment, and my repentance, has seen the degradation that you have suffered by contact by a wretch like me."

"She says truly," said the gentleman; "this, madam, is no scene for you—permit me to lead you—"

"No, no, general!" exclaimed Sophia; "she says *not* truly. The temple of virtue can suffer no contamination from the approach of vice, unless within the sacred edifice unholy fires are lingering. And she, my early friend! she cannot be vicious. No, no, my poor girl! unfortunate thou mayest be—fallen and most degraded; but not, not vicious. I could not bear to think thou would'st not fain be virtuous!"

"O would I not! would I not! Heaven alone can tell how ardently I have prayed—how earnestly!" and the miserable creature flung herself on her knees.

"I knew it! I was sure of it! And see, my Rebecca, Heaven has heard thy prayer, for I am here to help thee, and I will help, tenderly, as though thou wert my sister—come, come!" and as she spoke, Sophia raised the sobbing girl from the ground, and would have led her forward; but once again her companion interposed.

"Madam, it cannot be, at least not now—the persons where you lodge would not admit her—her appearance—excuse me, but your own character would suffer."

"*My* character, general!" haughtily exclaimed Sophia, "is above the reproach of calumny, that none know better than yourself, and therefore—"

"Madam, yes; but yet the canons of society must not be violated, even by one so pure and spotless as yourself—to-morrow—"

"Yes, yes," broke in Rebecca, "leave me now—and, *if* to-morrow——"

If!—speak not so doubtingly, dearest—be *sure*, be *very* sure that

we shall meet to-morrow. O think of me, feel towards me, speak to me as in years gone by, and be very certain that I will do for *you* all that you would have done for me, had our positions been reversed; but of to-night, my poor girl, what of to-night? Have you no home?"

"Yes—I have a home—a miserable one—whence famine drove me—but soothed, consoled as I am now——"

"Stay, Rebecca! is it?—nay, you know what I would ask—if it be not such as you can return to safely, all shall be risked rather than I will leave you."

"No, no, not that—not that. Poor it is, and mean; but I have not yet sunk to the companionship of guilt, though guilty, most guilty myself."

"'Tis well—this then," and Sophia placed her purse in Rebecca's hands, "will administer to your wants until I come. Go in peace, my good girl, and remember who it was that said, 'There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.'"

While she was yet speaking, a coach, provided by the general's care, drew towards them, and before the overpowered penitent could utter half the thanks that were bursting at her heart, she found herself kindly placed within it, and having, amidst sobs and blessings, given her almost inarticulate directions respecting the place where she resided, the carriage drove forward at a rapid pace, leaving Sophia and her companion to pursue their way in meditative silence.

* * * *

It was scarcely noon when the persevering friend of the unfortunate, accompanied by a pious clergyman, entered the wretched garret where reclined the unhappy victim of man's treacherous love. Her tale was a common one—her faults were told in two words—credulity and weakness.

In her uncle's house she had found herself at once the object of envy and oppression, and in the society of Lord Courtland had received the only solace of her changed and irksome position. Fondly believing his protestations, she had trusted her happiness in his keeping—the result was dishonour and abandonment. Her guardian, gladly availing himself of his legal power over her fortune, had not only made her indiscretion a plea for closing his doors against her, but also for withholding, during her minority, the interest as well as the principal of her enormous fortune; while the lover, with all the selfish cunning of such men, was not ill-pleased to find his victim thus thrown helplessly dependent upon him, and converted the circumstance into a pretended proof of his own disinterested devotion—a devotion which, however, did not prevent his heartless and unqualified desertion as soon as a newer toy was presented to his pursuit.

Rebecca was then in her majority, but upon presenting herself as a claimant of her rights at her uncle's door, it was not only to encounter insult and opprobrium, but likewise to find herself turned contemptuously from it as a half-witted impostor, whose audacity placed her within danger of magisterial punishment; for now that Lord Courtland no longer appeared as her protector, she was without a single

friend, or even acquaintance, who could legally prove her identity; and too proud to ask a favour from her deceiver and betrayer, and too ignorant of the details of business to guess the facility with which her rights could be maintained, the half heart-broken girl was cast forth upon the world to struggle ineffectually against the inroads of want and despair.

And this man, this brokering guardian! what was the estimation in which he was held in the commercial world in which he lived? On 'Change, he was accounted a *good* man—a liberal speculator—a fellow of spirit—and a desirable director for a rising company! Why? Because he was worth a *plum!* In private he was called a benevolent man—an excellent person—a philanthropist—because he often lent money where he was *quite sure* of receiving back cent. per cent. by the venture—and he was never known to refuse assistance, except to those who were really in want, and as for such poor wretches, the sooner they were out of the world the better. What mattered it whether they were to die of hope deferred, or of the pangs of hunger! "Verily, verily, such men have their reward!"

Now, however, under the direction of active friends, and, O, rare excellence, aided by an *honest* attorney, Rebecca was soon enabled to bring the little broker to an account of his stewardship, and very soon after he perceived it to his interest to disgorge quietly all the accumulation of interest which he had been hoarding for his private consolation, and before many weeks had elapsed, Rebecca found all her affairs so satisfactorily arranged, that she was able to recompense her man of law with a sum sufficient to render him independent of will causes for the rest of his life; and, by the advice of her faithful and energetic friend, she selected an accomplished matron as *compagnon du voyage*, expunged from her card the spinsterial appellative, adopting the title of Madame Mercandante, and departed upon an extensive continental tour, that universal panacea for decayed health and reputations, while Sophia found cause, in the amended looks of the still delicate convalescent, to hope that life might be spared to perpetuate her gratitude to God for her memorable reclamation.

Time has flown since that period, and now, reader, would you learn further of Rebecca, I answer, that not long ago, had you turned into Hyde Park, at the hour when Fashion congregates her votaries, conspicuous for its simple elegance, you might have seen an equipage followed by admiring eyes. Within it reclined a lady, just touching on the meridian of her beauty. That was the Baroness de Contrachini, sometime Madame Mercandante.

Again, had you visited the Court, you might there have perceived a splendidly-attired woman, of a majestic presence, leaning on the arm of a gentleman covered with stars and orders. He leads her proudly into the plumed circle—the smiles of royalty beam upon her. Proud and noble dames surround her, rivalling each other in their courtesies to the beautiful stranger—as beautiful as distinguished. One only being knows her history, and with him her secret is safe, for he is her happy husband.

Lord Courtland and the earl, his father, have long been gathered to their progenitors, and amidst the homage of society, and the fond

confiding love of an honoured and honourable lord, the long-absolved Rebecca has forgotten the affliction and contempt that were heaped on the head of the merchant's daughter. Present blessings have blotted out the records of past sorrows, and it is only when the echoes of her heart reverberate to the songs of her early days, or the flowers of her native land meet her sight, that a soft tear bedews the grave of memory, and then, perchance, she may breathe her thoughts in a strain something like the following.

TO THE ORANGE FLOWER.

Child of the sunny land, all hail to thee!
We meet beneath a cold, a wintry clime;
Thy breath hath waked the pulse of memory,
And gushing thoughts o'erleap the march of Time.
How many hopes have perished since we met,
That bloomed so brightly on my dawning life;
How oft the smiling sun in tears hath set,
What friends have sunk beneath the mortal strife!
Sweet Orange blossom, fairest, dearest flower!
Most welcome to the Andalusian maid!
Pure messenger that bear'st to beauty's bower
The gifts of faith, in fervent tribute paid.
Thy snowy breast young Passion's kiss receives,
Rich glowing lips inhale thy perfumes rare,
For, graven on thy petals, still there lives
A mystic eloquence of soft thoughts there.
The bridal emblem thou, whose spicy breath
Embalms the coronal on Hymen's brow,
E'en when decay has touched thy form in death,
Thy breath surviving, registers Love's vow,
Rose scents exhale, when shines the glaring noon,
The tender Cerus opes her lids at night,
Shedding those fragile beauties to the moon,
That perish at the early morning's light.
So droopeth passion, drunken with excess,
Dropping its leaves untimely on the ground.
So fading shrinks light fancies, purposeless,
When Reason flings her radiant beams around.
Thou, mid-day sun and night-chill doth withstand,
A faithful type, to truth and memory dear,
Blooming full brightly on a foreign strand,
Fanned by Love's sigh, and hallowed by his tear.

* * * *

And now, my countrywomen, O that I could induce you to lay the moral of my tale to heart! It is only so far woven with fiction as to mislead those that might inquire, "Who is the heroine?" but its foundation and its details are all mainly true. Would that I possessed eloquence to win ye to imitate the conduct of Sophia to her erring friend!

Arm! arm! my countrywomen! Arm for your rights—for yourselves! Not with steel and coats of mail, like the Amazons of old, but with weapons far more effective, the gifts of nature, legitimately your own—with tongue and eye—with cutting sarcasm and glance of fire deal death to the assailants of female honour. Let him no longer

plume himself upon his guilty conquests over your feebler sisters—let him no longer find among you extenuators, and thus virtually encouragers, of his crimes, but turn from the betrayed to the *betrayer* your just indignation.

Arm, then—arm, daughters of England! leave the camp and the senate to the control of men; but be ye true to yourselves, making common cause against your common enemy. For christian charity, for all that is dearest to the heart of woman, discriminate between the faults, born of weakness, or of circumstances, and the unblushing effronteries of vice. Consider how soon the innocent may be goaded into criminality by unjust suspicions, and how very soon timidity may be transformed into desperation. Mothers, disregard not the tears of your erring children! Fathers, *dare* not to thrust your offspring forth to utter condemnation! Matrons, confide in your own strength—no longer let your virtue "go about like a roaring lion seeking whom it may destroy," or hurry forward into a path whose end is destruction; but rather let it assume the seraph's form, and win with gentle words the feeble back to heaven.

To the young and beautiful I would say, crown not him with your love who approaches you over the bleeding hearts of his victims, for of this be sure, that he who glories in such conquests, would chain you also to his triumphal car, were you not providentially hedged round by indomitable circumstances. Forget not, when you behold a fallen sister, that time has been, when she too has formed a mother's pride, a father's joy, and, while pitying, remember

> The loftiest tower besieged may chance to fall,
> But stands securely, not besieged at all.

AN ELEGY.

> Youth, Health, and Virtue, were allied
> To bless the child who seemed their pride;
> Like those three colours* of the bow,
> Which o'er the cloud the sunbeams throw—
> So fair to view, yet shepherds say
> It oft foretels a troubled day.

* Though often styled the "many-coloured," or the "million-coloured" bow, it has (so philosophers tell us) but three primitive colours.

The first and last did ne'er depart—
This o'er her cheek, that o'er her heart,
The charm maintained, the blessing shed—
But ah! their faithless sister fled;
And then our cherished favourite fell,
As evening's lily droops its bell.

Her path o'er life was brief and bright,
Like some fair star of southern night,*
That rises o'er the horizon's line
In beauty,—only to decline,
While yet the admiring stranger's eye
Is fixed upon its brilliancy.

It sets! it sets! nor sigh, nor prayer,
Can stay its course a moment there:
It sets! but who shall therefore say,
That Heaven hath quench'd its gentle ray?
All, all, that mortal lip can tell,
Is this—to earth it bids farewell.

The flower, again, whose brighter die
Departs beneath the darken'd sky,
Doth not for ever after wear
The pallid colour of despair:
The sunbeam will again restore
The vermeil leaf it had before.†

In faith, then, to the unseen Power,
That formed the star, and raised the flower,
We leave her. Sophist! wouldst thou deem
These hopes of ours affection's dream,
We'll meet thee on that mystic ground,
Where Nature only smiles around.

* * *

* Some of the southern stars only appear above the horizon for a few minutes, others only for a few seconds.—*See Herschel.*

† An Indian flower in the Etawah territory, almost unknown to, or at least unnoticed by, our florists.

SPENCER MIDDLETON; OR, THE SQUIRE OF RIVER HILL.[1]

BY GEORGE STANLEY, ESQ.

CHAPTER XVII.

The story retrogrades a month or two, and the post-bag at Hethersett is opened without license.

THE space of a few months, which our later chapters have occupied, had brought many changes in the fortunes of the Middletons. Sorrow and anxiety had broken the heart of the vicar, and laid him on his death-bed, and ere the day of his death was past, his wife and widow followed him to the grave. A few days passed, the heavy bell tolled from the gray tower of the church, the attendants stood gathered round the open grave beneath the vicar's tree, and many an eye was glazed, and many a manly hand dashed away a tear, as the slow procession from the lowly vicarage bore the two coffins towards the holy edifice where their vicar had so often offered up the prayers of the church for his flock.

But a few years had passed since the lordly house and domains of River Hill had been their habitation; now Spencer and Emily were orphans, left to battle through the world on the smallest pittance that could suffice to keep life and soul together, the remnant of their mother's small portion, and of the hard-earned savings of the vicar since his misfortunes. At Spencer's request, his share in the portion of their mother had been settled on his sister, and thus nearly two hundred a year was secured to her; as for himself, when all the expenses of the solemn funeral were disbursed, hardly the like sum of capital remained to him. Well might the orphans say,

> "Oh, how this spring of life resembleth
> The uncertain glory of an April day,
> Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
> And by-and-by a cloud takes all away."

And yet they did not listen to the whispered advice of the fiend of the cave—

> "That man of hell, who calls himself Despair."

In their grief was neither weakness nor immoderateness—that fatal self-indulgence in bitter feelings which is but the herald of madness. They had looked for consolation where it was alone to be found; they had learned resignation—not that resignation which bears, by mere instinct of nature, what must be borne, but that higher and nobler kind, which, whilst it bows to the will of God from the heart, utters blessings on the name of the Lord when he taketh away, as well as when he giveth. The friendship of the Hamiltons tended greatly to alleviate

[1] Continued from p. 177.

their distress, and gradually to reconcile them to their situation. As soon as the painful day of the burial was passed, old Mr. Hamilton, regarding poor Emily as a second daughter, persuaded her to return to Hethersett, and remain their guest until Spencer could arrange for their future abode. In Mrs. Hamilton, with all her peculiarities, there were those pure feelings of kindness that God denieth not save to the most abandoned, and when suffering and patience were realized before her eyes in Emily, she became from her heart her mother. In Margaret a sister's love was realized; in Gerard Hamilton such feelings as the world calls respect and kindheartedness—as the heart recognizes as love. Spencer, too, found himself often at Hethersett during his arrangements, and had but lately left for London, in order that he might choose a small house where he and Emily might reside, and at the same time enter himself at the Middle Temple, and advance the half of his possession to a special pleader, as his year's fee for instruction in the mysteries of common law.

About six or seven miles from the little fishing village of Shipden, which stands on the most north-eastern point of the Norfolk coast, near the little but rapid stream of the Croom, lies Hethersett Hall, the seat of the Hamiltons. Passing through the village of Hethersett, and entering the park by the lodge of the lion's mouth, a mass of wild scenery, wild as the mountains of Wales or the lakes of Galway, bursts upon the sight, and makes the traveller forget the near vicinity of the ocean. On all sides the park, beautiful in its extent, in the undulating nature of its surface, and the richness of the woods, extends as far as the eye can reach, whilst here and there some narrow wood-track leads through the dense mass of a neighbouring copse, over the brow of a steep declivity, whence the sight has an uninterrupted view over the village of Gardington to the tall peak of the cliffs at Monk's Bay, or to the level shore of Shipden, and the ruined lighthouse that crowns Oliver's Hill.

On the side of one of the many small hills with which the park abounded stood Hethersett Hall, a beautiful specimen of the days of James the First, characterized by the deep windows, the ornamented gables, and the heavy parapet of gray stone, in which the balustres were formed into the family motto,

"GLORIA DEO IN EXCELSIS."

Within were galleries, vast rooms, massive oaken chimney-pieces, carved doors, and elaborate ceilings, attesting, by their good preservation, and their magnificence, the wealth of the ancestors who had raised the pile, and the good taste and respect for his forefathers of the present possessor in preserving them.

Mr. Hamilton's estate was sufficient to preserve the family representative, and to place him beyond the fear of lowering his family, either by being a placeman under government, or marrying a citizeness for the sake of her father's bank notes. It was not, however, sufficient to afford large portions to younger children, to make daughters heiresses, or give younger sons much more than the benefit of a good public school and university education. The heir, Gerard's elder brother, was in active service abroad, married, and no fear of the estate descending to Gerard. So the younger son became the fellow of

St. Luke's, and tutor of the new college of St. Ethelred's in London. As for the only daughter, the death of her maternal grandmother had made her heiress expectant to some twenty thousand consols, and thus relieved the estate of Hethersett from one of its usual charges.

Squire Hamilton was the great man of Hethersett.

What a number of great men every age produces, or, rather, what a number of idols, clothed in superfine cloth, and stuffed with one kind of bran or another, this world either worships, or, having become tired of them, or got nothing by them, kicks out of doors, with tremendous cheers, in order to make way for a new doll.

We are all great in our way—so why need we jostle one another? His grace the Duke of Gunpowder is a great man, because, with some twenty thousand men, all great in their way, he beat another great man with thirty thousand great men. But why envy him his greatness? If you will let him have one dozen shots at you with a duelling pistol at twelve paces, and twice as many rounds of eighteen-pounders at three hundred yards, you shall be called a great man—he bore more than this for his honours.

Two centuries and a half before the Reform Bill, a great man fought stoutly against the Turks in the Gulf of Lepanto, worked hard like an Algerine slave, delivered himself by his own right arm from his slavery, with a stout heart and a cheerful countenance endured famine, and poverty, and the world's ingratitude, and as he sat in a cold Spanish jail, with one arm that was left him, wrote the most joyful of joyful works, and became the great Cervantes, the author of Don Quixote. Do you envy him?

In our own day, Lord Megrim, born a poet, a lord, and a cripple, hated the world, and the world hated him, rolled over the plains of sunny Italy, sailed over the waves of the blue Mediterranean, and toiled over the heaths and mountains of Greece, and wrote over many reams of paper, in many lines of poetry, this one sentence—*Did the world ever see a more miserable or greater man?* Will you pay the price of his greatness?

Why do ladies, rustling in silks and satins, mingling with the demure quakeress, the fanatical missionary, and the wax-modeller, hasten to the cell of the condemned forger, the Swiss valet, the adroit pickpocket, or the last of the Hounslow night-riders? Because each was great in his way. So was Beau Brummell; but his greatness could not keep him from prison, or save the remnant of his intellects from aberration. So the great man, the friend of the greater man, died in a foreign madhouse, whilst his greater friend was carried to the grave amid music, and the clang of arms, and the long lines of mourning, at which the world gazed and listened, and forgot the great man in the greater funeral. Do you envy the beau or the prince? Yet both were great men in their way.

No, man is of too much importance to man, for us not to worship him, to love him reverently. Deny it as we will, the case is so. The monarch on his throne is less independent of the beggar than the beggar of his king. Does he but think that the poorest labourer has a less opinion of his serenity than his serenity has of himself; what ranks of halberdiers, or musketeers, or galloping dragoons, will shut

out that little twitch of pain, when the king found that the poor man thought less of the monarch than the monarch did of him? The morbid hunting after popularity is but love for man in a debased form. What is the feeling which leads the scandal-loving old maid to ferret out every action of every person in her village, and to comment on them at her backbiting tea-parties? or that makes the lounger at the club so ready to hear what others can tell of this or that great man, and to retail his information, inversely or directly? Says a German satirist, "It is the heartfelt and indestructible sympathy of man with man." Hatred, too, is but the inverse of love. The philosopher's wife, said Herr Von Teufelsdreck, said to the philosopher, that certain two-legged creatures without feathers spake evil of him and her, and spitefully criticized the goings-out and the comings-in of the philosopher and his wife. "Light of my life," said the philosopher, "it is their love for us, unknown to themselves, and taking a foolish shape; thank them for it, and do thou love them more wisely. Were we but a couple of steam-engines, working here under the rooftree, they would scorn to speak of us once in a twelvemonth."

Such is hatred of man to man. But what is envy? The last stage of human perversion; where sympathy corrupts itself into envy, and the indestructible interest we take in men's doings has become a joy over their faults and their misfortunes. This is the lowest stage—lower than that we cannot descend.

But the world, says some would-be great man, errs in its judgment, passing by me and my merits, and following in the train of wealth and honours. Blame not the world for this respect for sham great ones—these lanterns with short wicks—not ever-burning lights; blame not its respect for such, but rather pity it: the world must worship something—the great was not, so it worshipped the sham great;—the sun had not yet risen, but the evening star had not waned. But yet the world can deal justice. It is not because the count wears a small-toed boot, or a broad-brimmed hat, or a no-collared coat, that the world of fashion does homage to the count; it is because these habiliments are but the "signa," the symbols of an inward beauty and gracefulness which the world supposes to be inherent in the body of the count, not in the body of the coat. "Great," said the professor, "is the tailor, but not the greatest."

Philip Malvers was a scholar, a tutor, a fellow of his college; he took a good degree, became a Don, a rich man; was a doctor of laws, a fellow of fourteen English societies, vice-president of one, and corresponding member of twenty-five foreign societies; yea, more than this, he became president of his college by his own vote, because, there being twenty-five voters, twelve voted for his opponent, and twelve for Philip; now it was the custom for the rivals to vote for each other, so one Doctor Cannon, a plain gentleman, led the way in voting for Doctor Malvers, and Doctor Malvers, like a shrewd man, but not a gentleman, reserved his vote until the end, and then finding it of consequence, voted himself president of Doldrum College. Well, what good in all these doctorings and fellowings, and even in this presidentship, backed by half a square foot of pica type of fellowships, arranged in an equilateral triangle, with an et cetera

for its vertex, and enough diploma parchment to carpet Westminster Hall? The man is but an owl—of prepossessing gravity indeed, and likely to be made a bishop of—perhaps has been already—but what then? Who listens to his sorrowful hootings but his simple neighbours? But mark—a gauger arrives, under the cloud of night, at a small, out-of-the-way Scottish village, and some one whispers Robert Burns; up gets every one, from garret to cellar—all is alive with eager faces, open eyes, and ears erect, to get a sight, to hear a word of the simple gauger. Yes, the world deals justice.

And because the world dealt justly, the quiet, kind-hearted, benevolent squire of Hethersett was the great man of Hethersett, though a baronet and two lords abided within hail of him, and could have bought him out, and been twice as charitable—*if they liked.*

In the library at Hethersett, where a blazing fire of wood and coals seemed to bid defiance to the dazzling coating of snow which extended over hill and dale, fringed every bough, and cased every portion of the stone fretwork of the house on which the wind permitted it to rest, the party were assembled around the breakfast table. For some months Emily Middleton had been staying with her friends, and had so interwoven herself, in her own quiet way, with the hearts of every one in the house, that the prospect of her departure for London, to join her brother, was a forbidden subject of conversation at the Hall; whilst the post-bag was always opened in fear and trembling, lest every letter-day should bring a notice from Spencer of his intention of reclaiming his sister.

The day was near the end of January, when the bag from Shipden brought a batch of letters, amongst which was the much-dreaded missive from Spencer to his sister. Whilst the old squire is decyphering the pothooks and hangers of his west-country agent, and the formal letter of his lawyers on a case of a manor of which he was lord; whilst the good old lady is doating on a new medicine attested by five hundred witnesses who never were ill, and some dozen undoubted facts, which one of her medicine-loving friends has sent her; and Margaret is endeavouring to understand the letter of a school-friend, closely written and crossed horizontally with red ink, and cornerwise with blue,—we will make a short extract from the letter which Miss Middleton is reading, previously to our making a transcript of that rather lengthy one, over which Gerard Hamilton is making more faces than a schoolboy at his first black dose, or primary introduction to the "whipping-block."

"My dear sister," said the letter from Spencer, "I am now fairly settled in the new house; but though I have been always renowned for good management, London servants beat me hollow, Oxford scouts and bedmakers are nothing to them. So come up you must, or else the house will be too hot for me to hold. If, on your road through any great mechanical place, you can meet with a steam servant at a low price, pray bring it up. Now don't think, Emily, that things are going wrong; there is much more talking than doing in this letter; but, as I am now at chambers from ten to four, or at least ought to be, you may well suppose the house wants a mistress to superin-

tend the live and dead stock. It will be a source of consolation to you to know that everything respecting our dear father's liabilities has been settled in a most honourable manner, and that the little we have left is rightfully ours, enough, if we can contrive to be quiet, to enable us to pass on quietly in hope. I have written to Mr. Hamilton to acquaint him of my intention of carrying you off, and if the winter does not shut me up in town and you in Hethersett, shall endeavour to spend a day with our good friends, before I bear you away to the bachelor's house, and the labours of housekeeping and servant-drilling."

Having made this extract from Spencer's letter to his sister, we proceed to read over the shoulder of Hamilton, a rather long letter from the member that is to be for Riverley.

"My dear Hamilton," said the letter, "I have just returned from visiting Spencer's new habitation, and send you a description of our voyage. We left the Albany at two P. M., and headed eastward over Westminster-bridge, then south by east towards the Surrey hills, and when somewhere about the latitude of the great brewery of Messrs. Liquorice, Wash, and Coculus, made a sharp tack to the east, and came upon a new town of villa residences, red chimney-pots, and green rails. In this neighbourhood we passed about twenty-seven Rose villas and Myrtle cottages, seven Prospect places, five of which looked on a dead wall, and the other two on a brickfield, and two squares, containing, at the least, a seventh of an acre of a blackish greenish mould, inclosed within green rails, and called a garden. In one of these Prospect places, is Spencer's new abode, which, with his usual management, he has made comfortable, when the closed windows or the drawn blinds exclude the blank wall of his prospect. As for the house, like all its brethren, it has six windows in front and a green door, ditto rails, and seven flag-stones, called a fore-court; behind three windows and an apology for another; another green door of mild pretensions, and twelve square feet of very damp land, called by auctioneers a garden.

"As for Spencer, he is as happy as he can be without his sister. He works from ten till five at old Lemonface's chambers, the special pleader of Vinegar-court, and generally finds himself with me or I with him in the evening, when I endeavour to cheer him up, and persuade him not to hurry his dear sister up to London, for fear it should not agree with her tender constitution."

"Why, what is the matter with Tom Davis? getting pathetic?" murmured Gerard to himself, as he read this paragraph, and looked over his letter at Emily Middleton.

"Indeed," continued Davis, "my dear Gerard, you must not keep Miss Emily with you any longer; poor Spencer cannot manage alone."

"Why, just now he talked of the danger of her going to London—Tom can't be in love, surely," thought Hamilton, as he looked at the fair Emily, and concluded with a reflection on tender feelings.

"I tell you all this in secret, as I know the kindness of your family

would persuade her to stay with them for her life—but if that is to be the case, what shall I do—that is, what shall I do with Spencer?"

"No doubt of the fact. Tom—in love—poor fellow!" thought Gerard. "I wonder whether Emily knows it. Can she love him? hum—ha—poor fellow!"

"The Riverley affair goes on swimmingly," continued the letter. "When we talked about bribery and corruption, and a pretty story we could tell, the Honourable Tom let us know that if we went on that tack, he should accept the Chiltern hundreds, and take another chance for the seat, a pretty sure one now, as we hear the squire and the lord have shaken hands, and made up old differences. On this we fell back on bad votes, and having cleared off John Thompson and a dead man, resuscitated for that day, through the magnetic influence of a bank-note, we are now in a majority of one, and though we have queer committee of blue, black, and gray spirits, I think the Honourable Tom will find our voters all good and true men; before you return it will be over, and I shall be either M. P. for Riverley, or up three pair in Lincoln's Inn Old Square, reading the newspaper, and watching for briefs, like a cat for a mouse, with a far worse chance of catching one. Having nothing good to retail to you, I inclose a part of a letter from Oxford, detailing the life of the Senior Tutor of St. Margaret's. Tom Stewart sent it me, and entitled it

"'SOME ACCOUNT OF THE REV. J. TISABOY BUNTING, SENIOR TUTOR OF ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

"'Jabeziah Tisaboy Bunting, for in that exquisite title does our senior tutor rejoice, although he is more generally known among his admiring juniors as the music of the spheres, and among his guests as the Daniel Lambert of St. Margaret's College, had for his sire a very respectable carpenter in the little town of Middleton, a short, pursy, hard-featured man, the oracle of his 'public,' the Præses of his club, one well to do in the world, and most likely to have been made 'his worship the mayor' for the new borough, had not death previously interfered with his municipal prospects. Jabeziah's 'mère was a fine specimen of the solid flesh, warranted to weigh against any woman of her height, and so deaf, that it was currently reported she could not hear herself sneeze, even in her severest attacks. As soon as the child had come into this troublous world, a certain brother of Mrs. B.'s, who was located in the 'great wen,' and accounted a man of some substance, volunteered to stand for the youth, on the condition that he was to have the sole management of his education from the age of six. As brother Jabeziah was reported a catch, and Mr. and Mrs. B. had already added seven to the population of Middleton, Jabeziah's offer was accepted, and, as an initiatory step, Jabeziah the intended taken to church to be christened.

"'The vicar having inquired the name of the little bit of flesh which strove to appear from among a cloud of coverings, old Bunting gave him the required information, and he was proceeding to the ceremony, when the anxious mother, who thought he had inquired as

to the nature of the creature, cut in with 'Tis a boy, sir.' 'What, my good lady?' said the reverend vicar. 'Tis a boy, sir;' so by the name of Jabeziah Tisaboy was the young Christian entered on the fourteenth folio of the last new parish register of Middleton.

"'At the proper age Jabeziah was sent by coach, directed to Jabeziah Winkles, esq. George-yard, Bucklersbury, with care, this side uppermost, and duly delivered to his uncle's porter. Two days after, he was the juniorest of the juniors in one of the great public schools of the metropolis, where, for about five pounds per annum, twice that value in Latin, Greek, and thrashings, can be obtained annually, and a fair place booked for a snug fellowship at our college. To render this place the fairest possible, his uncle made Jabeziah a full boarder at the full price at the high master's, and this he did at some expense, though a frugal man, because he knew that it was what would now be called a statistical fact, that the high master's boarders seldom hung astern in a move, and that the situation of the boarders moved, most curiously to remark, generally varied in the direct ratio of their annual payments, their locomotive powers being mysteriously connected with their qualifications as full-boarders, half-boarders, quarter-boarders, and chance customers. Jabeziah Tisaboy prospered, imbibed Cordery, Eutropius, and Buchanan, passed successfully through first division and second division, high form and low form, magnate, majorate and maximate, and eventually came off to college as first scholar, in the very month on which he attained his eighteenth year, in which his father's municipal visions were beginning to arise, and his uncle and godfather to pack up his traps for New South Wales, in consequence of a sudden depreciation in the shares of the Anachanchuaca Mining Company, capital five million, shares two hundred pounds, paid up thirty shillings. President and managing director, Jabeziah Winkles, esq. Some malicious person did say that the said Anachanchuaca never existed, except in the Stock Exchange, but this undoubtedly arose from their ignorance of the Flatcatchingo tongue, and the non-appearance of Mr. Missionary Waddle's last tour beyond the Bubble mountains.

"'Jabeziah Tisaboy, thus thrown on his own resources, waded through the university, as he had through his school, acquiring as much dirt in the latter wading as in the former, although the academical mud was more evident and offensive than the scholastic. Deprived of the stern hand of his old uncle, who, despite of all his financial faults, was a strict disciplinarian, he became pompous, and dondish, haughty to his old schoolfellows who were his juniors, despised and bullied by his seniors. By dint of creeping and cringing to those in power, he was appointed tutor about a year ago, and will, we presume, remain our portly incubus, until he can step into some better man's better place. A well-fostered idea of his own greatness, and a constant attendance on 'the goods the gods provide,' has rendered his form pompous, portly, and plethoric; his movements have become slow and dignified, his countenance ruddy and stolidly wise, his voice that which nature made it, mean and pitiful, bolted out by fits and starts, as if some one was keeping up a continual fire of double knocks on his broad shoulders.

"'The reverend Jabeziah, I have told you, is proud of himself, I should have said of his achievements, at least of one—a duel—the reverend Jabeziah fought a real duel. That he was driven into it, most people believe, as his courage is not of the first order; that he drove his opponent into it, of course he firmly believes, and tries to persuade the collegiate circle. Be it as it may, the duel was fought, and Jabeziah spoilt his opponent's coat, at the expense of a hole neatly drilled through his right coat tail. The fifteenth of June was the memorable day, and annually did Jabeziah celebrate its return, and exhibit to his guests the 'very identical coat.' Last year, the anniversary was kept, and amongst the guests was the new tutor Hetherington, who put a first-rate extinguisher on the celebration. After the feed, the coat was produced, and the matter commented upon by the meeting.

"'Why did you not save the entire panoply?' said a Don.

"'O, this was the only garment injured,' replied Bunting; "is it not clean, Hetherington?'

"'Are you certain it was the only one that suffered? I should have liked to have seen the inexpressibles, Bunting.'

"The Reverend Jabeziah sold his coat the next morning, and closed his anniversaries.

"From his respected she parent, Jabeziah has inherited a serious deafness, a fund of amusement to the mischief-loving-tutor-torments of our college; every alternate Saturday, as the clock strikes ten, he rings us into hall for an hour's public lecture, as it is called, in the Greek Testament; in front of the high table stands Jabeziah, book in hand, whilst in a vast semicircle, having a radius of at least fifty feet measured from the said Jabeziah as the centre, sit the class. After various infelicitous attempts to obtain a little gratuitous information from some of his pupils, he pounces upon some far-off victim with, 'Who were the Pharisees, Mr. Cox?'

"'Buble, buble, bah!' replies Mr. C., with his mouth in his book.

"'I don't quite hear you, Mr. Cox,' innocently replies Jabeziah, leaning slantindicularly towards the mutterer.

"'Bibble boble buble bah,' again replies Mr. C., a little louder, but still delightfully indistinct.

"'Really Mr. Cox, I wish you would speak up, I don't hear your words."

"'I did not hear what you said, sir!' shouts out the victimizer at the full pitch of his voice, amid the subdued titterings of the public lecture, and thereupon the victim looks warm, suddenly finds he is straitened for time, and closes the lecture for that week.

Soon after his election to the tutorship, it came round to our bursar to nominate a preacher at St. Mary's, and he nominated Jabeziah. For three weeks, Jabeziah discoursed about nothing else, thought about little else, and wrote at least three sermons before he could make one to his mind. On the Monday before the day came on, big with the fate of Bunting, Paul Puckaster invested one shilling and threepence ready money in the purchase of a screw-driver, whilst two of his intimate friends effected like purchases of a file and six very long screws and a gimlet, in the far-off town of Henley-on-Thames. On

the Sunday morning Jabeziah's scout was rather astonished at finding a quantity of sawdust at his master's oak, and that his pass-key was no use in effecting an entrance, because six screws, with their heads filed off, retained the door to its door-post. What was to be done! Jabeziah's bedroom was three rooms off and out of hearing, only to be got at even by a stone from the fellows' garden, of which the gardener had the keys, and was of course no where to be found; time sped on, and at last, no one knows how, Jabeziah awoke, discovered the state of affairs, hurried on his garments, appeared at all his windows in succession, and shouted out 'fire!' Recourse was now had to the fire-ladder; but, alas! the lock was hampered, and the gold poker arrived e'er the lock could be picked, and Jabeziah unshelled from his prison. Off he started in full canonicals in a broiling sun, conscious that he had no breakfast, and that the vice must have been waiting at the very least a quarter of an hour. As soon as he had passed the college gates, fear quickened his steps, and he pressed hard on the poker's heels; off started the poker, anxious to keep up appearences and the lead at the same time, and though he was aged, and carried weight, he arrived at St. Mary's at least half his breadth ahead of the preacher, the aged follower in the cocked-hat having been winded at the Baillol corner, and nearly floored Jack Melborne, the St John's runner, from the great obscuration of sight which followed the dropping of the beaver over his eyes in the very middle of the race. Towards the pulpit walked the Reverend Jabeziah Tisahoy Bunting, halted at the corner, bobbed his curtsey to the vice, and marched towards the sentry-box, whilst the *rouge et noir* cavalcade filed into their respective places.

"The sermon began, and the majority of the congregation fell into the Eutychian heresy, slept soundly; at the tenth page Jabeziah stopped—his last words on that page were, 'and he said unto David,' on the next appeared the words 'damn you.' Jabeziah halted and looked for his page; the flow of language being interrupted, the majority of the sleepers awoke, bowed forward their heads, and prepared for the conclusion, the pokers grasped their weapons, and prepared for a start. When the Reverend Jabeziah, having found his page mysteriously inverted and out of place, once more went on; the dons fell back, the pokers reclined, and the current of words flowed on even unto the end. Whether he would ever preach again remains to be proved, as yet he had no opportunity. The grand inquest sat on the body of the joke, and returned, 'nailed up by some persons unknown,' a sentence of excommunication was prepared, and would have been issued had not the unknown retained his incognito. My dear chum, there are some situations in this sublunary world that are too good to be enjoyed save by nature's own favourites—a toad under a harrow—a prime minister in a minority—a sub-deputy usher at a large commercial school on five pounds per annum, and find your own washing—a cockchafer on a thread—a Strasburgh goose before the fire—a close shave in for his little go for the last time of asking—an unpopular head master of a very large, very old, and very rebellious public school—an eel with a hook in his interior, and an embryo Isaac pulling it—and last, though not least pleasant, a tutor in a college, who lays

himself opent o every kind of annoyance, shows his own deficiences to every one but himself, enjoys the full and perfect hatred of all in college, and has Paul Puckaster for his first tormentor in ordinary. The Reverend Jabeziah clippeth his h's, and converteth his vees into double you's, burrs his r's, and committeth many other interesting 'four paws,' as Mother Parkings used to call them, with the Queen's English.

"It is recorded that he did once nearly utter a very sharp rebuke to one of our men, whose self-conceit and ignorance were of a similar standard with those of our tutor. Theophilus Waggle, commonly called the Cat, was endeavouring to stumble through a passage of Herodotus, in which the words ὀνους ξυλινους frequently occurred; with a slight hint from his own MS. notes and a little prompting, he got on tolerably, and made his 'wooden capstans' more readily.

"'That is quite correct, Mr. Waggle,' said Bunting, at the conclusion of the floundering, 'but what is the critical meaning of the words ὀνους ξυλινους.'

"'Wooden capstans,' jauntily replied the victim.

"'Yes, ξυλινους is wooden certainly, but what ὀνος?'

"'A capstan,' replied Waggle, relieved from the anxiety of guessing which was which.

"'That is not its primary meaning, is it?'

"'O no, sir,' replied Theophilus, thinking it all right.

"'Well, well, then, what is the first meaning of ονος?' continued the tormentor; to this succeeded such a dead silence, that all prompting was at an end, and it was a clear case of all up.

"'Why, really, Mr. Waggle,' continued Jabeziah with an inward noise between choking and chuckling; really, if one wished to be severe, one might say, Nosce teipsum.'

"'Yes, sir—yes, sir,' ejaculated Waggle, who had just received the required knowledge on his neighbour's thumbnail, 'Ass, ass.'

"The laugh was general—even Jabeziah and Waggle were not quarantined from participating in it.

"There is yet one trait in our hero's character needful to be noticed before I close my letter—his careful compilation of his admonitions and addresses, and the singular infelicity with which he uses his day's oration (for he has one for every day in the week) on every occasion, whether good, bad, or indifferent; for these addresses, orations, admonitions, and exhortations, Chesterfield is his model. In my first collections, that elegant terminal farce with which we are dismissed to our anxious parents, when we appear in white ties and bands before the college staff, receive our quantum of κυδος and jobation, according to our conduct and our father's rank—in my first appearance it was my fate to merit a lecture; and as it happened to be a Thursday I came in for Bunting's Thursday oration, the very best of his stock; the crime was cutting morning chapel, because it was too cold to turn out at eight A.M.

"'Remember, sir,' said the orator, with a most judicial blackcap frown; 'remember, sir, how easy it is to lose a good name, how dif-

ficult to acquire one; well hath the satirist said, 'Nemo repente fuit turpissimus,' and equally true hath the Mantuan sung,

> "Facilis descensus Averni
> Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
> Hic labor, hoc opus est."

"So far so good. As I turned to leave the hall he looked at my tie and bands, and said, 'Your bands, sir—your bands, sir—only one, sir, is visible—pray show the other, sir.' I tried to do so, and disclosed the tattered state of that portion of my academicals; one half had gone 'ad Avernum.' Bunting screwed up his face, put on his frown, opened his lips, and began, 'Remember, sir,' ditto, ditto, the dose repeated word for word, 'abovo usque ad mala.' Although I have much to say, yet, as dinner-bell is now clanking, I must close this dispatch.

"Such is Tom Stewart's account, and such as it is I send it to while away the melancholy of the winter in the country; and now with the hope of soon seeing you again, as the man said when he swallowed the emetic, adieu.

"From your affectionate friend,

"T. Davis.

P.S. I forgot to tell you that you will be wanted at Saint Ethelfred's in ten days. Your rooms look tolerably comfortable; but will be improved by fires and friends.

T. D."

Before many days had passed, Spencer and his sister, and Gerard Hamilton, were on their road to the vast metropolis, and the school and college friends were again within hail of one another.

THE TOWER OF THE TEMPLE.

A CHRONICLE OF OLD PARIS.

Near the Temple in Paris, which is situated in the street of the same name, and which formerly was inhabited by the grand priory of the Templars, famous in the historical annals of old Paris, there stood a tower which went by the name of the Tower of the Temple. This tower was built in 1212, by Hubert, then treasurer of the order. It was a square edifice with thick massive walls, and a small turret at each of its angles, the walls of which, in order to admit the light into the interior, were pierced with narrow loop-holes. There was nothing remarkable about its architecture; it seemed, on the contrary, as if the architect's intention had been to give it as sombre and melancholy an aspect as possible, for it was entirely devoid of that elegance which characterizes the buildings of the thirteenth century. Hubert had scrupulously discarded aught approaching to the beauty of design or richness of execution; and such as he had conceived and executed it, such it remained, without the slightest alteration, until 1811. When it shared the fate of so many other public edifices, which time, or the madness of our enlightened age, have done their best to destroy.

Under the reign of Phillip the Bel, this order of monkish soldiers was almost entirely exterminated; if some few escaped, they were obliged to submit to an eternal exile in a foreign country. In 1310,* fifty-six Templars were burned alive in a field near the Abbey of St. Anthony, and on the 11th of March, 1314,† Jaques de Molay, grand-master, and Guy, commander of Normandy, were burned in a small island in the river Seine, situated between the convent of the order of St. Augustin and the palace. These were the last victims of Phillip's savage cruelty, and theirs was the last drop of blood which fell from that mutilated body, called the order of Templars.

As for the building, it was conceded by letters patent to the order of St. John of Jerusalem, since styled the order of Malta; it was enlarged and considerably embellished by the successive priors, who made a palace of it, and in their hands it remained until the suppression of the order of Malta, when it returned to the nation. As for the Tower of the Temple, which still retained its primitive appellation, it was made a receptacle for the archives of the two communities which had inhabited it; here likewise the kings of France used to deposit their crown jewels and treasures in times of disturbance.

In 1360, France was convulsed by several factions, which in times of greater prosperity had not dared to raise their heads. The battle of Poictiers had been lost, the king, John, was a prisoner in England, and the reins of government had fallen into the powerless hands of the Dauphin, who, far from being able to check the inroads of foreign enemies, could not succeed in curbing the licentious spirit of his own

* Giovanni Villani, b. viii. c. 92, p. 429. † Ibid. p. 450.

rebellious nobles. All was anarchy and confusion: Paris was the centre of sedition and tumult, of tears and imprecations; crime succeeded crime; and justice, arbitrary in its decrees, became a new means of oppression in the hands of the rich and powerful, and served as a cloak to the greatest atrocities, so that a day seldom passed without its having to record some deed of blood and vengeance in the history of this important period.

On a cold foggy evening in the month of December, three persons on horseback, well muffled up in their cloaks of brown cloth, ornamented with small capes, and lined with furs, according to the fashion of the times, their broad-brimmed hats slouched over their eyes, approached at a rapid pace the Tower of the Temple, for it had begun to rain, and occasional flashes of lightning forewarned them that a storm was about to burst upon the city. Having arrived at the tower, one of the three dismounted and knocked at the door with the iron hammer, whilst the other two, having drawn up under the archway as a refuge from the rain, which now poured down in torrents, prepared to await his return.

A few moments after, the door was opened by a young man, who appeared to be about twenty-five years of age. He was of middle stature, and, despite the vulgar cut of his mantle and the coarse cloth of which his doublet was composed, there was that in his gait and bearing which bespoke him of better condition than his dress would warrant.

"... would speak with Master Jerome," said the new-comer in an authoritative tone of voice.

Carefully shading the light from his face, the young man replied, after a short pause, "Master Jerome is within."

Master Jerome, of whom it is here spoken, was the guardian of the Tower of the Temple; he was an old man of about sixty years of age, and was the sole tenant of the building to which we have introduced our readers, if we except his daughter Margaret, an old servant, and the young man whom we have already noticed. He was one of those men, who, on advancing in years, acquire none of the infirmities of old age; he had a beard as white as snow, which descended on his breast, and on his forehead he bore a deep scar, for he had taken an active part in the wars of Phillip of Valois. His daughter Margaret was a pretty girl, with a clear transparent complexion, with light hair and blue eyes, and that mildness and benignity of expression, which Raphael is wont to give to his virgins. She rarely left the tower, except of a Sunday to hear the first mass at the neighbouring church of St. John; unacquainted with aught beyond the precincts of the tower, she hardly knew that there existed other streets than those through which she had passed, or another world altogether different from that which she inhabited.

When the stranger was introduced by the young man into the room where the father and daughter were seated by the side of a cheerful fire, Margaret laid down the book, out of which she had been reading to the old man, and sank back in her chair, as if glad of the relief which this visit afforded her; she might have been fatigued from the labours of the day, or the exercise which she had under-

gone, but there was likewise about her face an expression of care and anxiety which was not habitual to it. Jerome immediately rose, and respectfully saluting the new-comer, said, "Margaret, a chair for his honour the provost of the merchants of Paris."

"Never mind, Master Jerome," replied Etienne Marcel, grand provost of the city of Paris, "we will retire into another room; I have a few words to say to you."

"I am quite at your honour's orders," replied Jerome; and taking up a lamp from the table, they left the room together.

"Who is that young man?" said Etienne Marcel, as soon as they were alone; "this is the first time I ever saw him, to the best of my recollection."

"Your honour is right," replied Jerome, "for it is now nearly three months since I had a visit from your honour. He is a poor wretch whom I have received into my house out of mere charity. There was a time when I was poor and miserable myself, and I know what it is to be houseless and hungry; and as I myself once knocked at the door of a charitable man, and he bade me enter, so have I endeavoured to pay my debt of gratitude to Heaven, by helping one of my fellow-creatures who needed my assistance."

"Remember, Jerome, that you are the guardian of many valuable and precious deposits, which have been entrusted to your care. You should, therefore, be mindful how you introduce any one into this tower who might abuse your confidence."

"I have no fear of that sort, honoured sir—what has been deposited with me is too sacred in my eyes to allow of the possibility of any occurrence of that description. No living body but myself ever enters that part of the building where those things are kept."

"Very good, Master Jerome; and now, here is a casket which you will place with the other articles that I have left with you—you may judge of the importance which I attach to it, by my having brought it to you myself; you will therefore return it to no one but me."

"To you alone, sir," said Jerome; "and I will forthwith go and put it in a place of safety."

In the meanwhile, Margaret and the young man had been left alone together. The young girl still retained the same position in her chair, and seemed absorbed in deep reverie. The young man was standing opposite to her, leaning against the chimney.

"Margaret," said he, after contemplating her for some time; "Margaret, why are you so melancholy?"

The young girl made no answer, but slowly raised her eyes, and looked at him as if she did not perfectly understand what he had said.

"Margaret, dearest Margaret," said he, drawing nearer, and kneeling before her, "are you ill?"

"No, Jacques—at least, I do not know that I am."

"Not ill! and your cheeks are pale, and your hands are cold, and your eyes are filled with tears; and, just now, when you were reading, your voice trembled so that it made my heart bleed to hear it."

"Well, I know it—I am ill; but, Jacques, you know as well as I do why I am so much changed from what I used to be, and yet you have

no pity for me—you see me alter every day, and yet you refuse to disclose our secret to my father."

"Margaret, Margaret, do I not love you? Yet a little while, and everything will be well; but I cannot bear to see you so pale and trembling—on my knees I beg of you not to cry any more, and you will not—will you, dearest?"

"O Jacques! Jacques! pray get up—I hear my father's footsteps; if he were to surprise us I should be lost."

The young man rose, and the same moment the door opened; he had just time to turn round towards the chimney, into which he threw a few fagots, when Master Jerome entered, followed by Etienne Marcel. After a few words of kindness to the young girl, the provost took his leave.

"To-morrow I shall expect you at the mayoralty," said he to Jerome, as the latter lighted him down the narrow staircase.

"Your honour may be sure that I will not fail."

"Come, Margaret," said the old man, returning, "let us go on with our story."

Margaret hastened to comply with her father's wish, for she was thus better able to conceal her emotion. She therefore opened the book and began to read aloud, without, however, understanding a word of what she was saying; still she read on mechanically, as it were, until the old man fell sound asleep, as he was wont to do.

Jacques drew nearer to Margaret without her having heard him, and as soon as the old man's heavy breathing announced that he was fast asleep, he knelt down beside her, and, as if continuing the conversation which the arrival of Jerome had interrupted, he said in a low voice, "Yes, Margaret, I love you, and this love is my only consolation, my only joy in this world. Before I saw you, I was only acquainted with its miseries and its sorrows; for me life had always been a weary and painful journey, and I should cheerfully have thanked him who would have rid me of it. But you, Margaret, appeared before me, and I was happy when I saw you, and I loved you as my guardian angel; your looks, and your voice, and your sweet smile, are your only treasures. O Margaret, tell me that you love me—tell me that Jacques, poor and miserable, is not to you an object of contempt."

At the first words which had fallen from the young man, an involuntary tremor pervaded her whole frame, and she anxiously turned her head to where her father was asleep; she then listened with mixed pleasure to the young man's description of his affection, and his appeal to her heart. Brought up alone in this solitary tower, it was the first time that another voice beside her father's had called her by her name—had said, I love you. Innocent and confiding, she saw no reason why she should conceal her feelings. It is true, that her father had sometimes told her strange tales about the licentious and corrupt noblemen who frequented the court, but Jacques was not one of these; in every way her inferior, he could have no interest in deceiving her—and by degrees she had taken to loving Jacques, not because he was young and handsome, but because he was poor

and miserable; the love of a sister had sprung up in her heart before that of the woman.

And she now looked upon Jacques with an expression of pure and artless joy. Fascinated, the young man fervently kissed her hand, which he held between both his, and said, "But what matters it what I have suffered, and what I may hereafter suffer, since you love me?"

"Jacques," replied the young girl, "you know more of the ways of this world than I do, for you have wrestled with its sorrows and its afflictions; tell me, Jacques, why do I feel as if I were guilty whilst listening to you, as if I were doing wrong?"

"It is," replied Jacques, "because happiness has its troubles, as well as everything else in this world."

"No, no—it is because my father is not there to hear us—it is because I am committing a crime in not telling him."

"Dearest Margaret, if I continue to keep our love a secret, it is because I am still poor and wretched, still dependent on the charity of others for the very means of support. I am afraid he would drive me again into the wide world; not that I fear poverty and wretchedness; no, Margaret, but the idea of never seeing you again, that I could never bear. Yet a little patience, Margaret, and when I shall have learned enough of my trade to be able to gain my own living, then I will speak to Master Jerome, and ask him for his daughter's hand without having to fear a refusal—but at this present moment it is quite impossible."

"My father is kind, Jacques."

"Silence, I think I see him move."

"We will both throw ourselves at his feet. He is my father—he loves me, and I will tell him that I love you."

"Well, well, we will see about it—perhaps to-morrow—I've got so many things to tell you—but not a syllable now."

"Master," said Jacques, as the old man slowly awoke from his nap, "it seems the book wasn't very interesting; it has sent you to sleep, if I mistake not."

"You're right, Jacques—you're right—it's a bad habit I've got into. Now, Margaret, perhaps you had better give us our suppers."

Their frugal meal over, Jerome said to the young man, "Now, Jacques, it's high time we should all go to bed, and yourself in particular, as you must be up early to-morrow morning; do all you can to please your master, and learn your trade well, and I hope to see you soon at the head of a business of your own." And the old man stretched out his hand to the young blacksmith, for such was the trade at which he was now serving his apprenticeship, and wished him good night.

Jacques blushed as he received this mark of paternal affection; and his hand trembled as the old man held it in his; he then took up a lamp, and casting on Margaret a look of tenderness and passion, he gained his own apartment.

A few moments after, Jerome followed his example, and was soon fast asleep. Margaret sat down on the side of her bed, and remained buried in deep meditation; she thought of Jacques, of all that he had

said to her, and dwelt with ecstacy on every word he had uttered At last she was aroused from her reflections by a noise at her door she turned round to see what had occasioned it, and was about to scream for assistance, when she saw the figure of a man, whom she had not recognized at first, so altered was his appearance—it was Jacques, as pale as death, holding a lamp in his hand, and obliged to lean against the wall for support.

In a room elegantly furnished, in one of the first hotels of Paris, from eight to ten young noblemen were assembled together; some were playing at dice at a round table placed in one corner of the room, others were practising the last new step invented by Rhinonelli, the Vestris of those times, whilst others, more grave in their pursuits, were conversing on the ordinary topics of the day, seated round a blazing fire. Some spoke of the audacity of the Parliament, which had dared to raise its voice against the Dauphin's last edict, which introduced a new tax upon the peasantry; others spoke of the increasing insolence of the university boys, who dared to insult them in the broad glare of day, and disputed the right of the wall to a gentleman born and bred; and all agreed that the turbulent clerks must be put down, and to that effect devised several plans, which were to be put into execution against their most prominent leaders; others talked of the king, a prisoner in England, and the last scandal imported about his amours with the Countess of Salisbury; in short, the conversation was carried on with great animation by the different speakers, in spite of an occasional interruption from the energetic exclamations of the players, as they expressed their satisfaction or displeasure at some fortunate or unlucky throw of the dice, when the curtain was drawn aside, and a visitor entered.

A murmur of applause greeted the new-comer, as one of the party exclaimed, "Gentlemen, here is Sire Simon de Bussy once more amongst us. By the mass, sir count, we all began to think that you were dead and buried by this time. I appeal to the Chevalier de Vignay whether we have not been discussing if it wouldn't be decent to go into mourning for you."

"Really, gentlemen, I beg ten thousand pardons. I have been so much engaged—"

"Nonsense—engaged! I'll lay a wager you've been in love?"

"Well, and why not, Sire de Riverac?"

"I thought as much; and now, of course, you'll tell us all about it. Is she pretty?"

"Beautiful as an angel."

"I thought as much,—her name?"

"That I must not tell."

"Of course not. Her profession?"

"Nothing."

"And a very good one too."

"And you are really and positively in love?"

"Over head and ears."

"Come, Sire de Riverac," said de Vignay, "we shall never worm it out of him in that manner; besides, the only way he can expect a free pardon is, to give us a full, true, and particular account of what

he has been doing with himself these last two months; and you, gentlemen, instead of swearing at the dice, and wishing yourselves at the devil every two or three minutes, let us form a circle round the fire, and listen to what the Sire de Bussy has to say for himself—Sire de Bussy, the tribunal is ready to listen to you."

"Well, gentlemen," said the person who answered to the appellation of Simon de Bussy, "you shall have my story, such as it is; not that I promise you any amusement from it, but you have forced me to it, so it will at least be no fault of mine. About two months ago, on a Sunday, I was going I don't know where, when I met the most ravishing creature I ever beheld. I got off my horse, and wrapping myself up in my cloak, followed her; she took me—"

"To a most horrible place, I'll be bound to say."

"Horrible or not, I do not intend you should know where it was—she led me to where she lived. The next day I set my spies to work, and I soon discovered her name was Margaret, that she was the only daughter of an old man, who lived very retired, and that she never went out except to go to mass of a Sunday. I own, gentlemen, that the difficulties which seemed to surround this affair, instead of discouraging me, only served to confirm me in my resolutions. I therefore resolved to introduce myself into the interior of the house, and having previously made myself acquainted with the old man's character, I put on the garments and appearance of a beggar, and one evening knocked at the door of the—"

"There, you were just going to betray yourself."

"The old man opened the door to me. I had well studied my part, it would seem, and did it to such perfection that he bade me enter."

"A wolf in the sheep-fold!" exclaimed de Vignay.

"A charitable old man, I declare!" said de Riverac.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, do not laugh at him, for he is a most worthy and excellent old man; and the kindness with which he treated me, as a forlorn and destitute beggar, had well nigh deterred me from my purpose; but Margaret was there before me, so beautiful, so modest, so seducing, that my evil genius prevailed over my good inspirations. By degrees I initiated myself into her good graces. Had she seen me in my real character, as a rich and elegant nobleman, she would never have deigned to listen to me; but she had confidence in me because I was poor and wretched, and by degrees she returned my affection, and yesterday—"

"Well, yesterday?"

"This night can never be effaced from my memory. I had left the room after supper, to retire to rest, and had reached my own room, when a horrible idea seized upon me which I had not power to resist. I waited until I supposed the old man was asleep, then silently and softly, I stole down the stairs which led to where my victim lay. I trembled like an aspen-leaf as I laid my hand upon the key, but my infernal genius still pushed me on—I entered."

"I'd have cut you for ever, if you'd acted differently," exclaimed de Vignay.

"And this morning, when I left the house, the poor child was pale and brokenhearted, tears of agony stood in her eyes, and when her

father shook me by the hand—I felt within myself that I had played the part of a villain."

"A very good story—love, seduction, and remorse," exclaimed de Riverac; "it's quite complete; and now I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you occasionally."

"Certainly, gentlemen—but, if you did but know how beautiful Margaret is, how pure, how candid!"

"I haven't a doubt of it," exclaimed de Vignay, "and I propose, gentlemen, that we now pledge all Margarets past, present, and future."

"Past, no," said de Riverac, "but present and future with all my heart."

Margaret was alone, for Master Jerome had gone out early, according to his appointment with the grand provost. Hour after hour passed, and she still preserved the same attitude of despair; and as she wrung her hands in anguish, and the tears trickled down her pallid cheeks, she thought of the days when, confident in her own innocence, she had no secret to conceal from her father, whose anxious glance she now trembled to encounter; and all this change had been wrought by a stranger, who had crept into their solitude, and had brought with him sorrow and remorse. Poor Margaret!

The door opened slowly, but the young girl heard it not, and Jacques entered the room. After gazing on her for a few moments, he silently approached her, and took her hand, which hung lifeless by her side.

Margaret shuddered, and, awakening as if from a dream, exclaimed, "Ah, Jacques, is that you?"

"Margaret, dearest, why are you not more guarded? had it been your father, instead of me, his suspicions must have been excited."

"Well, my father would have seen that I am ill. I am not accustomed to suffer—I cannot bear it—it will kill me. Jacques, listen to me—I cannot bear this horrible anxiety. You say you love me, Jacques, indeed I know you do, for why should you attempt to deceive me? On my knees I beseech you, let us tell my father all!"

"Margaret!"

"I conjure you, Jacques, do not refuse my prayer; my father loves me, he esteems you, and I am sure he will not refuse you my hand."

"It cannot be, Margaret."

"You have no right to refuse me," exclaimed she, standing up and lifting up both her hands towards heaven with fearful energy—"I tell you, Jacques, you must tell him, or I shall die—I cannot live two days unless you tell my father this dreadful secret."

"Well, then, to-morrow," said Jacques, stammering.

"To-morrow it will be too late—to-day, it must be to-day."

"Margaret, I promise you he shall know all to-morrow—to-day it is impossible."

"O God!" exclaimed she, falling back in her chair, "how can you be so cruel!"

"Margaret," said he, taking her hand, "I should spoil all were I to tell your father to-day. I have most important reasons for acting as I do—perhaps I have good news to tell you."

"Really," exclaimed the young girl, who felt her hopes revive as she listened to his story.

"Yes, indeed, for when I asked my master for leave to go out for an hour this morning, he told me, with a significant look and shaking me by the hand, that I was not to be long absent, for he had something important to tell me."

"Then, return to your master's, in God's name, and may the Virgin have pity on me!"

"I shall see you again this evening?"

"Yes."

"Adieu."

"This affair is getting rather ticklish," thought Jacques to himself, as he descended the staircase; "one night more, and after that I think it would be as well not to return again. I'm sorry for it, though; she's pretty, and I certainly am very fond of her. But as for marrying her, my follies won't allow me to go quite so far as that."

In one of the neighbouring streets he was met by one of his pages, who threw a large cloak over his shoulders, and gave him a broad-brimmed hat with a feather in it according to the fashion of the times.

Jerome returned home towards the evening, and embraced his daughter as usual.

"Margaret," said he, as he kissed her cheeks, "are you ill? your forehead is burning."

"No, father," replied she in a faltering voice, and turning away her head to avoid his scrutinizing glance.

"But really, dearest, I am afraid you are; how pale and cold are your cheeks—you've been crying, too—your eyes are swollen. What can all this mean? Come, tell me, child, why have you been crying?"

"Really, father, I have not been crying—I do not think I have."

"Margaret, why deny it? it must be some trifle, perhaps some book, the imaginary misfortunes of some lovers?"

"Why, yes, I think it was. I have just been reading a very affecting story—I dare say I have been crying."

Jerome could not understand why she should attach so much importance to his knowing that she had been crying; he looked about the room, and saw no books except such as he knew her to have read before; there was evidently something wrong, and, on examining her more narrowly, he was struck, for the first time, with the great change which had taken place.

"Margaret," said he, in a severe tone of voice, "you are deceiving me—something extraordinary has happened during my absence. I insist upon knowing what it is."

The poor child trembled like a leaf before her father's severe and angry look. She endeavoured to open her mouth to speak, but she could not articulate a word. Suddenly she burst into a flood of tears, and falling on her knees, exclaimed, "Father, forgive me."

"What can all this mean?" exclaimed the old man; "you on your knees before me! asking for pardon!"

"Father, father, pardon me!"

"But why? what can all this be about?"

"Father," said she, "Jacques must be my husband."

"But, my dearest girl, you cannot marry Jacques."

"Yet it must be so, father."

Jerome remained silent a short time; he then replied,

"This is mere childish caprice; to-morrow Jacques shall leave this house."

"Father, pity your daughter—I tell you Jacques must be my husband."

"And I say, Margaret, I will never consent to it."

"Father, dearest father!"

"A beggar, whom I took into my house out of charity!"

"It matters not—I tell you again he *must* be my husband—do you understand me now?"

It would be impossible to describe the change which came over the old man's countenance. His cheeks turned to a deadly pale, his eyes glared as if they would have started from their sockets, a convulsive trembling agitated his whole frame. He attempted to move, but the shock which he had received had prostrated all his strength, and he remained fixed to where he stood.

"O God," he exclaimed at last, "this is horrible!"

With an imperative gesture he pointed to the door, and the young girl, after having raised her supplicating eyes suffused with tears towards him, as if to invoke his clemency, bowed her head and left the room.

For some time after she was gone, he still stood fixed to the same spot, from time to time passing his hand over his forehead as if to recall his scattered ideas.

"O," he exclaimed at last, "can this be possible? Margaret lost, dishonoured!—it cannot be,—it must have been some horrid dream! Why did she confess her shame to me?—to me—O God have mercy on me, this is more than I can bear!"

And the old man stared vacantly about the room, sometimes bewailing his child's dishonour, and then calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon her seducer. No tears flowed from his eyes, they were dry, but bloodshot and fearful to look upon.

Suddenly he started, and helping himself by the chairs and tables, at last reached the door. It was evident he had taken some resolution as to the line of conduct he would pursue, and that nothing could ever turn him from it. He opened the door, slowly descended the narrow flight of steps, and left the tower.

About an hour had elapsed when he returned. Margaret was still in her room, as he could hear from her loud sobbing when he listened at the door. He went to the sitting-room, and having opened the cupboard, prepared everything himself for their evening's repast.

Suddenly he listened attentively, and cautiously shut the cupboard. He had heard a footstep on the staircase—it was Jacques. He shook the young man kindly by the hand, for he had so far mastered his feelings as to give a smiling expression to his countenance.

"Your hand is as cold as ice, Master Jerome," said Jacques.

"It's very cold this evening, and I am but just come in."

"Margaret," said the old man at last, after having tried in vain to continue the conversation—"Margaret, do you hear?"

Jacques started when he beheld the young girl appear, pale as a spectre, her eyes swollen and bedewed with tears.

When Margaret approached her father, the old man took her cold hands between his, and, pressing them affectionately, said, "Poor Margaret!"

"It is getting late, said he, rising from his seat—"let us have our suppers. Jacques, bring the table nearer the fire."

"Thank my stars," thought Jacques, who was deceived by the old man's apparent calmness, "he knows nothing as yet, and after to-morrow he will never see my face again."

They all three sat round the table. Jacques, as usual, helped them and himself, but the young girl could not eat, and Jerome, with great difficulty, contrived to swallow a few mouthfuls—not a word escaped their lips. At last the silence was broken by the old man, who said, "Jacques, give me a glass of wine—and one to Margaret,—and do not forget to fill your own glass. Margaret, dearest, do not be so sad; you will be better soon,—at least I hope so."

The glasses were now full, and Jerome presented one to his daughter, which she drank slowly off to the last drop. The old man turned ashy pale when he saw that it was empty; two big tears started to his eyes, and slowly rolled down his withered cheeks, but, mastering his emotion, he turned to Jacques and said,

"Jacques, let us two drink to Margaret's better health."

A smile of satisfaction played on his mouth as he saw the young man drain off the contents of his glass; then, raising his eyes towards heaven, he emptied his own.

He then rose from the table, and, going to the door, locked it, and having taken the key out, put it into his bosom.

Jacques, surprised, watched all his movements.

"What are you about, Master Jerome?" said he, half rising from his seat.

"I have locked the door," replied the old man sharply.

"And why so?"

"Because I have something to say to you now, and I would not have any one disturb us."

"What is it you can have to say to me?"

"I have to tell you," said the old man, increasing in vehemence as he spoke—I have to tell you that you are a scoundrel and a villain; and that you have committed a crime which cries to Heaven for vengeance."

"Master Jerome," said Jacques, starting to his legs, "you are an old man, and you abuse strangely the license which that title confers upon you."

"Silence, sirrah, I command you!" exclaimed Jerome, whose anger now knew no bounds—"silence, I say, and do not carry your head so high, for your forehead is branded with infamy; for you have violated the most sacred of all rights, the laws of hospitality. And mind you well that the old man whom you now see before you, bent down by the weight of years, and still more so by the anguish which you have inflicted upon him, without respect for his white hair and

his gray beard—remember that he is your judge now, and tremble! Listen to me, I say, for you do not know the extent of the crime you have committed—it is immense—it is irreparable!"

Margaret stretched forth both her hands towards her father in an attitude of intense supplication, but she shrunk back affrighted when she beheld the severe, nay, almost savage expression of his countenance; motionless, his arm upraised in a threatening position, he scowled fiercely upon the young man, whom a vague sentiment of terror held rivetted to the spot.

After a short pause, he regained sufficient composure to begin the following story:—

"It is now twenty years ago; Philip of Valois was then on the throne. It happened that at that time I was one day wandering about the streets of this vast city, in search of wherewith to satisfy the cravings of my appetite, for I had been two days without tasting food. I knocked at the door of a rich and sumptuous hotel, the pages and valets were on the point of turning me out of the house with threats and insults, when, apparently attracted by the disturbance which my presence had created, a man of noble aspect appeared. In his presence all stood back with respect. He approached me, and asked me who I was, what I wanted—in short, he relieved my present necessities, and put me in a way of earning an honest livelihood. Under his protection, I succeeded, by the work of my hands, in procuring not only the necessaries, but even some of the comforts of life."

Margaret and Jacques looked at one another, as if to inquire what all this had to do with the present circumstances, and the old man stopped as if to concentrate his ideas, and summon up resolution to proceed.

"I was one evening alone in my humble dwelling, seated near a good fire after the fatigues of the day, when there came a violent knocking at my door. I rose and opened it, and immediately a man, pale, disordered, and agitated, rushed into the room, holding a child in his arms. I recognized him as the charitable and kind nobleman who had assisted me when I was poor and miserable. 'My Lord,' said I, 'you are exposed to some imminent danger. Can I be of service to you? Everything I have is at your disposal; could it benefit you, I would lay down my life for your sake.'

"'I was sure of it, Jerome,' said he, seating himself on the wooden stool which I had formerly occupied, 'and that it was this brought me here. I am proscribed, expelled the kingdom by an unjust sentence. Some vile courtiers have poisoned the ears of our gracious sovereign against me, a price is set upon my head, and this very night I must flee my country—quit France, perhaps never to return!—or await an ignominious death in the prisons of the Chatelet. Now I am unfortunate, all my friends have abandoned me; but to you, Jerome, I come with full confidence, as you came to me, to entrust to your care this poor child, who has no mother, and whose father to-morrow will be without an asylum, without a pillow on which to rest his head. Do you consent?"

Margaret had half risen from her seat, and her two hands leaning on the table, her body bent forwards, her eyes fixed upon the old man, she seemed to be devouring every word of this strange revelation.

"This child," said he, "let it be as your own; let her never know the secret of her birth, or the name of her father, until the king in justice shall have wiped off from his name the stigma which is now unjustly attached to it. And now adieu! and may the blessing of an injured and persecuted exile accompany you to your last day!"

"For mercy's sake tell me his name," exclaimed Margaret, seizing Jerome's hand, and straining it convulsively between her own.

"Poor Margaret!" said the old man tenderly. "How pale her face has got already! Poor Margaret!"

"My father's name!" exclaimed she a second time.

"You shall know it now, for the time is come when I may reveal it without violating my promise—you are the daughter of John de Cadoudal, Count de Montferry."

"The Count de Montferry!" said Jacques, "grand master of the household?"

"Yes, she is the daughter of John de Cadoudal, Count de Montferry, grand master of the household, and keeper of the privy seal—such is she whom you have dishonoured. Poor child!—so young, so beautiful, and so innocent!"

"O God!" exclaimed Margaret, falling on her knees.

"Lift up your head, Margaret de Montferry," said the old man in a loud voice; "it does not become the daughter of a noble lord to humble herself before a vile beggar, a despicable wretch, who has committed a crime which nothing can efface. For twenty years have I kept this secret, and not a day has passed without my praying for your father's return, and—"

Suddenly Margaret, who had sunk on her knees, started up with a convulsive motion, and, placing her two hands on her bosom, said, as she endeavoured to stifle a groan,

"O, how I suffer!"

Her features had so suddenly altered, that Jacques rushed forward to her support, but the old man violently pushed him aside, and received her in his arms; her face was almost livid, a deep blue circle surrounded her eyes.

"Margaret, dearest, pardon me—this is too horrible; but if your father had come to me, with his hair as white as mine, to reclaim his daughter, how could I have said to him—you gave her to me pure and innocent, and now she is polluted and dishonoured? Margaret, do you hear me?"

"O, how my chest burns!"

"And I too, I suffer," said Jerome; "but, Margaret, how could we have borne the sight of your father? He would have disowned you, he would have cursed you! O! it would be too cruel, after a long exile, to see all his hopes blasted, and his gray hairs descend with sorrow to the grave!"

And he knelt down by the body of the young woman, who now gasped violently for breath, sometimes her head drooping on his arm, at others her body bent double, and writhing in agony.

"But she is dying," said Jacques.

"I know it," replied Jerome, fixing on him a withering look of anger.

"Then let me run out for assistance—she might yet be saved."

The old man hesitated, and put his hand to his bosom.

"O God!" he exclaimed, "perhaps I may have done wrong! If I could save her—"

But his doubts were soon dispelled; suddenly her body ceased to move, a cold perspiration stood on her brow, her head fell back lifeless on the pavement, and then a slight tremor, and an almost inarticulate rattle in her throat—she was dead.

Jerome kissed her forehead and closed her eyes, and turning round to Jacques, who had seized his hat without being aware of what had happened, he said,

"It is useless; she is dead!"

"Dead! Margaret dead! It is impossible!"

"But I say that such is the case, as I shall die presently, and as you will die likewise."

"What can you mean?"

"I mean that we are all three poisoned."

"Poisoned!" exclaimed Jacques, stupified.

"Even so. The wine was drugged, and we have all three of us drank more than enough to poison twenty persons. And now you had better employ the few short moments you have yet to live in making your peace with Heaven."

"I do not believe it; it cannot be," said Jacques.

"I swear to you that what I have told you is true; by your own soul, on which the burden of these three murders will weigh, I declare that such is the case. O! what horrible pains I suffer!—Margaret was right—O! it burns my very vitals! You are young, and life has a firmer and stronger hold upon you; but your minutes are numbered; death is coming upon you apace."

Jacques stood mute and motionless as a statue. The true solution of this horrible drama now flashed upon his mind;—it was death, inevitable death—he was poisoned! But Margaret was dead, the old man had already begun to feel its fatal effects, but he had as yet felt no pain himself; his blood still flowed as usual through his veins; he might still be saved.

The old man, who had guessed what was passing in his mind, smiled bitterly as he said,

"There is no hope, young man; I tell you once more you must die here."

Jacques looked at him with terror depicted on his countenance, then springing forward like a tiger rushing on his prey, he exclaimed, with frantic energy,

"The key! the key!—by heaven I will have it!"

But Jerome had guessed his intention before he had had time to speak, and well aware that a struggle between them would be worse than useless, he rushed towards the window, and, breaking a pain of glass, he hurled it into the street

When Jacques heard the rattling which it made in falling on the

pavement, he turned ghastly pale—he thought he had heard his own death knell.

"Jerome," said he, "you have committed a great crime in killing this young girl; do not add to this horrible tragedy by two more murders, and this shall be an eternal secret between you and me."

"No; I have already said it—you must die here."

"But you do not know who I am."

"I know that you have destroyed my child, for you are the assassin, and not I."

"But I am not Jacques, a beggar without name or family; I am a nobleman."

"A nobleman!" repeated Jerome mechanically.

"Yes, the Count de Bussy."

"Then, Sire de Bussy, are you doubly infamous. You have laid aside your arms, you have belied your name, to steal into the family of an honest man, with the express purpose of seducing his daughter. A glorious achievement, by my faith, most noble count! A poor child, without support, without protection—oh, infamy!"

But the poison was rapidly undermining the old man's strength; his legs trembled beneath him, he leant against the table for support, and at last fell on his knees near the body of Margaret.

"And she too was of a noble family, and bore a high name—and she is dead—dead, that her family name might have no stain upon it—dead with me, who could not protect her—with you, who have dishonoured her—ah, this will indeed be a secret between three tombs and God!"

But Jacques heeded not the old man's reproaches; like a lion in his den, he strode wildly round the room, seeking an issue by which he might escape; but he found none. He went to the window, and his arms strained the iron bars; he listened attentively, but no sound was heard, no movement below, for the window looked upon the cloisters of the Temple—all was silent and motionless as the grave. He called loudly for help, but his voice died away unheard, like the cries of a traveller wandering in a desert which has no horizon. A few moments he stood motionless and exhausted at the window, he then suddenly carried his hand to his chest, and a piercing cry escaped him, for he had felt a strange sensation in the head and stomach at the same moment; he concluded that his last hour was not far distant.

"O God! must I, must I die here without assistance? Is there no help?—nothing, nothing!"

And he dashed himself with violence against the door, but it mocked all his efforts; he tried to wrench off the iron staple which held the lock, with the blade of his dagger, but it snapped off near the hilt; he threw it from him with a gesture of despair.

The old man turned round with difficulty. His face was perfectly livid, the fire of his eyes was almost extinguished; he saw the poniard lying shattered on the floor; a ray of joy enlightened his countenance.

"Resign thyself, most noble count—no power on earth can save you; in the course of a few short moments, you too will lie prostrate on this pavement."

"I feel it—oh! it burns like fire—it consumes my heart!" for already his limbs trembled, and he wiped away with the back of his hand the perspiration which stood on his forehead. "O! the vengeance of heaven is dreadful!"

"Dreadful, indeed!" exclaimed Jerome. "Say your last prayers, young man, for death is imprinted on your features."

The old man stopped, and tore away his garments with both his hands, for the poison circulated through his veins like a scorching flame. He then rose on his knees with a last effort, supporting himself on both his hands, which trembled under the weight of his body, and exclaimed,

"Cursed be this tower, for the memory of the Templars who perished at the stake surrounds it like a winding-sheet, and all who enter here have been murderers or their victims. May this tower be for ever cursed!"

Exhausted by this effort, the old man fell heavily back upon the pavement; he struggled for a few short moments, then all was quiet, and his white beard and silvery hair mingled with the long flowing hair of the young girl.

The young man intently looked at him for some moments, and said, "He is dead!"

He sat down upon a stool, and crossed his arms upon his breast. His countenance bore an expression of calm and patient resignation which suddenly springs up when all hope is extinguished.

On the morrow, when, after repeated knockings, no answer was returned, the door was forced open. Three bodies were found. They were buried together in the same grave, in a remote corner of the churchyard.

The old man's curse clove to the tower, for all those who have ever entered it have been murderers or victims. Four centuries after, on the eleventh of August, 1792, when the revolution, bloody and ghastly, stalked through the streets of the capital, Louis XVI. was shut up in this tower, and on the twenty-first of January, 1793, he quitted it to ascend the steps of the scaffold.

J. C. C.

THE FIRST EQUIVOCATION.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"AND you really mean to persuade me, Georgina, that you expect no pleasure from our delightful assembly to-night," said Lady Clara Ludlow to Georgina Selborne. Now Georgina was a portionless cousin, dependent on Lady Clara not only for her introduction into fashionable life, but for the roof that sheltered her, and the bank-notes that furnished her wardrobe; therefore my readers may suppose, that when Lady Clara expressed her surprise at her indifference to assemblies, she made some such reply as a poor retainer I once heard of, who, when questioned by her noble patroness whether she was not hot or cold, replied, "Whichever your ladyship pleases!" Such, however, was not the case in the present instance. Lady Clara knew how to give so kindly and so feelingly, that those who received her bounty testified the rare magnanimity of forgiving her for bestowing it; and Georgina had so high a spirit and so sensitive a mind, that if she had once been made to feel the chain of dependence, she would have shaken it off, even although it had been composed of gold. Accordingly she replied,

"I repeat my words, Clara; I think large assemblies the most tiresome and tedious of all the various inflictions of society; they are literally 'the madness of many for the gain of a few'—profitable to confectioners, artificial florists, milliners, and musicians, and wearying to the innocent two or three hundred people who are collected together for the express purpose of being bored."

"Then why do they come?" asked Lady Clara.

"Why does the Hindoo widow burn herself on the funeral pile of her deceased husband? Because the custom of her caste demands it."

"But they all have amusements suited to their taste—the elderly people have cards to employ them."

"Yes, and I allow that those whose taste, or want of taste, leads them to enjoy an evening passed at the card-table, are more happy in so doing than they would be in sharing the most exquisite 'feast of reason and flow of soul.' I maintain that cards, however, are better enjoyed in a small, quiet party, than in a suite of rooms where the distant music of Collinet's band affords an irritating accompaniment to the monotonous hum of the card-table, where disconsolate young ladies in want of partners come, like evil geniuses, to cast the blight of their desponding looks on the board of green cloth, and fortunate young ladies, who have obtained partners, enter the room with them, to carry on their audible communication of giggling and flirting, till perhaps a vigilant mamma revokes, and an envious old maid forgets to add to her score."

"But the young ladies, Georgina—may not they expect some pleasure in the meeting? may not they indulge the flattering hope of making a conquest?"

"Believe me that, if they do, they will soon have occasion to say 'Hope told a flattering tale.' I should as soon expect a figure in a magic-lantern to make a conquest; there is no time for it; one fair phantom has scarcely passed in review before she is succeeded by another."

"But surely there is a little time for conversation in the most crowded party."

"Conversation! Do not apply such a term, Clara, to the flippant, disjointed observations and answers of young ladies at a ball; a sentiment or a repartee in such a scene would stamp the speaker as a blue stocking or a wit, neither of them characters which are desirable for matrimonial candidates to obtain."

"Is that the reason why dear Georgina never displays her intellect or wit in society?"

"No, it is not the reason; if such were my views, I should not go so completely to the other extreme. I am silent, cold, apathetic; not a dumb belle, because I am not handsome enough to deserve that appellation, but a very plain, taciturn, unattractive young person—at least the world calls me so."

"Yes, it does, but it treats you with grievous injustice in so doing. I am considered lively and entertaining, but, in our little social colloquies, I am as inferior to you as Hero to Beatrice, or Celia to Rosalind."

"Had I rank and wealth like you, Clara, I would give the reins to my natural feelings, and be as agreeable as I liked. Your cheerfulness and vivacity can never be misconstrued; even Mrs. Edgington, that most atrocious of scandalizing gossips, can never say you are angling for a husband—the fish come and place themselves spontaneously in your net."

"And is the clever, high-principled Georgina Selborne afraid of the comments of such a woman as Mrs. Edgington?"

"No, I despise her too much to fear her. My awe and dread are all reserved for your pompous uncle and guardian, the Earl of Maplebury. I am sure he considers that one birthless and portionless as myself is too highly favoured by breathing the same air with him."

"Do not depreciate your birth—are you not my first cousin?"

"Yes, but by your mother's side; therefore I boast no drops of the pure stream which flows through your honoured veins in virtue of your father's connexions; neither, alas! have I gold to gild my deficiencies, since the speculations of my poor father, as you are well aware, proved destructive to the large fortune of my mother; and I am deprived even of the pleasure of quoting that popular line of poetry, 'My face is my fortune,' by the information daily given me by my looking-glass, that my complexion is far from blooming, my locks far from redundant, and my nose far from classical."

"Then why do you not 'tip your arrow with wit,' which you are so well qualified to do?"

"Because I do not think that arrows tipped with wit hit the heart of modern heroes, and I do not wish to be held up to public view as an unsuccessful archeress; I therefore wrap myself closely in the mantle of silence, and even Lord Maplebury, who was so vehemently

opposed to your kind project of inviting me to reside with you, has become tolerably reconciled to me."

"Yes, he gives you the enviable praise of being 'a discreet, inoffensive young person, and thinks your silence indicates a great deal of humility."

"It rather indicates a great deal of pride. I have a perfect horror of being considered as a needy assailant of the hearts of marrying men."

"Well, Georgina, in six months I shall reach the age of discretion, and have an establishment of my own, and then you shall be as witty as you will."

"Rather say as I can; but, in the mean time, pray allow me to retain my domino in society. I have a great deal of amusement in listening to general conversation, and in our family circle, although I have no great amusement in listening to Lord Maplebury, it is far less annoying to me than talking to him would be."

"But the *ami de maison*, Melville—why do you not talk to him?"

"Because, although Melville is a portionless younger brother, he would very likely imagine that I was endeavouring to attract him; in these days, as a witty modern authoress observes, 'one cannot be courteous and good-humoured to a purple-handed Westminster lad, without giving him occasion to talk as though he could obtain our alliance at the first offer.'"

"Yet you lose some pleasure by your reserve—Melville is very clever and agreeable."

"So he is—indeed so much so, that I wonder your uncle should be so fond of his society; but perhaps the reason is that he is so intimate with your cousin, Lord Derwent, and travelled with him abroad, and Lord Derwent, it is not difficult to see, is intended by his father for your happy partner through life."

"An intention which is not at all sanctioned by me, I assure you; I shall never marry except for love."

"Nor I for anything. I believe my heart is made of most impenetrable materials, and fortunate for my peace is it that such should be the case. I imagine that half the present race of men marry or are ready to marry for money, two-thirds of the other half for connexion, and the small remainder because they are fairly hunted down and persecuted into matrimony by enterprising young ladies and manœuvring mammas. I cannot make myself rich, high-born, or fair; I will not make myself forward or flattering; therefore I clearly am destined to tread the path of single blessedness."

"And you have never loved, Georgina?"

"Never, Clara, I give you my honour; neither have I ever been loved, nor, what may surprise you still more, has any one even affected to love me. Mammon becomes daily more and more the god of idolatry to our selfish and luxurious young men, nor do they scruple to avow it. The other night I was listening to a beautiful girl singing a plaintive and feeling air: 'Can you sing Barry Cornwall's song—Lucy is a golden girl?'—said an exquisite in a splendid waistcoat by her side. 'No,' she replied; 'is the music good?' 'I never heard it,'

he replied; 'neither do I know more of the song than the first line, but I think it is such a capital sentiment!'"

"Truly, Georgina, if you do not talk, you can at least hear and observe—I shall dread your stealthy comments."

"You need not do so, Clara; I love and esteem you too truly to make any stealthy comments upon you. I am going to ask you a plain, simple question—the same that you asked me a few minutes ago—have you ever loved?"

"I will not equivocate, Georgina, neither do I wish to give a straightforward answer; I will candidly and openly tell you that I wish to decline replying to your question. Are you offended with me?"

"No, Clara, I respect and honour you. O! if you knew the horror I feel at equivocation!—it is the stepping-stone to falsehood, and those who indulge in it little think of the thorny maze to which it conducts them. Be ever true and upright as you now are; persist in saying no when your feelings or your principles would be hurt by making any other answer; and if you have any friends so tenacious and so irritable as to be angry at your plain speaking, believe me that their friendship for you has never been founded on a proper basis. And now, fair lady, putting aside sentiment and philosophy for the present, pray summon your *soubrette* to make a poetical toilette for you, by wreathing your hair with flowers, and clasping your waist with pearls, while I repair to my own room, and invest myself in my usual company garments of white muslin and silence."

It was a crowded, dazzling assemblage. Georgina Selborne, plainly dressed, quiet and grave, paid her unobtrusive attentions to a bevy of elderly ladies who were neglected by the rest of the party. Lady Clara Ludlow was admired and followed by all—she was the grace of the ball-room, the muse of the concert-room. At length Lady Clara disappeared from these brilliant haunts;—neither had loo and écarté allured her into the card-room—neither had fruits and ices attracted her to the refreshment-room.

The earl was holding forth in dull pomposity to a little select knot of noblemen—suddenly he felt his sleeve touched, he turned round, and saw Mrs. Edgington. Indignant at the liberty she had taken, he said, with frigid, haughty politeness,

"To what cause am I indebted, madam, for the honour of your present attention?"

Mrs. Edgington drew him back a few steps from his friends, and, in as ominous and fearful a whisper as if she had been informing him of the wreck of his whole property, said,

"Lady Clara is alone with Mr. Melville—I think we had better go and break up their *tête-à-tête*."

Too much alarmed to feel affronted by the familiarity of Mrs. Edgington's address, the earl followed her steps. She led him to a small room which terminated the suite of apartments, where lay albums and annuals innumerable; but the attractions of music, cards, and dancing, had not left any of the company the inclination to repair to this little temple of literature, and there by the table sat Lady Clara and Melville, the gentleman having his elbow on the Keepsake,

the lady screening her blushing countenance with the Book of Beauty.

"Perhaps, Mrs. Edgington, you had better rejoin the company," said the earl on the threshold of the apartment.

Mrs. Edgington unwillingly complied. "I have no doubt," she said to herself, "that the earl only wants me gone, that he may listen to the conversation of his niece and her lover!"

Like all persons who have a bad opinion of human nature, Mrs. Edgington was very frequently in the right in her conjectures. The earl *did* pause to listen, and he heard Lady Clara say,

"I have long anticipated the declaration of your attachment, Melville, and I do not hesitate to own that I have heard it with great pleasure."

"Generous, noble Lady Clara!" exclaimed Melville; "how can I find words to thank you for your kindness?"

The earl now deemed it high time to make his appearance, and stalked like a spectre into the lettered retreat which had witnessed the proposal of as fond a lover as ever figured in the pages of an Annual, and the acceptance of as fair a lady as ever embellished the engravings of one. Melville started at the entrance of his host; Lady Clara was more collected, and when the earl informed her, with stately ceremony, that "he had reason to think her presence would be acceptable in the ball-room," she linked her arm in his with tolerable resignation, and proceeded through the apartments, casting a kind parting glance at her lover, who still remained sitting at the table in a happy reverie.

"Pray, Lady Clara," said the earl, "may I take the liberty of inquiring your motive for thus absenting yourself from the circle of your friends? and may I also hope for the privilege of being informed of the nature of the discourse with which Mr. Melville has been entertaining you?"

Lady Clara was a beauty and an heiress, therefore it is not surprising that she should be rather spoiled and pettish. She was not pleased with the dogmatical tone of her uncle's address, and replied, with some hauteur,

"Mr. Melville's discourse having consisted in remarks on the splendid volumes of modern literature which lay so invitingly ready to open the way to a 'light blue' discussion, I fear that the repetition of all he said would be inflicting rather a dull and heavy penance on your lordship."

Now Lady Clara had scarcely uttered this speech, before she felt that, for the first time in her life, she had equivocated. Melville had certainly made some observations on the volumes in question, but had very quickly digressed into those love-passages which, as I have recently shown, were favourably received by his fair one—in short, an absolute offer of marriage had been made and accepted in the little book-room; therefore, so far from a recital of the conversation being a matter of prosing dulness to the ear of the earl, it would, if correctly repeated, have been a source of the most nervous and irritating excitement to him. All these reflections passed in a moment through the mind of Lady Clara. "However," she thought, "I am

now free from suspicion—the affair of my private conversation with Melville is quite set at rest—Lord Maplebury will allude no more to it."—How greatly was she mistaken!

"I have no objection, Lady Clara," said the earl, after a pause, "to postpone till to-morrow all further questions to you on this delicate subject."

Lady Clara at that instant was asked to dance. She gladly acceded, and was quickly engaged in the sprightly gallopade;—but her meditations were sad, even although she had just enjoyed the felicity of hearing the first declaration of her first love. The hours progressed, the party gradually disappeared, Melville taking leave of Lady Clara with a warm pressure of the hand, and a whispered assurance that he would call on the morrow. Lady Clara dismissed her attendant, and sat before the glass in her dressing-room, divesting herself of her brilliant gems. "There is no gem like truth," murmured she to herself. Just then Georgina entered, looking like a sister of charity in a *tableau vivant*, with her pale cheeks, braided hair, white muslin dress, and simple blonde cap.

"I have come to wish you good night, Clara," she said, "not to ask for a recital of all the fine things that have been said to you this evening—the sun would look in upon your story before you had half finished it. As for myself, I have met with rather more notice than usual; I was once asked to dance by a young man who had been refused by five ladies, and I received a compliment on my eyes from an old spectacled general, who inquired of me whether his adversary had played a heart or a diamond, and when I gave him the desired information, observed that it was a fine thing to be able to see by candlelight!"

Georgina retired, happy in her lively disposition, and contented with her insignificance; and Lady Clara sought her pillow, and dreamed of love and Melville. Her first feeling on awakening, however, was one of discomfort, for she was aware that Lord Maplebury would again interrogate her respecting her conversation with Melville, and that her brief, off-hand equivocation must be dilated to a regular recital of words that had *not* been said, accompanied by a total suppression of the important words that *had* been said.

I will spare my readers the hackneyed detail of the morning after a fête—the faded cheeks and drooping garlands, dim eyes, and extinguished lamps. Shortly after the late breakfast, Lady Clara received a summons to attend the earl in his study, and unwillingly obeyed. She attempted to enter on a bantering account of Melville's literary observations, but the earl stopped her—

"Perhaps, Lady Clara," he said, (he never addressed her without scrupulously giving her title to her,) "it may be right to inform you that I heard you expressing your pleasure at the declaration of Mr. Melville's attachment, and also his thanks to you for your condescension."

Poor Lady Clara! She felt that the "evidence" was so strong against her, that she had no resource except in a frank confession; and she was on the point of avowing her determination to marry Melville, and no one else, when a knock was heard at the study door,

and the earl's valet entered, bearing a letter which required an immediate answer. Now this letter was from one of the earl's political colleagues; it was to request a favour which the earl was perfectly able and willing to grant, but which he chose to enhance by declarations of the very great difficulty he found in contriving to do it; accordingly, the letter he wrote in reply occupied him for at least a quarter of an hour, and during that time Lady Clara was busied in devising a plan to avoid the avowal of her attachment to Melville. She felt perfectly sure that, if she owned the truth, Melville would immediately be forbidden to visit at the house, and that her own liberty would be restrained during the remainder of her minority. It is true, that six months would give her the command of her freedom and of her fortune, but six months appear like a century to a young lady in love. Lady Clara had heard the declaration of Melville's affection, but it had been necessarily short and abrupt; she was desirous of listening to the subject at full length; she had somewhat of the Juliet-like feeling of "a child who has new robes and may not wear them," and could not endure the idea of suffering the pangs of "hope deferred" for the period of six months. Melville's illness, her own broken heart, a forced marriage with Lord Derwent, and twenty other horrors, passed in rapid array through her vivid imagination, as the necessary consequences of so tedious a separation. At length an idea suddenly struck her by which she might avoid these troubles, and as soon as the earl had despatched his letter she proceeded to act upon it.

"Your lordship has given yourself needless alarm," she said. "Your ears did not deceive you, but Melville had been imparting to me his preference for my cousin, Georgina Selborne. I had been long hoping that he felt an attachment for her, consequently I received his avowal of it with much pleasure, and as he imagined that I might have looked to a more advantageous connexion for her, he was warm in his gratitude for what he was pleased to call my condescension."

Alas! how soon had Lady Clara realized the observation of her cousin, that "equivocation is the stepping-stone to falsehood!" Her purpose, however, was fully answered according to present appearances; the earl's countenance brightened up, and he seemed relieved of a heavy load of anxiety; in fact, he had two reasons for self-congratulation—Lady Clara was still free to be won by his son and heir, whenever he thought fit to return from his obstinately-prolonged tour on the continent, and Georgina Selborne would be removed from his roof. He had long disapproved of Lady Clara's extreme fondness for her cousin, and had felt it a great degradation to associate with the daughter of a bankrupt merchant; but Melville's connexions were aristocratic, his wife would be raised to his own standing in society, and might henceforth be permitted to be friendly with Lady Clara, even when the latter gained the increased dignity of being daughter-in-law, as well as niece, to the Earl of Maplebury.

"Your communication, Lady Clara," he said, "gives me great satisfaction; Miss Selborne is a very deserving young person, extremely modest, discreet, and properly conducted. I shall be happy to see

Mr. Melville as a daily visitor, and shall wish the celebration of the marriage to take place at an early period."

Lady Clara absolutely stood aghast at the rapid success of her own scheme.

"Desirable as such a union would be, my lord," she replied, it can only take place at a very distant period; Georgina is without fortune, and Melville has only the scanty allowance of a younger brother."

"Affairs have worked together in a singularly happy manner for the accomplishment of your benevolent wishes, my dear Lady Clara," said the earl, with ineffable graciousness. "I have just had an opportunity of conferring a favour on a friend high in office; he has, I know, a place under government at his disposal, of which the duties are easy, and the income ample; I have not a doubt that he will readily present it to me for Mr. Melville."

Lady Clara felt more and more degraded; she was absolutely coming under the statute of "raising money on false pretences." The earl might feel willing to bestow benefits on Melville as the husband of Georgina Selborne, but she was conscious that he would regard him with horror and aversion as the husband of Lady Clara Ludlow.

"I am quite rejoiced," continued the earl, "that I have invited the young man so often to the house; Miss Selborne, I have no doubt, will make an excellent wife."

Nor was the earl insincere in his praises of Georgina. It has been well observed, that we always dislike those whom we injure, and love those whom we benefit. Now the earl had never actively injured Georgina, but he had frozen her with indifference, and wounded her with contempt. Instead of talking *to* her, it had been his custom to talk *at* her, and when his lips had been silent, his looks had spoken disdain. I know some people think that a peculiar cast of countenance is necessary for giving scornful glances with effect, but in that, as in many other cases, inclination will generally confer ability, and the earl's little gray eyes, and pale, inexpressive features, had managed to chill and silence poor Georgina as effectually as if he had possessed the finely-marked countenance and majestic bearing of a brigand chief in a picture;—consequently, Lord Maplebury disliked Georgina, from feeling that he gave her reason to dislike him. But now their relative positions were changed. Georgina would cease to annoy him by her obscurity, she would derive affluence from his bounty without causing him to disburse one sovereign from his private coffers, and he actually began to persuade himself that he had always had a very great regard for her. Just then visitors were announced to the earl, and he led his niece to the study door, gallantly saying,

"I am quite glad, Lady Clara, that we were not interrupted till we had finished our interesting conversation; pray, when Mr. Melville calls, invite him to dine with us to-day."

Lady Clara ascended to the drawing-room, and placed herself close to the venetian blinds. A young lady watching for the approach of a lover is about as ingenious as a spy of the Inquisition in discovering corners to peep through. In about half an hour she descried Melville's cab advancing to the door, and, in her exultation at the sight,

forgot all her duplicity, all her falsehood—she only remembered that in another minute Melville would be in her presence, and that she was commissioned to invite him to dinner. She was wrong, however, in her first calculation; Melville did not make his appearance in the drawing-room, but his cab and tiger still retained their position in front of the house. She rang the bell, and a servant informed her, in reply to her inquiries, that "my lord had directed Mr. Melville to be shown into his study." Lady Clara felt sad and faint. She had hoped to have broken the secret of her deception to Melville in person, accompanied by the persuasive magic of bright eyes and soft glances; she could not endure the idea that he should first learn it from the prosy, pompous, didactic, dogmatical Earl of Maplebury. In about a quarter of an hour Melville entered the drawing-room, but his air and bearing were not those of an accepted and prosperous lover.

"I have been much surprised and hurt, dear Lady Clara," he said. "Surely my words last night were sufficiently explicit, when I ventured to reveal my attachment to you: surely I could not misconstrue your kind expressions, and still kinder smiles, when you deigned to accept the offer of my hand and heart; but, to my exceeding astonishment, Lord Maplebury has just been giving me his formal consent to my marriage with Miss Selborne, and has assured me that his knowledge of my affection for her was derived from your own communications."

Lady Clara blushed more painfully than she had ever blushed in her life; it was not the "celestial rosy red" of diffidence, it was the deep damask hue of shame.

"Perhaps I have been wrong," she said, "but I have acted for the best." And forthwith she began to explain to Melville that, by professing to be the lover of Georgina, he might visit without suspicion at the house, that he might have many private interviews and public colloquies with herself, and that Georgina was a perfect icicle, had never loved or been beloved by anybody, and was in no danger of having her peace injured by his pretended assiduities.

"All this is plausible, all this is expedient," said the firm and right-minded Melville; "but ought conscience to be sacrificed to expediency? Let me seek the earl immediately; let me assure him that I love his dear and charming niece alone, and that I am indifferent to all the rest of her sex."

Lady Clara burst into tears.

"What, and be separated immediately from me, perhaps never see me again—cruel, cruel Melville!"

Melville, like many other sensible men, was overcome by the tears of the woman he loved, and promised, against his better judgment, that he would submit to be considered as the lover of Georgina Selborne.

"But I will not trust," said he, "to the probability of Miss Selborne being an icicle; ice has been melted before now, even by as false a flame as mine. I entreat you this very morning to acquaint her with the circumstances under which I address her, and to assure her that she must consider herself as playing a part in private thea-

tricals with me, when I speak to her in soft whispers, and receive her favouring smiles in return."

"Certainly I will," said Lady Clara, her heart beginning to throb with horror at the idea of Melville, even in jest, breathing soft whispers to another lady, and receiving the return of her favouring smiles.

"I use the expression favouring smiles," pursued Melville, "because I do not suppose Georgina Selborne can talk at all; she is certainly the dullest and heaviest of all plain girls."

"O, she can talk upon occasion," said Lady Clara, feeling another thrill of jealousy as she remembered how very well Georgina could talk.

"Would," said Melville, "that I were not under the necessity of assisting her to talk; but what is past cannot be undone, and if I act my part as a lover very badly in the eyes of the world, believe me, my sweet Clara, that I shall endeavour to atone for it by the sincerity of my private vows."

"Guests now entered, and Melville, having received an invitation to return to dinner, retired. Lady Clara was nervous and agitated, and sent to summon her cousin to assist her in entertaining her company.

"Miss Selborne is at present with my lord in his study," was the answer of the servant, and Lady Clara felt vexed and dissatisfied; she had not entertained the least idea that Lord Maplebury would exert himself in behalf of Georgina's marriage with the energy which he manifested. In times of old it used to be as difficult to gain admission to the earl's study as if he had been an eminent surgeon, or a fashionable dentist; but now he was volunteering interview after interview with unsparing prodigality, and Lady Clara almost began to dread that a scene would be realized in Berkeley Square, related in one of Maturin's novels, where the hero, having been led to offer marriage to a young lady, the folding doors of the apartments are suddenly thrown open, and a clergyman and a special licence discovered in the back drawing-room. Lady Clara's morning visitors detained her for some time. When she dressed for dinner she purposely kept her *soubrette* in the room, that she might not be exposed to the danger of a confidential communication from Georgina; and the quartette met in the drawing-room before dinner, all, excepting the earl, feeling very embarrassed in the presence of the others. Lady Clara and Melville were silent, but Lord Maplebury appeared at his table in a new character; he kindly addressed Georgina, drew her forth into conversation, approved and encouraged her remarks, and the naturally sportive and clever girl, who had only been depressed and saddened by the consciousness of the obscure and insignificant station she held in the earl's magnificent establishment, gradually gained confidence in herself, and ease in her situation; she was perfectly free from all natural shyness, her silence in the presence of the earl had arisen from the conviction that he desired her to be silent, and that nothing but her perfect humility and unobtrusiveness could enable her to retain the happiness that she enjoyed in the society of her beloved cousin, Lady Clara; but she considered silence not as a luxury, but as

a penance, and when she found that Lord Maplebury was inclined to throw the conversational coronella, she took care that it should not fall to the ground. Lady Clara, for the first time in her life, found herself playing second in society to her animated cousin; she felt angry with Georgina for being so ready to forget the earl's former unkindness, and angry with Melville for the evident pleasure and surprise with which he listened to some of Georgina's acute and intelligent observations; and so greatly did she dread an interview in private with her once favourite friend, that she was absolutely rejoiced when, on entering the drawing-room, she found Mrs. Edgington established there, all anxiety to know whether "dear Lady Clara's health had suffered from the exertions of the preceding evening." It may appear strange that a woman like Mrs. Edgington should have such freedom of access in the mansion of the haughty Earl of Maplebury as to come without a bidding, but as far as the earl had ever loved anybody, he had loved his deceased countess; her last illness, had been very tedious, and had affected both her spirits and her temper. Mrs. Edgington, who had previously had a slight acquaintance with her, and who was delighted on any terms to become intimate with a countess, visited her daily, entertained her with all the gossip of society, read to her scandalous paragraphs from all the fashionable newspapers, illustrated with annotations of her own, administered her barley-water and acidulated lemon-drops, and complimented her on the excessive fortitude and patience which she displayed in bearing pain and confinement; so skilfully did she play her part, that the countess really grew fond of her company, and when she died bequeathed to her some valuable articles of jewellery. She still continued, after the death of her patroness, to visit at the house; and though the earl sometimes recoiled from her familiarity, and had repulsed with ineffable disdain her proposal to "chaperon dear Lady Clara," he considered her as a well-meaning and inoffensive person, and would rather have felt her loss had any unforeseen and surprising casualty occasioned her to desist from haunting his splendid apartments. Mrs. Edgington, however, did not prove a very brilliant companion to the young ladies on the present occasion; in answer to her question, whether any one was dining with them, Lady Clara had informed her that Mr. Melville was their guest, and she was completely puzzled to account for the proud peer's notice of him after the discovery of the preceding night; she began to dread that Lord Maplebury's organ of benevolence was beginning, late in life, to develope itself, and that he had actually given up the interests of his son, Lord Derwent, and consented to his niece's marriage with Melville. This view of the case did not at all please Mrs. Edgington; servile dependants never wish their superiors to be too amiable, and too closely connected in the bonds of union with their family; were such to be always the case, the sycophant's occupation would be over; there would no longer be room for parleying, repeating, excusing, exaggerating, interfering, and all the miserable trickeries of a mean domestic tactitian. Mrs. Edgington, however, was not doomed to remain long in suspense; the gentlemen soon made their appearance, and, although the earl did not invite her to a conference in his study, he

graciously pointed to a seat close to the sofa on which he had established himself at some distance from the rest of the company, and she gladly obeyed the mandate, and listened to his account of Melville's proposal for Georgina. Mrs. Edgington felt for the moment a little disappointed; she greatly disliked Melville, whom she suspected (probably with good reason) of ridiculing and despising her, and she would have been better pleased to have heard that he had been expelled from the house of the earl, than that he should have been courteously welcomed to it as the lover of Georgina Selborne. Soon, however, Mrs. Edgington took a different view of the subject: had Melville been banished for his presumption in aspiring to Lady Clara Ludlow, there would still have been the alarming probability that she might have united herself to him in the course of a few months; but now there was no fear that he should be raised to the enviable distinction of becoming the husband of a lovely and noble heiress—he had fixed on the poor, plain, dependent Georgina Selborne, and Mrs. Edgington became satisfied with the arrangement, more particularly as she ascertained that the earl was decidedly so. When the communication was finished, Lord Maplebury, raising his voice, said to his niece, "I have a slight headache, Lady Clara, that incapacitates me from enjoying music to-night, but I am still well enough to derive much pleasure from your conversation, if you will be so kind as to join Mrs. Edgington and myself."

Lady Clara unwillingly complied; she knew that the object of the earl was to ensure to the supposed lovers an undisturbed colloquy. Dissimulation is always bitter in the end, but the dissmulation of Lady Clara was bitter in the beginning; she was doomed to sit for two hours listening to the prosing dogmatisms of the earl, and the alternate toadyisms, and scandalous historiettes of Mrs. Edgington, catching at intervals brief snatches of the lively conversation of Melville and Georgina.

"Surely," she thought, "there is no necessity for Melville to seem so much at his ease, to be so very cheerful and conversible."

Melville, however, had not the slightest idea that he was offending his liege lady, but concluded that he was acting quite up to her wishes. He fully deemed that she had confided to Georgina before dinner the real state of affairs, and imputed the unwonted vivacity of that young lady to a good-natured wish to make him feel more unembarrassed than he could have done had she restricted her answers to her accustomed yes and no. At length, the earl advanced to the centre of the room, and looked at the French time-piece on the mantel-shelf. Melville took the hint, and took his departure; Mrs. Edgington soon followed him, and again Lady Clara sought her dressing-room, but not alone, she was closely followed by Georgina.

"Do dismiss your maid, dear Clara," she said, "and suffer me, as I have often done, to supply her place; you do not know how much I have to say to you."

Lady Clara sighed, and thought she knew it but too well, but she could not refuse, and in a moment Georgina was pouring out her whole heart to her.

"Dearest Clara! dearest friend! how could you possibly suffer me

to hear the important communication of Melville's attachment to me from the earl? why did you not inform me of it last night? but I will not reproach you—no, I have too much reason to be thankful to you."

"Alas! you have little reason to be thankful to me," said Lady Clara dejectedly.

"Do not say so," exclaimed the animated Georgina; "cold, dull, lifeless, I have always appeared in the eyes of Melville, how could he ever have discerned in me the faintest spark of intellect, had not the voice of dear Clara heralded forth my good qualities? with lavish and partial love, I doubt not; but still I feel that I can prove myself, nay that I have already proved myself, not quite the cypher that I have hitherto appeared in society."

"You have indeed been far from a cypher this evening," said Lady Clara, somewhat drily.

"And the good old earl!" exclaimed Georgiana; "I never will take a dislike to anybody again who thinks fit to frown me into insignificance on our first acquaintance; how familiarly and cheerfully he spoke to me at dinner! and in our interview in his study, I assure you, that he was quite fatherly in his manner, and praised my propriety of conduct and demeanour so kindly, that I was almost as much pleased with his approbation as with his golden promise of a place under government for poor Melville."

"I am rather surprised, however," said Lady Clara gravely, "that you should so readily accept Melville, because you told me yesterday morning that you had never known what love was."

"Nor had I," said Georgina; "I had carefully guarded my heart against an attachment which I had reason to believe would prove hopeless; I will speak to you with openness and truth, Clara; in fact, I should be very sorry ever to speak otherwise."

Lady Clara shrank beneath the unintended reproach, and Georgina continued. "I had never seen any one whom I admired so much as Melville, but I knew myself to be poor and plain, and to all outward semblance dull and stupid. I could not presume to hope that he would ever look with preference on me, especially when one like you, high-born, beautiful, and engaging, was my constant companion. I did not suppose that the conversation of the earl was the attraction that drew him hither so frequently; I imagined, both from his countenance and manner, that he was enslaved by the charms of my dear cousin; nay, so greatly did my imagination deceive me, that I even thought that I discovered tokens of reciprocal preference in you."

Lady Clara's cheek was crimsoned.

"I am now, however, convinced," pursued Georgina, "that you were acting for the best, and striving, by your kind intervention, to recommend the poor friend who wanted courage to recommend herself, therefore do not look, dearest cousin, as if I had accused you of dissimulation; I am sure that your noble nature would revolt from it, nay, you are the last person whom I should ever suspect of being guilty of such a practice."

Lady Clara averted her face.

"And you really feel happy, Georgina, in the events of to-day?" she said.

"Happy," answered Georgina; "yes, happier than I know how to say; grief is garrulous, but the vocabulary of joy is very soon exhausted; believe me, however, Clara, that I shall never forget that I owe all my happiness to you; my love for you is so entire, that had you realized my conjectures, and informed me of your engagement to Melville, I could at once have dismissed every lingering sentiment of preference from my heart, and earnestly prayed to Heaven for your felicity with him; but now my prayer will be of a different nature, I shall ask of my heavenly Benefactor to render me sufficiently grateful for the blessings he has bestowed on me, in giving me such a lover as Melville, and such a friend as Clara.

Georgina, warmly embracing her cousin, here left the room, and Lady Clara sat down and wept bitterly to think of the anguish she was preparing for the trusting, warm-hearted girl who had been overwhelming her with thanks for her cruel deception.

"But I will undeceive her to-morrow," she thought; "I will not suffer her affections to become irretrievably entangled."

With the morrow, however, came different feelings; were Georgina to be undeceived, her true and straightforward simplicity of character would never allow her to remain under Lord Maplebury's roof, while she was aiding his niece to circumvent and mislead him. Lady Clara did not, indeed, fear that she would betray her secret, but she would withdraw herself from the house, and Melville would no longer be allowed to continue his visits there, since the earl would doubtless begin to suspect that he had been duped, and become proportionably irritable and suspicious. That day Lady Clara pleaded indisposition, and sent out Georgina in the carriage to a nursery-ground at some distance to purchase plants for the boudoir. Melville called, and she had an interview with him so long and so delightful, that her conscientious scruples were lulled to sleep, and she thought she had cheaply bought the privilege of his society at the price of truth and rectitude.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER. No. XXIV.

MR. JUSTICE FOSTER.

"He was knowing in records and histories, not only of England, but in general. He was master of the European languages, as French, Italian, and Spanish, and had entered into those of High and Low Germany. He was an adept in natural philosophy and mechanics, and no stranger to the mathematics. His zeal was to do all the good he could to his country, and that he thought best done by supporting the church and state in all due and legal prerogatives, and thereunto he adhered all his life. He was patient in hearing, compassionate in severities, orthodox and exemplary in the Established Church, and averse to all its enemies. The character which I here give is not out of opinion, or any means of fame whatever, and at the hour of death I can veritably swear to every article of it."—ROGER NORTH.

"WE have hitherto admitted into our gallery none but the *lumina fori*, as Quintilian called the great cotemporaries of Cicero. Legal or oratorical excellence were the only commendations to our museum, and if tempted to transgress this boundary, it is only in very rare and interesting instances. Judge Foster comes within the exception. He can boast of no splendid reputation in the domain of black letter, he is not profoundly conversant in the more modern mysteries of legal lore, but there are other realms of learning which his genius has conquered, and which recommend him to the page of the historian as well as to our own. He is one of those who imagine that all knowledge is not centred in the law. A celebrated practitioner, after a fine eulogy on the powers displayed by Bacon in his reading on the Statute of Uses, observed, "What might we not have expected from the hands of such a master, if his vast mind had not so embraced within its compass the whole field of science as very much to detract from professional studies!" With the same truth we may remark, that if Judge Foster had not devoted himself to more congenial pursuits, he would have been a great apprentice of the law. Science ordained it otherwise. His meditative mind was too fond of playing about the airy summits of abstract reasoning and original speculation, to find any interest in the artificial system of our courts. He preferred the lofty and the vague—to reflect on the wonders of the universe, to watch the stars in their courses, to trace life throughout all the links in the endless chain of being, and deduce great philosophical principles, having for their object the extension of human knowledge and human happiness. Involved in these glorious mysteries, he had no time for pleas and demurrers, and the other commonplace acquisitions of commonplace minds. True, his lordship is only a silent cultivator of the primordial laws of nature; his discoveries have not yet been given to the world: but his fame is not the less permanent and endurable. The reputation of Euler would have been equally brilliant, though he had never written his celebrated letters; Laplace would not have been less the glory of his kind, though he had not been the author of the *Système du Monde*; and, on the same principle, the renown of Judge Foster is not the less solid. It is to be hoped, however, for the interests of science, and the enlargement of its bounds, that the

fruits of thirty years' elaborate study will yet see the light. These high intellectual attainments eminently entitle his lordship to public distinction. He is a universalist in knowledge—he has not only dipped, but dipped deeply, into almost every branch of human inquiry. The whole catalogue of "*onomies*" and "*ologies*" is familiar to him as the walk from Merrion Square to the Four Courts. Then, as a statesman, he has filled a prominent space in the general eye. As a judge, too, he has many excellent qualities, which shall be duly notified and appreciated in the following pages. Taking, then, his character *in omnibus*, it will be seen that he is well entitled to a niche in our Pantheon.

The name of Foster is not unsignalized in the modern annals of Ireland. The family came over in the train of some of our English conquerors, and, as a recompense for services in the council and the field, obtained large grants of land, particularly in Louth and Antrim. Several of them sat in the Irish parliament, and though at first firmly devoted to the crown, like most of the Anglo-Irish families of distinction, they changed sides, and ranged themselves in opposition to the mother country, just as they found her demands to interfere with their own local sovereignty. John Leslie Foster, the father of the present Lord Ferrard, was the last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and his generous conduct on that occasion has given to the name of Foster an historical grandeur in the eyes of Irishmen. His memorable speech was the ablest delivered during that stormy debate—distinguished alike for its statistical and financial clearness, for its rich and polished eloquence, and the marvellous insight it displayed in the future working of the Union. There is one incident connected with this distinguished man of a character very pathetic—Mr. O'Connell introduced it with great effect in his fine defence of Barrett. When the debate closed, after a night of unparalleled power and excitement, the Speaker rose to put the question, that "the bill do pass;" he was so overpowered by his feelings, that he was for some time unable to proceed. He struggled hard with his emotions, and when he calculated on a calm, and essayed to begin, his coolness was again mastered, and he could not take the sense of the House. Having at length succeeded, he dashed the paper on the table, and in an agony of grief rushed out of the house. This may not seem very decorous or dutiful in a Speaker, but at that period the natural order of things was inverted; men, sage and strong, bearded men, did not well know what they did; the excitement was terrible, and the conduct of the actors participated in the general deviation from order. This eminent man, afterwards Lord Oriel, was the near relative of the subject of our present memoir; he also attended for him sponsorially at the baptismal font, and invoked the combined powers of genius, learning, and eloquence, to take charge of his youthful ward and namesake, John Leslie Foster the younger.

He was ushered into this world of sorrow about the year 1780, and though his *cuticula* survives not to report progress of his swathing growth, we doubt not he was vastly stout and chubby—a *primis annis*, and even then felt the impulses of a rising philosophy, for he never suckled save when he thirsted, and never screamed until something

troubled him. From his trowserhood he was the gravest of boys, and took no delight in the ordinary sports of the play-ground; or if he did, it was only to nurture the scientific taste which was then in the process of developement, and afterwards reached a brilliant maturity. For instance, if he saw one marble supplant its fellow, it forcibly reminded him that motion existed not in bodies *per se*, and hence he ascended to the planetary motions and the first cause; if he saw a penny-top spin round, it led him to the evolution of bodies round their axes; in leaping or running, he detected the mystery of free will; and so in all the amusements of boyhood he found something alien to the mere external appearance, and connected with a more profound and philosophical object. No wonder the young Foster was looked on as a prodigy—so poor in years, and withal so rich in meditation. In truth he meditated too much, and to that early propensity we must attribute the extraordinary absence of mind for which he is sometimes remarkable. Newton, it is said, in one of his fits of intense study, forgot the chicken which was served up for dinner, and eat the cauliflower instead of the fowl. Mr. Foster, we believe, never made such a grave mistake as that, but his forgetfulness is quite as great as the astronomer's, and sometimes more ludicrous. Being, it is said, invited to dine at the Castle, and necessitated to have recourse, before dinner, to a certain vice-regal *cabinet de oubliette*, he found his timely way to the place of destination. Hence he proceeded, with solemn and majestic gait, to the reception-room, and his appearance was the signal for a tremendous explosion of laughter. It seems he committed a trifling error, and, instead of his flat cocked hat, brought under his arm something strongly resembling a pot-lid! This is one of the waggish traditions of the Hall, where the ludicrous is always sure to find a ready currency, and though we take it at its real value, which is nothing, yet, like all myths, it may contain a germ of truth. The very invention of such a story will illustrate the purpose for which we have adduced it—that Mr. Foster's wits went often a wool-gathering; and while, perhaps, absorbed in some abstruse speculation in uranography, he is apt to disregard the less attractive concerns of every-day life.

Mr. Foster entered college as fellow-commoner in 1798, where he greatly distinguished himself. This may seem a little surprising to those who test all human capacity by its power of progression in one narrow department of knowledge—the law; but, to the utter confusion of such illiberal reasoners, we have to record the intellectual triumphs of Mr. Foster in domains of learning from whose portals they are for ever inhibited by the seraph of genius and his flaming sword. It was not the fashion then for young men of rank and fortune to devote themselves over earnestly to any more solid pursuits than an evening row in Crow Street Theatre, relieved by the midnight prostration of a score of infirm watchmen—by day, summonses before the indulgent Major Sirr, intermixed with card-playing, October drinking, and an occasional affair of honour. Mr. Foster, with laudable ambition, spurned such aristocratic pursuits. He was a most diligent reader, and reaped the fruits in several scientific distinctions. He also obtained the commoner's gold medal, which is a very fair test of excel-

lence, for it cannot be obtained without laborious application. We have heard doubts thrown on the youthful honours of Mr. Foster. Those who remember his college career, and many of his cotemporaries are at present at the bar, say that he was considered the most promising young man of his time, and surpassed in ability many of those who have since acquired a high reputation in the sciences. We know there are many sceptical enough to doubt all this—men who, like the unbelieving disciples, would not be convinced without a tangible proof; but for such we do not write. If they do not take us at our word, let them repair to Rothescor, between terms, and they will there find the learned judge cultivating, as assiduously as ever, his stellagraphical pursuits, with the zeal of a professed philosopher; and on more accurate inquiry, he will find that he has made several important discoveries in the constitution and courses of the heavenly bodies. The moon has been in all ages, from the Chaldean era down to our own, an inviting subject to the astronomical gazer. Her surface has, accordingly, been examined with such scrupulous nicety, that the position of her mountains has been laid down with greater accuracy than the highlands of Connemara. From the uniformity and sameness of the lunar Andes, Kepler was led to suppose them the work of inhabitants! After this, look with wonder on the Pyramids! The powerful telescopes of the Earl of Rosse have not as yet enabled us to discern any traces of the workers, although railroads are distinctly visible, and other proofs of superior civilization. But of all modern discoveries, Judge Foster's is by far the most important. Doctors Buckland and Murchison should look to their geological laurels, for a greater than either is here. He has found out that the magnificent lunar valleys which run due east and west are of a decidedly alluvial nature, which of course leads to the conclusion that the moon has her golden veins and great limestone districts, and that by establishing a proper communication, by balloon or otherwise, we may bid defiance to the *Zollverein*, and find a splendid market for our corduroys and cottons, without the apprehension of the lunar ports being closed against us in time of war. There is, too, one *high commissioner* amongst us at present, and Sir Robert Peel should without delay conclude a commercial treaty with that functionary.

But to return;—Mr. Foster being destined for the bar, entered the Middle Temple to study Littleton's Etceteras, and the stores of profound erudition they comprehended. But his genius was cast in quite a different mould. Instead, he should have been apprenticed to Des Cartes, in whose planetary vortices he would have rolled himself like a gleesome young whale in Baffin's Bay. In law-drudging he found no pleasure, and his time was more agreeably spent in other acquisitions of the most diversified character—a knowledge of political economy, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, and etymology; a notion of painting, sculpture, and architecture; an idea of Indian, Sanscrit, and Chinese learning and history; over and above, an insight into trade and agriculture, with a tolerable acquaintance with what is called the philosophy of politics. The dissipation of time and of attention occasioned by such multifarious occupations is, of course, very unfavourable to the pursuit of one abstract or continued study, and to this we

must attribute the lee-way made by Mr. Foster in traversing the vast ocean of the law. In pleading, the absurdity of giving colour perplexed him not a little. He could not understand the reason or the morality of recognizing an adversary's right, and then evading it by a mere technical quibble. Then, in the theory of common recoveries, he saw nothing but a species of dramatic representation, which a buffoon might relish, but which was not at all adapted to the wisdom of the wise. This unintelligible nonsense estranged him from a sedulous pursuit of the law;—and not unjustly, for, to a philosophic temperament, such fooleries, to say the least of them, must have been very disgusting. Having discussed the nutritious properties of Temple beef, he was called to the bar in 1803.

His progress, as might be expected, was not very rapid; his eye was bent on other objects, and it is an old truth that a man may not serve two masters. To his scientific pursuits he now thought of combining those of practical statesmanship. He longed to be a legislator. If he could not construe laws, the next best thing was to frame them; if a statute puzzled himself, he sought his revenge by enacting statutes to puzzle others. A vacancy having occurred in the representation of the university in 1807, Mr. Foster was selected to represent that learned body. The circumstance at least proved, that, in the esteem of the electors, he was a man deserving the honour. The name of his uncle, Lord Oriel, contributed in no slight degree to his success. For five years he continued to represent the university, when he abandoned it for his native county, Louth, to make way for Mr. Plunkett. The opening of his parliamentary career was auspicious. He carried into the house an honoured name—connected with some of the first of our aristocratic families—and the chosen of our only university—all contributed in some degree to arrest parliamentary attention in his favour. We regret, however, to state, that the "hear, hears" became less and less frequent, and the story of Burke and the dinner-bell was again realized in the outrageous impatience which signalized the grand council, when he applied himself to the solution of some legislative problem. At first a shuffling of feet, then a universal buzz, next a shout, cough, or laugh, and finally an oppressive rush to the folding-doors, to breathe air less eloquently infected. A sarcastic eye-witness thus describes the effect of Mr. Foster's advance to the table:—"I was under the gallery of the House of Commons during the debate on the Catholic Relief Bill, in 1825. The house was exceedingly full. Mr. Foster rose to speak, and the effect of his appearance on his legs was truly wonderful. In an instant the house was cleared. The rush to the door leading to the tavern up stairs, where the members find a refuge from the soporific powers of their brother legislators, was tremendous. I was myself swept away by the torrent, and carried from my place by the crowd that fled from the solemn adjuration with which Mr. Foster commenced his oration. The single phrase, 'Mr. Speaker,' was indeed uttered in such a tone as indicated the extent of the impending evil, and finding already the influence of drowsiness upon me, I followed the example. At the end of a long corridor which opened from the room where the gentlemen were assembled, there stood a waiter, whose

office it was to inform any interrogator what gentleman was speaking. Nearly opposite the door sat two English county members. They had disposed of a bottle of claret each, when one called to the waiter for intelligence. 'Mr. Foster on his legs,' was the formidable answer. 'Then bring another bottle, waiter,' was the immediate effect of the information. Two hours went by, when 'Mr. Plunkett on his legs' was heard from the end of the passage, and the whole convocation of compotators rose together, and returned to the house." There is a little exaggeration in this severe picture. The main outline is correct enough, but the details are not properly developed, nor harmonized so as to give expression to parts as well as the whole. Mr. Foster, it is true, put the house betimes under the nodding influence of the god who presides over drowsy debates, but on the occasion alluded to he had the benefit of a full audience, rare as that privilege was. The debate was the most momentous that ever took place on the Catholic question. The Association, then in the plenitude of its power, despatched deputies to watch the progress of the motion, and keep up an active communication with the parliamentary friends of religious freedom. Mr. Foster, who had signalized himself by the heavy though sincere opposition of nearly twenty years, was the leader of the Irish church and state party, and he came to the debate equipped with the full stock of arguments against Popery, jesuitry, wooden shoes, and copper pennies. Lord Liverpool, somehow or other, liked him, and Mr. Foster promised that he would unravel all the treasons of the Association, and save the throne and the altar for the next half century. He had gained such an invaluable mass of information from his education inquiry, that his facts would prove irresistible when conveyed through the medium of a witching eloquence.

When he rose to speak, the house was crowded. Plunkett sat opposite with pencil in hand to note a fact, or a paradox, or truism, as the case may be, for it was a moot point which would turn up. He opened with a solemn exordium, prepared with elaborate care. Like Cicero, he always kept a volume of introductions on all questions of politics, finance, field-fencing, and bog-draining; and, like the Roman orator, sometimes committed a mistake in the selection. It unfortunately happened that he made use of the identical *proœmium* a few nights before—the circumstance was not forgotten, and its repetition provoked a universal laugh. This was rather discouraging. "He understood the meaning of that cheer,"—another explosion—"This language may seem novel,"—looking sulkily at the Whig benches—"Not at all, not at all," shouted out some legislative wag, stretched at full length on the benches. The interruption proceeded from his own side, and when he turned round for the delinquent, the uproar of laughter became overpowering. He was now dismally confused, and forgot all which he would have said so well. Still he contrived to make up ten heads, on which he dissertated for a couple of hours. Plunkett's reply was powerful: "My honourable friend," said he, "declared that this is a party question. Let us look to the names of those by whom it has been uniformly and zealously patronized. In the sense of his accusation is meant a question which would only be

stirred by those who are hostile to the monarchy and the constitution. And yet who are the great supporters of this cause but the zealots of royalty—the anti-jacobin idols, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Burke? Could that be a party question, in which they served under the banners of the one or the other of these illustrious statesmen? Is there one name, in short, that has been loved in our own times, or will be revered by posterity, who has not at some time or other borne testimony to its importance and the general equity of its foundations?" Mr. Foster completely disappointed his high-church and monarchy friends. He harangued against Popery as lustily as my Lord George Gordon himself, though he had not the enthusiasm to undergo the same risks. The intensity of his political principles arose from the extreme fervour of his devotion. He appears to have loved the Church established by law, fully as much as he does the religion to preach which it is maintained; and he regards a departure from the doctrine and discipline of the hierarchy with feelings of as much repugnance as from the creed of the dispensation itself. His is the old-fashioned, dogged, stedfast adherence to the Establishment in all its parts, and he regards with aversion every shade of dissent, from the more venerable backslidings of the Papacy to the new Oxford heresy. Of course we only speak religiously, for he is one of those truly just judges, who deals out an equal measure of right to all. It is only necessary to point to his decision in the case of the Presbyterian marriages, to show that he is pure, impartial, and irreproachable. The law of the matter is quite a different question.

Though Mr. Foster deprecated what Doctor Duigenan would call the sanctification of rebellion, by making the least concession to Roman Catholics, and supported every ministry which clung to the exclusive principle, yet he cordially advocated the improvement of the country, and co-operated in several beneficial acts of legislation. Reform he regarded as a kind of demon—not an invisible and intangible principle, but a thing of blood, bones, and muscles, ever ready to pounce on our glorious constitution, and make kite's-meat of the vaunted wisdom of our ancestors. He never heard it mentioned without calling vividly to mind the following ghastly retinue of *faits accompli*—the Inquisition—the *Auto-da-Fé*—Gunpowder Plot—Massacre of '41, and Shane O'Neill's rebellion! To this general alarm there was one exception—he supported reform in the criminal code. Here his humanity, and he abounds in that noble feeling, triumphed over his prejudices, and, to his honour be it recorded, he supported all the measures introduced by Romilly for the humanization of our bloody code. This is not set down to the parliamentary credit of Mr. Foster. Such conduct redounds greatly to his character as a statesman, and his feelings as a man. On the subject of capital punishment for forgery, he delivered the best speech he ever spoke, and one of the most rational and argumentative delivered during the debate. One extract will show the deep interest he took in the reform of the criminal law, and the sound good sense with which he could urge his opinions when religious prejudice did not interfere to darken counsel and throw a mist over the understanding. "I admit," said he, "that no crime is more injurious to commercial pursuits—that none more destroys the

confidence of society, and that none is more dangerous to property, than forgery—that to commit it, man must be so lost to all feelings of honour—to all regard for the welfare of others—and all respect for himself, as to forfeit every claim to compassion. I will even go a step farther, and allow that those who in many cases commit it, have made up their minds to quit the country, and that the fear of a public and ignominious death might affect them, when transportation might have lost for them all its terrors. Still, the question recurs, ought the infliction of punishment be capital, opposed as it is to the prevalent feelings and opinions of the community? The question is clearly one of fact. The dislike of hanging for forgery is a fact. No one at all conversant with the police or law of the country ventures to deny that men, generally speaking, are averse to see life taken away for the crime of forgery, and all admit that a rooted disinclination prevails in every quarter to act on the enforcement of a law so adverse to the general will. First of all, those who are defrauded refuse to prosecute, because they may be the means of putting a fellow-creature to death. Next, witnesses give their testimony with reluctance, and are apt to strain a point in the prisoner's favour. Then, many who know material facts, are silent through fear of being compelled to come forward. Again, juries are disinclined to convict, and try every means of acquitting. Lastly, sentence is passed, but executed only in a small proportion of cases. All these chances of escape are known to evil-doers—they know that the letter of the law says, they shall suffer death, but they know that though the letter of the law may kill, the practice is different, and that even though convicted they incur not a certainty, but only a risk, in the proportion of one to eight, of suffering death. What principle do I seek to establish from all this? That uncertainty entirely defeats the object of the enactment. It renders the law anything but a source of terror. It only leaves men to speculate on probabilities, and calculate the chances." Many of his speeches are infused with the same humane and liberal sentiments, and these he has carried with him to the bench, where he exhibits a perfect model of judicial clemency in criminal cases. "There be many judges," says Roger North, "of whom time hath kept no record, except in a sinister way," alluding to the subserviency of Scroggs, and the butcheries of Jeffries. Assuredly Judge Foster has nothing in common with this infamous class, for no man ever filled the judgment-seat whose opinions are more strongly in favour of liberty and life. Whenever he doubts the character of a witness, or the weight of his evidence, or feels coerced by a point of law, he unhesitatingly reserves the one, and gives the prisoner the benefit of the other. He is for the mild courses of justice—there is nothing harsh or severe in his disposition, if you look beyond his grave and formal demeanour, which is by no means prepossessing. On the contrary, his temper is characterised by extreme lenity, and if ever there was a judge to whom severity was distasteful, that is Judge Foster. Some time ago one of his brethren sentenced to transportation a number of unfortunate females, whom the grand jury of Enniskillen presented as nuisances. Judge Foster went the north-west the following circuit, and the dock was crowded with a multitude of the wretched expecting

the same fate. He read the statute, and interpreted it in favour of their release. After an admonitory lecture, he ordered them out of the dock, when they simultaneously dropped on their knees, and prayed for his welfare.

While in parliament he attended to the national interests, and was not forgetful of his own. Like most public men who cannot reconcile to their consciences a gratuitous discharge of very onerous duties, he looked after some of the places and things which the Tory governments lavished on their friends. He was appointed to sundry offices, all highly emolumentary, but not more so than he desired. The first in point of "contentions, suits, and fat flowing fees," was that of counsel to the Excise, and the Customs followed, lest his hopes from the former should be disappointed. In these departments he realized a large sum, and in these, too, he acquired that peculiar sort of knowledge in which he takes such deserved pride, but which we regret to say will never more be available in the Nisi Prius Exchequer. He could calculate the specific gravity of worts with the precision of the most practised distiller—he could use the saccharometer with the adroitness of a veteran gauger—wash-backs and malt-tubs were familiar to him as household words—and the mysteries of the brewhouse were all as plain to his understanding as the Solomons on his nose. He was, in his day, the glory of the exciseman, and the terrible fear of the unlucky filcher from his majesty's revenue, whether maltster or papyrist, who had a wash-back unentered, or vended brown paper in unstamped wrappers. His wonderful perception of contrabandism arose not so much from extensive practice in the Exchequer, as his profound knowledge of chemical science. In the wide range of his studies the qualities of bodies and the elements of which they are constituted, formed an important part. When practice in any science or profession follows theoretical knowledge, success is certain. There have been, however, persons ignorant or envious enough to doubt Mr. Foster's chemical erudition—that he knew in reality nothing about organic or inorganic composition, and that all his learning about singlings and first-shot, and the rest of the technology of the distillery, was purely verbal. We may give an illustration of this sheer and malicious depreciation of philosophic parts. The Baron was once trying a heavy Excise case, in which the crown went for numerous penalties against one of the most eminent distillers in Dublin. A very distinguished professor of chemistry was examined on the part of the defendants, to prove that the spirit was not overproof. The Baron made a very erudite charge, but the man of atomic theories, who bore with manifest chagrin this trenching on his domain, turning to a witty barrister who sat near him, remarked, "I know very little of the laws of the land, but I know something of the laws of chemistry, and I assure you the learned Baron, with all his parade, knows nothing whatever about them; to which the legal gentleman, with more felicity of expression than truth, replied, "I know something of the laws of the land, and nothing of the laws of chemistry, and I assure you he knows just as little about *them*." The lawyer and the professor were both wrong—both envied his lordship's monopoly of skill in their respective walks, and both not unnaturally vented their bile in these

antithetical observations. To hear him examine a gauger, going for a penalty, was a brilliant display of skill, and the best of the matter was, that his philosophy often led him to puzzle his own witness as much on the direct, as Holmes would on the cross-examination. These lapses, however, only took place when his mind was busy about the transit of Venus, or Encke's comet, or something else equally extraordinary or interesting to an astronomer. Another duty which devolved on him while in parliament was the commissionership of Irish Education. This was completely an *affaire de cœur*, the very occupation which, above all others, delighted him. The partial and bigoted instruction of the Kildare-street Society excited universal discontent in Ireland. Their scrupulous adherence to exclusively Protestant principles, while professing to be for the benefit of a population chiefly Catholic, attracted parliamentary attention to the subject, and a commission to inquire and report on the system, with a view to its improvement and extension was set on foot, with Mr. Foster at the head, with a sumptuous salary. Maynooth was to be inter-penetrated through every sunless chink and crevice. That seemed to be the substructure of the commission. Every name of repute in the Roman Catholic church underwent an elaborate examination, and they were opposed by an equal array of piety and learning out of the Established. A multitudinous troop of bigots on both sides filled up the wings and rear. One of the committee had his ears most provokingly annoyed by the subtle plots and contrivances of the Irish Jesuits, whose deeds he had only known from the matter of Titus Oates, and the pranks they were supposed to play in the early history of England. He asked the high commissioner whether it was possible to get a glimpse of such a zoological curiosity—a race which he considered quite extinct. Mr. Foster, in compliance with his wishes, ordered the head of the order, the Rev. Mr. Kenny, to attend the committee. Various were the surmises and speculations about the person and qualities of such a rarity as an active Jesuit, such as had been pictured in the fears of the Kildare-street gentry. A sober placid, intellectual, and christianlike man appeared "to answer all such questions as might be put to him—so help him God."

His presence dissipated all the imaginary illusions which had been conceived of his order, and they were forced to confess that a Jesuit had nothing diabolically superhuman in his countenance, or restricted in his charity. Mr. Foster, anxious to display his orthodoxy, as well as his deep insight in the mysterious operations of Jesuitry, undertook the pumping of the reverend gentleman. But he had not proceeded far when he was involved in a perfect labyrinth. The dialectical skill of his adversary was more than a match for Mr. Foster's self-reliance and loose reasoning, so that he was glad to escape with sundry contusions from so collected and wily an antagonist. The information obtained by the commission was of great importance; the body of facts and experience displayed was invaluable, and shed a strong light on the following heads: the proportion of the children of the poor uneducated and without the means of education—the good effects which education is found by experience to produce—the circumstances in the actual state of the country which were favourable and unfavour-

able—the methods which ought to be pursued for promoting it, and the funds applicable to that purpose. We may add another head—to be gathered from the whole—the annihilation of Kildare-street. The evidence ran over a number of volumes of vastly imposing size, and Mr. Foster took credit to himself for having added such a promising supply to the existing dead-weight of parliamentary papers. He sent presentation copies to his friends, just as an author would his last new novel, or poem, expecting, of course, they would be perused with the same avidity as he had compiled them. Among the favoured presentees were Mr. Plunkett and Mr. Bushe. "Well, Plunkett," said the Solicitor-general, with a hearty chuckle, "what think you of Foster's last labour?" "Why," replied the sarcastic Plunkett, "they filled me with a surprise similar to that felt by Lemuel Gulliver when he first landed in Brobdignag, and saw thimbles as large as buckets, and wrens as bulky as turkeys. They are on a gigantic scale, even for blue books. Only think of asking a man to read a stupendous mass of paper covering three thousand odd pages, occupying two thousand inches of cubic measure, and weighing nearly one hundred pounds avoirdupois! they might have been considered light reading by Hilpa and Shalum, but the life of each of us is limited to about threescore years and ten, and I deem it very unfair in Foster to demand of us such a large portion of our existence. What do you think of them?" "Why," said Charles Kendal, resolving not to be outstripped in waggish wit, "I perfectly agree with you. Compared with the labour of toiling through these portentous volumes, all other labours—that of thieves on the tread-mill—of negroes in sugar plantations, or listening to C. in an argument in Chancery—are an agreeable recreation. There was once a criminal in Italy, who was suffered to take his choice between the galleys and Guicciardini. He chose the latter; but the Pisan war was too much for his patience—he changed his mind, and took to the oar. Had fate ordained for me the alternative of Foster's books or Botany Bay, I would have the Bay by all means." The wits passed a merry though severe censure, for, with all their defects of ponderosity, they contain much that is valuable, and on many of the suggestions our present admirable system of national education is founded. Mr. Foster was the chief of all our commissions. He was also at the head of the inquiry into the state of our courts of law. Here he was somewhat out of place, albeit a lawyer. There was something in the matter which he could not master. The inquiry was a comparative failure. Nothing beneficial was effected, except the consolidation of some offices and the abolition of a few more. The great master evil was left untouched.

Of Mr. Foster's parliamentary labours we have little more to record. He was, as before observed, bitterly opposed to the Catholic Association. He attacked its principles and its members—he anathematized their rebellious policy. This was remembered. In 1828, when the war reached its culminating point, and the power of the Beresfords was shivered in Waterford, and Mr. Foster's brother-in-law was driven from Clare, the arms of the Association were turned towards Louth. That seemed the most impregnable of the ancient

keeps of Toryism. The reign of the Jocelyns and Fosters there was long triumphant. For sixteen years Mr. Foster held its undisturbed representation. The time of retribution arrived. The late Alexander Dawson, a retired barrister, and of small fortune, proclaimed himself the representative of the Association. The powerful aristocracy—for Louth was the most aristocratic county in Ireland—banded all their resources in support of Foster and Fortescue. Without exaggeration, the eyes of the empire were directed towards this famous battle-ground, where the two antagonist principles were fairly pitted against each other. Mr. Foster laboured not so much for himself as the cause in which he was embarked. He toiled with an untiring and dogged energy, but all was in vain. The old air, "Nancy Dawson," had a more potent effect on the nerves of the Louth freeholders than "Garry Owen," or the "Gathering of the Clans," on the Irish and Highland regiments at Waterloo. They defeated the powerful confederacy arrayed against them. Dawson and Foster were returned, while Fortescue, with whom the latter united his fortunes, was defeated by a large majority, and his was the severest blow which the old system had yet received in Ireland. Clare was a triumph—Waterford was a triumph—but the most important of all was Louth, for there the resisting power was strongest. Lord George Beresford was powerful in Waterford—Curraghmore was a fortress which long disdained all the assaults of freedom; but though strong, it stood almost alone in its strength, and few were they who could succour its distress. The gentry were mostly liberal, and Villiers Stewart was only second in rank and affluence to the lordly owner of Curraghmore. In Clare, the victory was valuable for the principle it vindicated, while in Louth three-fourths at least of the aristocracy were Tory. In the prestige of a name, too, what was Alexander Dawson, unknown to fame and fortune, compared with the popular O'Connell, or the wealthy and accomplished Stewart? Lord Oriel's and Roden's power was shivered to atoms, and though Mr. Foster was preferred to his colleague, yet it is evident that if another Dawson had been in the field, the enthusiasm of the people would have triumphantly returned him. All this Mr. Foster felt. He conceived that long-sustained parliamentary glory was no guarantee for the permanency of his seat—that the power which barely suffered him to enter St. Stephen's to-day might eject him at will to-morrow—that all was unstable as fortune—and that, to borrow an agricultural maxim, it were best to make the harvest while the sun shone. It was been remarked before that he was one of the most stedfast opponents of emancipation. In 1828 his convictions seemed as firm as ever, but in the year after a delightful change was perceptible in his opinions. He at first began to doubt, not the justice, but the impolicy of keeping a fiery and discontented population in the heart of the empire. This was all very good, and would be creditable if it originated in his wonted reflection, or was unconnected with causes *ab extra*. But there happened to be a prime minister called the *Iron Duke*, who, accustomed to the discipline of camps, could not tolerate any infraction of discipline in his parliamentary subordinates. The free speech of a representative assembly sounded in his ears like the mutinous trumpet of

revolt. If you will support my measures, well—if you do not, get about your business, and expect no favours. Such was the order circulated through the ministerial ranks. Some revolted from its severity, and paid dear for the gratification; others of a more pliant nature acceded to this new constitutional doctrine. Of the latter class was Mr. Foster. He harangued and voted in favour of emancipation, to the utter dismay and chagrin of the high church party. His friends said it was all deliberate and solemn conviction; but, judging from the sequel, we are more inclined to believe that he sacrificed to self-interest. People were variously affected by his desertion of a cause to which he had stood firm for thirty years. The mystery was soon solved, for on the death of Baron M'Clelland in 1830, he was swathed in the vacant ermine.

He certainly was the most fortunate of mankind. Just on the eve of his declining power, when the ministry was about to be numbered among things past, and the Reform Bill was certain to leave him on the shore of the rejected of Louth, or elsewhere, he was suddenly taken from a comparatively low place at the bar, and comfortably seated on the bench. He had not to undergo the drudgery of Attorney or Solicitor-general, but was at once whisked aloft into high places, there to abide at his leisure for the next quarter of a century. The discontent of the profession was great—no promotion ever excited so much astonishment. How many were there of splendid attainments and long services, who more worthily aspired to that rank! But the consideration in those times was not, what they could do for public justice, but what they had done for the minister. Baron Foster entered on his new dignity, and smiled, or rather frowned at the querulous murmurs of his less fortunate brethren at the bar. He continued one of the oracles in *Curia Scaccarii* until November last, when he was influenced to doff the lofty title of "Baron," for the less ambitious distinction of "Justice." In his ears, the difference of sound was immense. There was a nobility in the one which was absent altogether from the humble simplicity of the other. The title of Baron was associated with all that is proud and illustrious in the annals of England—the barons of Royston—the barons of Runnymede—the barons spiritual and temporal, who figure in the great charter and imperial rescripts, "*faciemus summonori archiepiscopos, episcopos, abbates, comites, et majores barones regni sigillatim per literas nostras;*" these, with all their sounding recollections, were ever present to his mind. With them he identified his prefix, while that of "Justice" kept company with such worthless and ignorant fellows as Shallow and Silence. Lord Chancellor Sugden did not appreciate the Baron's contributions to the Equity reports, and conceived that the Exchequer and Common Pleas would be mutually benefited by locating the new Judge Lefroy in the former, and giving Baron Foster a writ of ease for life in the tranquil solitudes of the latter. He made a stout resistance, and a just one, for had he resolutely stood on his right, he would have succeeded. Whatever may be the power vested in English chancellors of shifting judges from one court to another, just as they study their humour, such an arbitrary assumption of authority is altogether unknown in this country. No such right ever existed, and it never was

claimed until Lord Chancellor Sugden promulgated his decree. The Baron yielded, and left the court to which he had been accustomed for twelve years. On what grounds we have not ascertained, nor is it worth an inquiry, unless for this purpose, that it be not drawn into a precedent, and afford a justification to any future chancellor to insult a venerable judge by pitching him from one bench to another to gratify a capricious whim, or the more despicable impulse of personal dislike. We are very far from saying that Sir Edward Sugden could be actuated by such motives, for, taking him altogether, he is perhaps among the most just and impartial chancellors we have ever had. But we do not wish to see the dignity of the bench degraded by subjecting any of its members to the vicissitude of a chancellor's temper or opinions. They are responsible to the crown and parliament, and no other party has a legitimate right to interfere. Baron Lefroy may be a better judge, and the public may be benefitted by the change. That is, however, a totally different question, with which we have nothing to do when arguing against the principle. He had not a very brilliant reputation at the bar. His studies tended to intellectual acquisitions of a different kind. To him it was a far more agreeable task to scan the jaw-bone of a mammoth or ichyosaurus, or any other of those antediluvian monsters, in which the nomenclature of geology is so rife. Vallancey's Antiquities had more entertainment for him than the antiquities of the year books, a rath gave him more delight than a contingent remainder, and the study of bog-formations and alluvial deposits than the formation of the common law, and the deposits of the statutes. Yet that he had the capability of being a sound lawyer appears from the testimony of an adverse witness. "I think he would have succeeded in the Court of Chancery, had he attended exclusively to the bar, for he is not destitute of the powers of clear reasoning and perspicuous exposition. His great fault is that he diffuses over all that he says, looks, and does, an air of importance which is not unfrequently in ludicrous contrast with the matter before him. Instead of speaking trippingly on the tongue, he loads his utterance with an immense weight of intonation, which is not more ponderous and oracular in parliament than at the bar. His advances to his seat within the inner bar like a priest walking in a procession; he lays down his bag on the green table, as if he were depositing a treasure. He bows to the court like a mandarin before the Emperor of China, quotes 'Tidd's Practice' as a rabbi would the Talmud, and opens the rules and orders as a sorcerer would a book of incantations. The solemnity which distinguishes him in court attends him out of it. He traverses the hall with the gait and aspect of mystical meditation, and when he has divested himself of his forensic habiliments, takes care to retain his walk of egregious dignity on his return to Merrion Square. He has ascertained with exact precision the distance from his house to the hall of the Four Courts, and has counted the number of paces which it is requisite he should perform. I was a good deal at a loss to account for this peculiarity of demeanour until I had learned that Mr. Foster was for some months at Constantinople. He was introduced to the sultan, and has since retained that expression of oriental dignity which it is supposed he copied from the Reis

Effendi." The measured formality of manner which characterizes Judge Foster is most happily described in this passage. He thinks, announces, acts, and even walks after a fashion quite his own. Nay, there is character in his ancient napless hat and old quaker-cut coat, which, if they betoken singularity, prove also his simplicity and the thorough absence of all ostentation in his disposition. He is the most unaffected of men. The coldness and reserve of his manner leads you at first to think him rude and supercilious, but on a more intimate acquaintance all doubts vanish, and the apparent repulsiveness is strictly confined to his exterior. We were once of a different opinion, but now cheerfully acknowledge our error.

He would have succeeded in the courts of equity or common law, had he applied himself to either department. His memory is exceedingly retentive, as the frequenters of the Exchequer well know. We have heard him on more than one occasion accurately repeat the facts of a case which had been mentioned in court, and escaped the recollection of the other judges. His mind too is logical, he often reasons very clearly, and with great precision, affording convincing proofs of a sound understanding. His principal fault lies in the extreme solemnity with which he propounds matters either wholly unconnected with, or of no importance to, the cause. There are no gradations in the formality of his tone and manner; the one is as lofty, and the other as inflexibly regular, as if a Roman prætor had been promulgating his edicts. His opinions are more sensible than learned; he cannot penetrate the mysteries of the law, but he endeavours to reach the justice of each case. In the important decision relating to Presbyterian marriages, he and Judge Perrin were the minority. We presume the strict letter of the law was in favour of the majority, but it reflects great credit on Judge Foster to have taken such a manly and liberal course. Light as is the esteem in which mere lawyers hold his opinions, yet he says many things which might well put their technical jejuneness to the blush. "Crime," said he, "is not prevented by legal enactments, but by the joint operation of three powers—the legal power, or the fear of punishment awarded by the law—the moral power, or the fear of public censure—and the power of religion, or the fear of divine vengeance. Upon the due poising of these the efficacy of all law depends." On the other hand, he is reported to have said some queer things. Profoundly skilled as he is in Irish antiquities, yet his knowledge did not save him from once falling into a laughable mistake. In Limerick a man was tried before him for an aggravated assault;—he struck the prosecutor with a very dangerous national weapon, both of offence and defence, called a *cleh alpeen*, which, being interpreted, means a ponderous staff, whose centre of gravity lies about one foot from the hitting end, taking the entire sprig to be about five. The prosecutor stated, in the figurative phraseology peculiar to our countrymen, "that the prisoner, Mick Mollony, gave him *a wipe of a cleh alpeen, and laid him neatly on the ground.*" The Baron proceeded to address the jury. "Gentlemen, you can have no doubt about this case, so that it is unnecessary for me to detain you long. It is quite clear." (There were sundry nods from the jury-box.) "It is indeed rare to find such instances of mag-

nanimity in the Irish peasantry. They are vindictive, but their passions are only momentary, and they are often hurried from the extreme of cruelty to that of kindness, and exhibit many generous traits of character, as we see in the case at present before the court!" Counsel and jury were equally astonished; no person could divine what was passing through his lordship's mind; he never indulged in humour, levity was foreign to his disposition; but the next sentence cleared away the mystic cloud. "It is in evidence before you, from the very prosecutor himself, that the prisoner at the bar gave him *a wipe of a clean napkin, and, with truly humane tenderness, laid him gently on the earth.* Of course, gentlemen, you will acquit the prisoner." Here there was an universal shout of laughter. The Baron was dumbfounded at the vehement explosion, and inquired the cause of such an indecorous exhibition. Mr. Bennett rose, and with one hand in his breeches pocket, and the other extended towards his lordship, explained the misapprehension. A mischievous laugh was seeking to disorder his labial muscles, as he told the Baron that he mistook a *cleh alpeen* for a *clean napkin*, and that the gentle prostration was neither more nor less than the effect of a blow which would have felled an ox!

We shall close our sketch with some remarks on his lordship's character as a landlord. He was, while in parliament, the supporter of every measure having for its object the improvement of the country. The parcelling out of the waste lands among the labouring peasantry, and the drainage and reclamation of our extensive bogs, were among his favourite schemes. In the reports on these subjects he took an active and useful part, and his evidence proves the deep interest he felt in the physical and social amelioration of the people. But it was not in his legislative capacity alone that he showed himself a benefactor. Your philanthropic theorists are generally mere men of words, who promise fine things, but perform none. Judge Foster has none of this false philanthropy. He is, without exception, one of the kindest and most considerate landlords in Ireland. His property is comparatively small, and though he might render his rent-roll more productive by at least one-third, as we heard from a competent authority, yet he hesitates not to sacrifice so much to make his tenantry respectable and happy. He is one of those humane men who forego an advantage to themselves to increase the comforts of others. A profound acquaintance with Irish misery, derived from the most authentic sources, led him to adopt this wise and generous course. His tenants all hold on their own offers, and what adds to their prosperity, their holdings are secured to them. It is not in the swinish styes which the poor peasant inhabits in common with their natural possessors—it is not in the scarcely life-sustaining food, misnamed subsistence—it is not in his wretchedness and rags, neither is it in the disease which ever dogs at the heels of nakedness and hunger—it is not in these we are to seek for the springs of social disorder. The lead must sink deeper. It lies in the uncertain tenure of their hovels and their rags. Never were the arms of the Irish peasant lifted against the laws until the quiet possession of their very wretchedness was torn from them. "Whatever offences characterize the Irish peasant, originate for the most part in the frail tenure which they enjoy

subsistence." These are the words of Judge Foster, who practi-lly disputes the reckless exercise of what are fallaciously called the ghts of property. He is far more observant of his duties than the ass to which he belongs, and to his honour it must be said, that ough a Tory of the hot and heavy school, he never punished a nant who voted against his wishes, nor even uttered a word of cen-re.

LE COIN DU FEU.

If we only can gather some bright happy hours
From time as it rolls o'er this dark chequered sphere,
If we only can pluck a few fresh glowing flowers,
What more can be asked in this wilderness here?

For one path is the pilgrim's, the deserts all broken,
We tread upon graves, though bright gardens are there;
The voice that comes trembling ere sorrow has spoken,
Soon tells us that joy has its tribute—a tear.

What's our life but a wreath, in whose mystical weaving,
We bear between orbs of such strange passing light!
Hopes and fears ever crossed, nothing fixed, all deceiving,
What's one day-dream, alas! but the dew-drop of night!

We talk of bright skies, and their wide-spreading glories,
Where, where do they dwell in this planet of ours!
No sooner do bright little stars tell their stories,
Than clouds come to tell us how every thing lours.

What are friends!—ask the summer birds singing around us:
What is fame but the vapour of every day fools!
Look back, see how every bright tie that once bound us,
What lessons they've left in the lore of our schools.

Count these things if you can, bright and brief have they perished;
Count the leaves of the forest, the waves of the sea;
Have all the bright charms that we once fondly cherished,
All vanished like visions?—yes, yes, it must be.

Yet weep not, lone pilgrims—still, still these are flowers,
Look around the dear hearth, happy home all so bright,
Trust its truths, seek its smiles, never mind the dull hours,
If only we gather such circles of light.

Thank God then for blessings and mercies around us,
These lights are but links in the chain of His love,
Wintry nights may be weary, but still He hath bound us
In that which shines out like the stars far above.

T. C. S.

ZANONI.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NIGHT AND MORNING," "RIENZI," &c.

A WORK of such extraordinary and elevated a character so seldom comes before us, that in this rare instance we feel ourselves called upon to devote to its consideration more than an ordinary degree of attention.

Imaginative literature divides itself into two classes—the Real and the Ideal: the opposite extremes of these two schools are as antipodal ground to each other, and though there are many intermediate declensions, yet the distinctions remain, and the Real and the Ideal are as opposite as the poles. The happiest efforts of the Real reach no higher than the faithful, and it may be the felicitous, depicting of man in his mundane nature—man of the earth and earthy—but the office of the Ideal is to elevate the soul above its corporeal condition, and to raise it into a denizen of its native skies.

Were we called upon to instance our position from the list of living authors, we should say that Charles Dickens stands at the head of the school of the Real, but that, beyond all question, Sir E. L. Bulwer is single and alone in the far loftier Ideal.

In pausing over the work before us, we could almost feel an emotion of regret rising within us, that such rich stores of fancy, reasoning and research so acute and so profound, enhanced by a morality as pure as religion teaches, should have been committed to the keeping of the pages of what will pass, to ordinary supposition, for a mere novel. Under another name, and with but slightly different management, this work would have placed Sir E. L. Bulwer in the highest place of metaphysical writers; with a yet farther variation, it might have been made the preacher of a higher form of Christianity than is often taught in our pulpits—for, after all, this beautiful conception is but an embodiment of the sublimest parts of poetry and religion. We recal our only half-formed wish, however, when we reflect that the imagination might have been shorn of its beams, its lustre quenched, and its wing trailed in the dust, had the work fallen into the form of our first thought, and since, after all, the imagination is the noblest faculty of man, that by which he pictures heaven and discourses all poetry, we at once retract the unwise suggestion; and allow that the work is wisely cast in its present mould, not only for the reasons with which we have convinced ourselves, but because that in this shape it will pass into a circulation far wider than could have been expected in any graver form, and we may rationally trust that its high order of merit will endow it with durability, and at once make it take its place among the standard works of our literature.

The character of Zanoni is a splendid original. Not one of a class marked by new traits, or strong peculiarities, and so made to appear dissimilar from its own tribe, but singular—alone—a new creation. We are bold to say, that not another mind exists that could have con-

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ceived this idea, or carried out the delineation. Nature—Providence—our Maker—call the power what we will, has formed man into classes, the lower grades being ever the most extensive, and in the ascending scale numerically diminishing, until *in the aristocracy of mind*, if we may be allowed the term, their fewness is in proportion to their elevation. Still every man belongs to a class, and it is comparatively easy to draw its lineaments. The recognition of some certain and immutable principles of our nature enables the novelist and the dramatist to paint the portraitures of our race with something like a moral certainty of resemblance; and when an author wishes to seem original, he seldom does more than graft some oddity or extravagance of one species upon the stock of another; usually these unions of discordant properties pass for originality, but however skilfully managed, they are, at most, but *new* associations of the *old*. How distinct does the character of Zanoni stand out, when we measure it by all our previous standards! In what class can he be placed? to what genus does he belong? We say again, that we have here a splendid original. We know of nothing like him in the whole range of literature; and yet he is of our nature: we have fellowship and brotherhood with him. He is not one of the bright intelligences that surround the throne of Heaven, with whom we can have no sympathy, but is compounded of the selfsame clay, and the selfsame mental elements, only sublimated to a perfection which those of grosser earth reject as trenching on the impossible. It is the *feelings*, the *heart* of Zanoni, that form our bond of sympathy. And here has our author shown his nice discrimination. Had he presented us with a hero incapable of passion, we might have wondered and admired; but—and here again we mark his acute perception, as in the case of Mejnour—we could have felt no bonds of a common nature uniting us together, and the powerful and soul-touching narrative, which occupies the mind and the heart alike, could not have been presented to us, since its events all hinge upon feelings which we alike share. A narrative addressed solely to the intellect would fail to interest, because the heart would resent the insult of being forgotten. Zanoni, then, though of our nature, dwells in a mysterious existence. It is at Naples that he is at first presented to the reader, and only gradually that the strange conditions of his being are opened out. This, too, was wise on Sir E. Bulwer's part, for the mind, unprepared for such a delineation, would not have sustained the weight of wonders which are afterwards gradually heaped upon it. Such an introduction is like initiation into some sacred mysteries, where there must be preparatory probation; otherwise, the sight would be dazzled and blinded by the sudden blaze of light; and Nature herself teaches us this lesson, by ushering in the sun, through dim and distant twilight, up to the throne of meridian day. Our earliest view of Zanoni is at the Opera at Naples, where the thread of his destiny becomes woven into the woof of that of a young prima donna on her first entering on her vocation. We behold him rich in intellectual power, noble and commanding in person, of most majestic presence, with features cast in the highest mould of manly beauty, breathing of soul, with such an influence in his eye, and such an ascendancy breathing through his whole demeanour, as to carry a prevailing might and power over

men's minds and actions wherever his footsteps come. Zanoni, as his character is first unfolded to the reader, suggests to our view matter in a beatified state: the exquisite beauty of his person, his supreme majesty, the calm repose of his exemption from stormy passion, the unruffled placidity of his countenance, undisturbed by the jars of pride, temper, or petty disappointments, present to us a noble personification of what our degraded nature might have been in its original glorious form. It is absurd in the moralist to depreciate beauty as ugliness of body is as much a part of the curse of sin as deformity of mind, and in the homage which is paid to personal beauty men acknowledge this with their hearts, even though they deny it with their lips. Zanoni's beauty of person is, therefore, a just symbol of his elevated character, without which he would have been imperfect, wanting a bodily casket worthy of the store of jewels therein contained. This noble machinery, so exquisitely fitted for the functions of the bodily senses, is capable of an undying existence. Zanoni's birth is wrapped in the mystery of antiquity. He has watched the cradlings and the entombments of nations, though as yet to all outward appearance, he himself wears the bloom of early manhood. In short, Sir E. Bulwer has represented him as one of the sole two surviving orders of Rosicrucians. — This other, Mejnour, having accomplished the sacred mysteries in age, could not tread back the steps of life, but is presented to us as a sage; but Zanoni, with a sublimated mind, and affections etherealized, while in the morning of his life with purity to lift him above sin, and therefore courage to exalt him above fear, achieves the conquest of these awful enigmas, while yet his feelings are fresh in their bloom, and before time has shrivelled up and seared his affections into the withered leaf. Among the triumphs of this mastery, the unlocked secrets of science display the means of the perpetual renovation of life, so that death is no longer a necessity; and therefore it is that, through succeeding ages Zanoni remains young, whilst the world grows old. On this condition of his being hangs the peril of his majestic condition, for *youth* is still accessible to *love*, and as purification from the passions was necessary for the consummation of those lofty mysteries which elevate man so far above the condition of his species, so did their re-assumption of dominion drag down the aspiring mortal from his state of lofty intelligence. And here lies the spring from which Sir E. Bulwer has spread out a narrative of absorbing and passionate interest. The struggles between the mighty mind and the impulsive heart, the stern promptings of the one, and the anguished throbs of the other, alternate through the narrative with a contrast and power to which we have nothing approaching in our literature. The whole idea is as new as it is powerful. The grandeur of that intellectual glory in which Zanoni is first represented as reposing — his influence over his fellow-man, the triumphs of science which place the issues of life at his disposal — his startling knowledge of the deep secrets of nature which place the very elements under his control — his memory the treasury of all the events of the past — his spirit prophetic of all the future — his insight into the very depths of the hearts of those who surround him, so that a glance searches out their untold thoughts — his power of communing with those in distant

places, of seeing what they do, and anticipating what shall befal them—his control over men's actions, so that they are little more than the puppets of his will—His lofty power of calling on unseen spirits, and pure and bright intelligences, to hold communings with him,—all this enthrones him in a sublimity that might have placed him beyond the clippings of our sympathy, but that our natures are still felt to be linked together by the bonds of our affections. Zanoni's continuance in this altitude depends on a condition—in the exact degree that these affections draw him to the loving earth, in such degree doth he lose his hold on his intellectual heaven—and what a field does this open for our author's imaginative mind!

And could earth find a temptation for such a being? Sir E. Bulwer has paid a compliment of gigantic magnitude to the sex in making *love* overbalance all the glory of such an existence. Viola, the gentle, soul-touching Viola, is a perfect emanation of the poet's brain. Viola is all love, pure and unselfish love. Who can help being struck with the oneness, the singleness of feeling, the intense abstraction from *self*, that seems to swallow up all the previous characteristics of Viola? After beholding Zanoni, she has no wish but in him, no hope but in him, no thought but of him. Self is utterly forgotten, fame—and how very sweet is fame to a prima donna!—fame becomes but empty air, gold but dross, the world is but a babyhouse of toys. Again, riches, state, luxury, magnificent attire, gold, jewels, and pearls, what are all these in addition, what are they? Air-bubbles to a heart that has aspired to associate its existence with the love of a Zanoni! and here we are struck with the lofty elevation of character with which Sir E. Bulwer has endowed his heroine. Ignoble hearts can love but ignoble things—high ambitions prove high assimilations, and in loving Zanoni, Viola proved herself worthy of his love. The puerile recedes from before the lofty. The inferior-minded woman shrinks from the elevated-minded man. They have nothing,—no, not even a feeling—in common. Of course we do not speak of the base counterfeit of the passion, but of love as a pure and holy sentiment. Such is Viola's love for Zanoni; by such she proved herself worthy of him; by such were they bound together, not merely by a voluntary bondage, but by an imperative assimilation.

Viola's introduction to the reader, her parentage and childhood, are beautiful and touching beyond expression. We seem to see the neglected and unestimated musician in his lonely dwelling, with the worm of unappreciated genius gnawing into his heart, and yet with the angel of domestic love hovering perpetually around to heal its wounds, and pour in of its honied balm. Here has our author most feelingly depictured one of those instances where, while the storm of true life rages most vehemently without, love shuts the door, and draws down the curtains, and smoothes the couch, and renovates the fire, and makes all full of happiness within. Gaetano Pisani is ill treated by the world abroad, but he is surrounded by an atmosphere of peace at home. The gentle being who has united her being with his loves him trustfully and tenderly, and the musician knows the taste of joy, notwithstanding his fitfulness. One more confidante he has, to which he discloses all his sorrows, his trials, and his in-

sults—it is his barbiton. This faithful friend is the medium of every complaint; by its means he avoids abusing the world on the score of his neglected talents, and so making that world his enemy more actively than merely by neglect. With a father all genius, and a mother all gentleness, Viola grows from childhood into girlhood, and from girlhood springs into womanhood. She has been cradled in song, and has imbibed her father's musical temperament with the lullaby of its rockings: and thus Sir E. Bulwer presents his heroine:—

"How shall I describe thee, Viola? Certainly the music had something to answer for in the coming of that young stranger. For both in her form and her character you might have traced a family likeness to that singular and spirit-like life of sound which night after night threw itself, in airy and goblin sport, over the starry seas. * * * Beautiful she was, but of a very uncommon beauty—a combination, a harmony of opposite attributes. Her hair of a gold richer and purer than that which is seen even in the North; but the eyes, of all the dark, tender, subduing light of more than Italian—almost of oriental—splendour. The complexion exquisitely fair, but never the same—vivid in one moment, pale the next. And with the complexion, the expression also varied; nothing now so sad, and nothing now so joyous. I grieve to say that what we rightly entitle education was much neglected for their daughter by this singular pair. To be sure, neither of them had much knowledge to bestow, and knowledge was not then the fashion, as it is now. But accident or nature favoured young Viola. She learned, as of course, her mother's language with her father's, and she contrived soon to read and to write; and her mother, who, by the way, was Catholic, taught her betimes to pray. But then, to counteract all these acquisitions, the strange habits of Pisani, and the incessant watch and care which he required from his wife, often left the child alone with an old nurse, who, to be sure, loved her dearly, but who was in no way calculated to instruct her. Dame Gionetta was every inch Italian and Neapolitan. Her youth had been all love, and her age was all superstition. She was garrulous, fond—a gossip. Now she would prattle to the girl of cavaliers and princes at her feet, and now she would freeze her blood with tales and legends, perhaps as old as Greek or Etrurian fable—of demon and vampire, of the dances round the great walnut tree at Benevento, and the haunting spell of the Evil Eye. All this helped silently to weave charmed webs over Viola's imagination, that afterthought and later years might labour vainly to dispel. And all this especially fitted her to hang, with a fearful joy, upon her father's music. Those visionary strains, ever struggling to translate into wild and broken sounds the language of unearthly beings, were round her from her birth. Thus you might have said that her whole mind was full of music—associations, memories, sensations of pleasure or pain, all were mixed up inexplicably with those sounds that now delighted, and now terrified—that greeted her when her eyes opened to the sun, and woke her trembling on her lonely couch in the darkness of the night. The legends and tales of Gionetta only served to make the child better understand the signification of those mysterious tones; they furnished her with words to the music. It was natural that the daughter of such a parent should soon evince some taste in his art. But this developed itself chiefly in the ear and the voice. She was yet a child when she sang divinely. A great musical Cardinal—great alike in the state and the conservatorio—heard of her gifts, and sent for her. From that moment her fate was decided; she was to be the future glory of Naples, the prima donna of San Carlo. The cardinal insisted upon the accomplishment of his own predictions, and provided her with the most renowned masters. * * * And now the initiation was begun. She was to read, to

study, to depict by a gesture, a look, the passions she was to delineate on the boards; lessons dangerous, in truth, to some, but not to the pure enthusiasm that comes from art; for the mind that rightly conceives art, is but a mirror, which gives back what is cast on its surface faithfully only while unsullied. She seized on nature and truth intuitively. Her recitations became full of unconscious power; her voice moved the heart to tears, or warmed it into generous rage. But this arose from that sympathy which genius ever has, even in its earliest innocence, with whatever feels, or aspires, or suffers. It was no premature woman comprehending the love or the jealousy that the words expressed; her art was one of those strange secrets which the psychologists may unriddle to us if they please, and tell us why children of the simplest minds and the purest hearts are often so acute to distinguish, in the tales you tell them, or the songs you sing, the difference between the true art and the false—passion and jargon—Homer and Racine;—echoing back, from hearts that have not yet felt what they repeat, the melodious accents of the natural pathos. Apart from her studies, Viola was a simple, affectionate, but somewhat wayward child; wayward, not in temper, for that was sweet and docile, but in her moods, which, as I before hinted, changed from sad to gay and gay to sad without an apparent cause. If cause there were, it must be traced to the early and mysterious influences I have referred to, when seeking to explain the effect produced on her imagination by those restless streams of sound that constantly played around it: for it is noticeable, that to those who are much alive to the effects of music, airs and tunes often come back, in the commonest pursuits of life, to vex, as it were, and haunt them. The music, once admitted to the soul, becomes also a sort of spirit, and never dies. It wanders perturbedly through the halls and galleries of the memory, and is often heard again, distinct and living as when it first displaced the wavelets of the air. Now at times, then, these phantoms of sound floated back upon her fancy; if gay, to call a smile from every dimple; if mournful, to throw a shade upon her brow—to make her cease from her childish mirth, and sit apart and muse. Rightly, then, in a typical sense, might this fair creature, so airy in her shape, so harmonious in her beauty, so unfamiliar in her ways and thoughts,—rightly might she be called a daughter, less of the musician than the music—a being for whom you could imagine that some fate was reserved, less of actual life than the romance, which, to eyes that can see, and hearts that can feel, glides ever along *with* the actual life-stream to the dark ocean. And therefore it seemed not strange that Viola herself, even in childhood, and yet more as she bloomed into the sweet seriousness of virgin youth, should fancy her life ordained for a lot, whether of bliss or woe, that should accord with the romance and reverie which made the atmosphere she breathed. Frequently she would climb through the chickets that clothed the neighbouring grotto of Posilipo—the mighty work of the old Cimmerians—and, seated by the haunted tomb of Virgil, indulge those visions, the subtle vagueness of which no poetry can render palpable and defined:—for the poet who surpasses all who ever sung—is the heart of dreaming youth! Frequently there, too, beside the threshold over which the vine-leaves clung, and facing that dark-blue, waveless sea, she would sit in the autumn noon or summer twilight, and build her castles in the air. Who doth not do the same—not in youth alone, but with the dimmed hopes of age? It is man's prerogative to dream, the common royalty of peasant and of king. But those day-dreams of hers were more habitual, distinct, and solemn, than the greater part of us indulge. They seemed, like the Drama of the Greeks—prophets while phantasma."

Viola's introduction on the stage is accompanied by an incident of

so touching a character, that the heart could not be human that beat with no responsive sympathy. Oh, sudden, then comes a quarrel with the cardinal;—she will do this, and she will not do that—she will play only what she pleases—and, finally, she will not appear at all. The poor musician asks in vain the meaning of this contention, but obtains no answer. Viola places no confidence in him, will not even disclose her secret; and the sorrow-stricken Pisani feels how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!

"However, he said nothing—he never scolded in words, but he took up the faithful barbiton. O faithful barbiton, how horribly thou didst scold! It screeched—it gabbled—it moaned—it growled. And Viola's eyes filled with tears, for she understood that language. She stole to her mother, and whispered in her ear; and when Pisani turned from his employment, lo! both mother and daughter were weeping. He looked at them with a wondering stare; and then, as if he felt that he had been harsh, he flew again to his familiar. And now you thought you heard the lullaby a fairy might sing to some fretful changeling it had adopted and sought to soothe. Liquid, low, silvery, streamed the tones beneath the enchanted bow. The most stubborn grief would have paused to hear; and withal, at times, out came a wild, merry, ringing note, like a laugh, but not mortal laughter. It was one of his most successful airs from his beloved opera—the Siren in the act of charming the waves and the winds to sleep.

And now Viola and the musical cardinal are reconciled,—he has agreed to allow her to please herself, and she has agreed to be pleased. All Naples is in expectation. The night is fixed—has arrived—and still our poor Pisani is left in ignorance of even the name of the character in which his own Viola is to appear. He has been suspended from the theatre—on this night of his child's *début* he is left at home, alone, with his barbiton, and sad indeed were its wailings. Suddenly, however, he is sent for—the lord cardinal's carriage whirls him to the opera—he is conducted into his very box.

"He sees his Viola on the stage, radiant in her robes and gems—he hears her voice thrilling through the single heart of thousands! But the scene—the part—the music! It is his other child—his immortal child—the spirit-infant of his soul—his darling of many years of patient obscurity and pining genius—his masterpiece—his opera of the Siren! This, then, was the mystery that had so galled him—this the cause of the quarrel with the cardinal—this the secret not to be proclaimed till the success was won, and the daughter had united her father's triumph with her own! * * He did not speak—he did not move—he stood transfixed, breathless—the tears rolling down his cheeks; only from time to time his hands still wandered about—mechanically they sought for the faithful instrument—why was it not there to share his triumph!"

Not to be touched by this is to be without a heart! But beautiful as this is, we give it as much because it conducts to the great epoch in Viola's life, her introduction to Zanoni, as for its own sake. To this extraordinary being *motives* were as apparent as *actions*, and the filial tenderness of the daughter seemed of higher price than the splendid talents of the actress. There had been a crisis in the performance, when the eccentric spirit of the composer, having broken forth in a

wild chorus, condemnation seemed to hang over the whole. At this unfavourable moment our heroine had to appear.

Viola, the Siren queen, emerged for the first time from her ocean cave. As she came forward to the lamps, the novelty of her situation, the chilling apathy of the audience—which even the sight of so singular a beauty, did not at the first arouse—the whispers of the malignant singers on the stage, the glare of the lights, and more, far more than the rest, that recent hiss, which had reached her in her concealment, all froze up her faculties and suspended her voice. And instead of the grand invocation into which she ought rapidly to have burst, the regal Siren, retransformed into the trembling girl, stood pale and mute before the stern cold array of those countless eyes. At that instant, and when consciousness itself seemed about to fail her—as she turned a timid beseeching glance around the still multitude—she perceived, in a box near the stage, a countenance which at once, and like magic, produced on her mind an effect never to be analysed or forgotten. It was one that awakened an indistinct haunting reminiscence, as if she had seen it in those day dreams she had been so wont from infancy to indulge. She could not withdraw her gaze from that face, and as she gazed, the awe and coldness that had before seized her, vanished, like a mist from before the sun. In the dark splendour of the eye that met her own, there was indeed so much of gentle encouragement, of benign and compassionate admiration; so much that warmed, and animated, and nerved; that any one—actor or orator—who has ever observed the effect that a single, earnest, and kindly look, in the crowd that is to be addressed and won, will produce upon his mind, may readily account for the sudden and inspiriting influence the eye and smile of the stranger exercised on the debutante. And while yet she gazed, and the glow returned to her heart, the stranger half rose, as if to recal the audience to a sense of the courtesy due to one so fair and young; and the instant his voice gave the signal, the audience followed it by a burst of generous applause. For this stranger himself was a marked personage, and his recent arrival at Naples had divided with the new opera the gossip of the city. And then, as the applause ceased—clear, full, and freed from every fetter—like a spirit from the clay—the Siren's voice poured forth its entrancing music. From that time Viola forgot the crowd, the hazard, the whole world—except the fairy one over which she presided. It seemed that the stranger's presence only served still more to heighten that delusion, in which the artist sees no creation without the circle of his art; she felt as if that serene brow, and those brilliant eyes, inspired her with powers never known before: and, as if searching for a language to express the strange sensations occasioned by his presence, that presence itself whispered to her the melody and the song. Only when all was over, and she saw her father and felt his joy, did this wild spell vanish before the sweeter one of the household and filial love. Yet again, as she turned from the stage, she looked back involuntarily, and the stranger's calm and half melancholy smile sunk into her heart—to live there—to be recalled with confused memories, half of pleasure and half of pain."

From this point the threads of life of the young, ardent actress, who in spite of her vocation is a very child of nature, and of the Rosicrucian adept, are woven indissolubly together. The conditions of human existence, the wants of the heart long silenced by the mastery of the mighty and nobly ambitious intellect, reassert their claims. The affections again take root on earth, and in vain doth the aspiring spirit writhe and struggle to assert its freedom. He who for centuries had passed on through successive generations of his fellow-

creatures in the sublimity of passionless repose, now learns to tremble with a lover's eagerness, and feel his heart vibrate with a lover's hope and fears. But not unreluctantly; the spirit that has been initiated into the mysteries of the world of mind cannot willingly soil its heavenward wing in the dust of earth, even though it be to luxuriate among its blossoms. In this state of feeling we introduce him to the reader conversing with his sole earthly confidante. Zanoni and Mejnour are the only two surviving Rosicrucians left upon this earth.

"'No,' said the latter; 'hadst thou delayed the acceptance of the Arch Gift until thou hadst attained to the years, and passed through all the desolate bereavements, that chilled and seared myself, ere my researches had made it mine, thou wouldst have escaped the curse of which thou complainest now—thou wouldst not have mourned over the brevity of human affection as compared to the duration of thine own existence, for thou wouldst have survived the very desire and dream of the love of woman. Brightest, and, but for that error, perhaps the loftiest, of the secret and solemn race that fills up the interval in creation between mankind and the children of the empyreal, age after age wilt thou rue the splendid folly which made thee ask to carry the beauty and the passions of youth into the dreary grandeur of earthly immortality.' 'I do not repent, nor shall I,' answered Zanoni. 'The transport and the sorrow, so wildly blended, which have at intervals diversified my doom, are better than the calm and bloodless tenour of thy solitary way. Thou, who lovest nothing, hatest nothing, feelest nothing; and walkest the world with the noiseless and joyless footsteps of a dream!' 'You mistake,' replied he who had owned the name of Mejnour,—'though I care not for love, and am dead to every *passion* that agitates the sons of clay, I am not dead to their more serene enjoyments. I carry down the stream of the countless years, not the turbulent desires of youth—but the calm and spiritual delights of age. Wisely and deliberately I abandoned youth for ever when I separated my lot from men. Let us not envy or reproach each other. I would have saved this Neapolitan, Zanoni, (since so it now pleases thee to be called,) partly because his grandsire was but divided by the last airy barrier from our own brotherhood—partly because I know that in the man himself lurk the elements of ancestral courage and power, which in earlier life would have fitted him for one of us. Earth holds but few to whom nature has given the qualities that can bear the ordeal! But time and excess, that have thickened the grosser senses, have blunted the imagination. I relinquish him to his doom.' 'And still, then, Mejnour, you cherish the desire to revive our order, limited now to ourselves alone, by new converts and allies; surely—surely—thy experience might have taught thee, that scarcely once in a thousand years is born the being who can pass through the horrible gates that lead into the worlds without. Is not thy path already strewed with thy victims? Do not their ghastly faces of agony and fear—the blood-stained suicide, the raving maniac—rise before thee, and warn what is yet left to thee of human sympathy from thy insane ambition?'

"'Nay,' answered Mejnour, 'have I not had success to counterbalance failure? and can I forego this lofty and august hope, worthy alone of our high condition—the hope to form a mighty and numerous race with a force and power sufficient to permit them to acknowledge to mankind their majestic conquests and dominion—to become the true lords of this planet—invaders, perchance of others,—masters of the inimical and malignant tribes by which at this moment we are surrounded,—a race that may proceed, in their deathless destinies, from stage to stage

of celestial glory, and rank at last amongst the nearest ministrants and agents gathered round the Throne of Thrones? What matter a thousand victims for one convert to our band? and you, Zanoni,' continued Mejnour, after a pause—'you, even you, should this affection for a mortal beauty that you have dared, despite yourself, to cherish, be more than a passing fancy—should it, once admitted into your inmost nature, partake of its bright and enduring essence—even you may brave all things to raise the beloved one into your equal. Nay, interrupt me not. Can you see sickness menace her—danger hover around—years creep on—the eyes grow dim—the beauty fade—while the heart, youthful still, clings and fastens round your own,—can you see this, and know it is yours to—'

'Cease!' cried Zanoni fiercely. 'What is all other fate as compared to the death of terror? What! when the coldest sage—the most heated enthusiast—the hardiest warrior, with his nerves of iron—have been found dead in their beds, with straining eyeballs and horrent hair, at the first step of the Dread Progress,—thinkest thou that this weak woman—from whose cheek a sound at the window, the screech of the night-owl, the sight of a drop of blood on a man's sword, would start the colour—could brave one glance of—Away!—the very thought of such sights for her makes even myself a coward!'

'When you told her you loved her, when you clasped her to your breast, you renounced all power to foresee her future lot, or protect her from harm. Henceforth to her you are human, and human only. How know you, then, to what you may be tempted?—how know you what her curiosity may learn—and her courage brave? But enough of this—you are bent on your pursuit?'

'The fiat has gone forth.'

'And to-morrow?'

'To-morrow, at this hour, our bark will be bounding over yonder ocean, and the weight of ages will have fallen from my heart! I compassionate thee, O foolish sage—*thou* hast given up *thy* youth!' "

Thus far we have dwelt on the characters of Zanoni and Viola because we confess that they have absorbed our interest. The sublime mind of the man, and the intensely-loving heart of the woman, form a contrast as exquisite as it is matchless and powerful. But turning from these, we pass rapidly over the auxiliary company. Mejnour, with his passionless intellect, is a fine study. Viola's parents, the poor musician and his tender guileless wife, are sketched with so felicitous a touch that they at once become a part, not of the memory of the mind, but of the memory of the heart, linking themselves with the touching recollections of that country curate, which those who have read 'Night and Morning,' (and who has not?) can never forget. Glyndon is a powerful portraiture, unlike anything we have seen in writing, but most like to life: a man who might be great, but that talent is cursed by vacillation—for ever on the brink of good, and yet for ever looking back—continually climbing towards elevation, and as often losing footing—never contented either with good or evil; aspiring to virtue, yet sinking into vice; and when in the enjoyment of vice, still longing for the rewards of virtue; with ability to do everything, and yet doing nothing. The longer we pause over Glyndon the more are we struck with the masterly power with which he is depictured. Ay, there are many who labour up to a certain point for great things, and give up when on the brink of success, and so sow the toil without reaping the profit. Such men enjoy neither the reward of industry nor the luxury of idleness. Ay, and there are

men, abundance of them too, who struggle up to a certain point for good, and when just within its reach turn faint-hearted. Such men lose the gain of good, and miss the pleasures of sin too. They are doubly fools! In contrast with Glyndon, his fellow-countryman, Mervale, throws him out on the canvass with fine relief. We are almost inclined to quarrel with common sense as we see it exemplified in Mervale. The unimaginative soulless man, with his working-day virtue of prudence, engrossed in mean calculations for the worldly advantage of his worldly nature, is a sort of homeliness in this highly-imaginative picture, which, while it exercises its due influence on the dreggy part of the character of Glyndon, serves as a measuring point by which we gather an idea of the lofty elevation of the work. The view of the comfort-loving man in his well-carpeted, well-curtained English drawing-room, with his well-matched, well-dressed wife, forms a point of the widest contrast to the poetical grandeur of Zanoni. Fillide, whose love is the mere instinct of passion; Cetoxa, whose fighting and gambling propensities are more the noxious weeds on the surface than the poisonous plants rooted with their fibres in the heart; the Neapolitan prince, the passion of whose nature rushes out in a torrent of pride and violence; Nicot, whose snaky wiliness may be traced by his slimy trail—all these are powerful auxiliaries—while the gallery of portraits of those fierce republicans who demoralized France in the revolution, are as faithful as they are masterly and powerful.

We quit our subject with regret: like some fair vessel gliding over the waveless ocean, and marking its way along with a line of liquid light, so does the recollection of this work rest upon the mind. It leaves a bright and beautiful memory behind. If we translate rightly, Sir E. Bulwer has not left us without a hope that this production is the precursor of another—another partaking of the same lofty spirit. In the mysterious infant, cradled in wonders, and nursed in horrors, we anticipate a future hero, and if this book leaves us anything to wish for, it is another. As when departing from a gallery of pictures we turn again for a farewell gaze on some favourite that may have taken a hold upon our hearts above the rest, so in closing this work we turn a last look again on Zanoni and Viola ere we quit its pages. Looking through the richness of the diction, the power of the expression, the poetry of the imagery, the contrast of the characters, the originality of the design, the depth of the emotions, freeing ourselves, if possible, from the absorbing interest of the narrative—surveying again Zanoni with his grandeur of intellect, and Viola with her intensity of love, we find—it may be overshadowed by the rich luxuriance—but still, part after part, proportion after proportion, we behold rising out of the mist a most sublime allegory, and with an injunction to penetrate the veils which enfold it, and contemplate its beauties, we leave our readers.

ROME.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

Great Rome, imperial city, thou hast been
Italia's ruler, and the world's proud queen;
Strongly thou rear'dst thy monumental stones,
Unrivall'd mistress of a thousand thrones!
But now they totter like thine own high pride,
While foes around exultingly deride,
And pilgrims from each far barbaric land
Smile as beneath thy crumbling tow'rs they stand.
For now no more they quail beneath the star
Which beam'd above thy Cæsarean car!
No more they view Augustine pomp display
Thy Triumphs grand along the crowded way.
Thou Moloch! lo, upon thy crimson'd shrine,
The blood of nations cried 'gainst thee and thine;
Till retribution, with uplifted hand,
Snatch'd from thy vengeful grasp the murd'rous brand,
And crush'd with unextinguishable hate
The guilty pow'r, which laid earth desolate.
The teeming North sent forth her famish'd brave,
The Goth and Hun to delve thy glory's grave;
And those who long were scorn'd, struck home the blow,
Which laid at last th' Eternal City low,
And bade thy thunder-borne re-echoing name
Shrink to a whisper of departed fame.

Time long hath stamp'd misfortune on thy brow,
And o'er thy walls the tangled grasses grow;
Each broken column, and each wasting fane,
Speaks of thy mighty strength consum'd in vain;
For like th' extinct volcano once expir'd,
Thou ne'er shalt view thy blacken'd pile re-fir'd;
The vengeance vast of centuries is come,
And o'er thy stones is pour'd th' o'erwhelming sum.
Yet 'midst thy ruins phantom-like arise
Memorials of the brave, the great, the wise;
And, blasted as thou art, a dreary waste!
What city hath thy glories since retrac'd?
What earthly power shall do what thou hast done?
Where shall we find the wreck of such a throne?
Yes! memory hath embalm'd thy mighty name,
And breathes around thy hills undying fame;
Remembrance sacred makes thy deep distress,
And throws a halo round thy wretchedness!

Thou, too, Rienzi, last of Rome's great chiefs,
Who, midst the pressure of her mighty griefs,
Stood'st forth alone to raise her drooping pow'rs,
Shouting that name which made the nations cow'r,
Which nerv'd a Brutus to the desperate deed,
Which 'veng'd a Pompey, and made Cæsar bleed.
What though thy mighty spirit surely knew
To curb tumultuous factions as they grew?
What! tho' thou snapp'dst asunder the dark chain
Of Despotism's most detested reign?
How wert thou 'quited? History shall respond:
Rome was ingrate, and thou, alas! too fond!
Forth from her streets with thee for ever fled
The ling'ring spirits of her mighty dead!

THE BROTHERS.

A TALE OF VERONA.

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by—
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame—
This murder had not come into my mind."—SHAKSPERE.

"DUKES of Verona!" exclaimed the brothers, throwing themselves into each other's arms, and yielding to the impulse of that passion which the information of their father's death was calculated to awaken, "Say, venerable friend and counsellor of our house, is our father really no more? did he not express the wish to see us?"

"Signori," exclaimed Bevilaqua, purposely avoiding the questions addressed to him—"Signori, God grant that the feeling of fraternal affection which now draws you together may long continue to warm your bosoms! Believe me, there is no one, however nearly allied, however closely attached to your royal house, who can more largely, more sincerely participate in your real happiness and welfare than I. The name and glory of my family is nearly connected with that of yours. When Mastin the First was nominated Podesta, he saw how much his interest was concerned in conciliating the family of Bevilaqua. Through their influence it was that he was elected capitano; it was their prudent counsel and their brave arm which placed the ducal crown upon the head of your fathers. I myself have been the adviser, the faithful servant of four of your ancestors; but it is not always the most faithful servant who is the most agreeable, nor the disinterested counsellor who is the most welcome. In every change of government I have openly expressed my opinion, without regard to personal disgrace. Signori, permit me to do so now—yes, now, for at any later period you might be less inclined to hear me."

"Speak!—open your mind, Bevilaqua," exclaimed the youths, each taking a hand of the honest man and pressing it to his bosom. "Speak your mind freely, Bevilaqua; to whose advice can we more gladly listen than to his who ever counselled for the welfare of his country?"

"Bitter as wormwood are my words, and keen as the steel of the sword; but they must be so to be of any service to you," replied Bevilaqua more composedly. "With but few exceptions, all your forefathers were bad princes. I need scarcely adduce proofs to convince you of the truth of this assertion; young as ye are, signori, the truth must have long since flashed upon your minds. The misery which has fallen on the land, and which has visited your royal house, is no consequence of the curse which was rashly pronounced against the first of your race—it was caused by the naturally evil propensities of that race. By a munificence which far exceeded the bounds of reason, by a proud, severe, and haughty demeanour, which scarcely finds its equal in the page of history, Can Grande the First and Mastin the Second endeavoured

* Continued from p. 246.

to blind the eyes of their country, and to make it forgetful of the means by which this house had unjustly attained the sovereignty. But their endeavours were unsuccessful. The people never forgot that, in the election of your forefather, they had sought a leader—one into whose hands they might entrust, under their superior directions, the reins of government, but no despotic sovereign. The nobility bore in mind that the family Della Scala was not even to be accounted amongst the oldest of the land; that all the previous conspiracies and disturbances in the country—the infuriated rage of party, the inhuman strife for supremacy, in which the father betrayed the son, and the son imbrued his hands in the life-blood of the father—they did not forget, I say, that this lamentable state of affairs was directly and indirectly occasioned by the interested intrigues of that very family. Neither the people nor the nobility, signori, were forgetful of the vices of your forefathers. What the father had unjustly acquired, the son considered himself justified in wresting from him by subtlety or force. Mastin the First was unjust and imperious; his successors inherited his vices; is it to be wondered at that they shared his punishment? Nor can ye, noble princes, hope or expect to be exempt, unless ye make one bold effort, and resolutely decide upon taking a step which will effectually destroy the magic influence of the curse which rests upon your house. It is not enough that ye investigate the apartment to which your deceased father alluded; it is not even enough that the brotherly affection which now warms your bosoms continue to influence your actions."

"What mean ye, then, Signor Bevilaqua? I do not understand you," observed Antonio thoughtfully.

"You are, you must be well aware," replied the knight, "that neither the nobility nor the people are friendly disposed towards your family. Your power, do what you will, they will consider as usurped; and when, in addition to this, ye reflect that ye are not the legitimate sons of your father, you will, you must necessarily be alive to the full conviction, that Bernado Visconti—nay, that every other enemy of your family, every pretendant to the throne—will find secret, and, according to his influence and exertions, no inconsiderable number of resolute adherents in Verona, armed and ready to maintain their rights to the uttermost extreme."

"But what would you advise us to do?" asked Bartholomeo.

"That which hitherto a Scala never did;—be good and just, and openly appeal to that source from whence your house derived its power—the people!" replied Bevilaqua, with increased animation. "Yes, young men;—with your German hirelings, with the assistance of Malatesta and the arms of Ferrara, you may perhaps, for a while, be successful in holding your people in subjection; but you will never succeed, by means like these, in effectually overthrowing the thousand schemes of treachery which will be directed against you. your people's love must be gained by other means than these. Assemble the nobility and the heads of the people; let your father's testament, in which he appoints you his joint successors, be openly read to them; tell them that, though thus appointed, you do not consider yourselves their lawful sovereigns; restore the power thus bequeathed you into the hands of the nation; and if, upon this declaration on

your parts, one of you—at least one of you—is not unanimously and immediately nominated and appointed sovereign, I will suffer my head to be severed from my body!"

Bevilaqua paused in evident expectation of a reply; none ensued: the youths stood wrapt in thought.

"It is a great, it is a princely resolve which I require of you, and one which none but youthful and noble hearts could promise and fulfil," continued Bevilaqua, in an urgent tone; "but if you will follow the advice, I guarantee with my life—and my influence has no little weight with the nobility—that you shall be princely rewarded. It is thus, and thus alone, that you can succeed in effectually counteracting the schemes of your rivals, and the intriguing designs of treachery. You place your power, the power of your house, upon a solid foundation—a basis which it has hitherto wanted—and even supposing that the tradition respecting the fraternal animosity of your family were even more than a popular saying and a popular belief, you thus destroy at once the magic of that tradition, for the sovereign appointed by the unanimous consent of the people can have no lawful rival, not even in the person of his own brother. The next advisable step would be, for the newly-appointed sovereign, as soon as possible, to marry a princess of birth equal to his own, and his brother would consider his own, his sovereign's, and his country's well-doing, by choosing a wife from among the daughters of our nobility."

"Be it so!" exclaimed Bartholomæo. "I, for one, acknowledge the truth and policy of your words—I am ready and willing to follow your counsel."

"But one word—one observation—a moment's consideration, brother!" interrupted Antonio, at the same time casting a piercing look upon Bevilaqua. "Are you thus so sure, sir knight, that one of us would be chosen by the unanimous voice of the people?"

"I am not sure of my existence!" replied Bevilaqua. "Were I not, believe me, I should not, I had not ventured, to proffer you my advice. But," continued he after a pause, "far be it from me, to force from you a promise, the nature of which you have not duly considered, or to wish you to be guided by my words before you are convinced of their policy. Weigh the matter over in your minds, noble youths, and be guided in your resolution by your own judgment. The advice which I have ventured to offer you I offered Mastin the Second, your father, until his brothers had they listened to my words, had they been guided by my earnest representations, the blood of a Scala would never have been shed by brother's hands, nor the head of a Scala severed by the sword of the public executioner!"

With these words the knight bowed submissively, and left the apartment.

What stranger ever visited Verona without wending his steps to the graves of the Della Scala? Not in dark, damp, and dismal crypts, not in chapels, or the silent and neglected aisles of mouldering churches, but unconfined except by the azure firmament of heaven itself, are arranged the monuments, the mighty sarcophagi which contain the ashes of the members of this extinct princely house. The sanctuary itself, within the immediate vicinity of St. Zeno Church, is encircled and protected by a slight iron railing. The eye of the

beholder views with astonishment the enormous coffins, hewn out of the flesh-coloured, yellow-spotted marble of the Verona mountains—the same stone which contains the mouldering, or rather mouldered, remains of Julia Capulet—coffins large enough to fold within their wide recesses the bodies of the very Titans. It is the resting-place of Mastin the First, Can Grande, and several of his brothers and successors. To Mastin the Second, and some few other members of the family, monuments of a more splendid kind were erected. The one which excites the greatest attention, composed of several kinds of marble, and—a most strange fancy—ornamented on the top with the figure of a rider, is the monument of Can Signorio, the father of Antonio and Bartholomæo. The exterior splendour of the building, and still more the character and the deeds of the deceased in whose memory it was erected, give it the greatest interest in the eyes of the beholder. A celebrated general of modern times (Marshal Augereau) caused it to be opened, and, as a memorial of the act, possessed himself of a small dagger which was found by the side of the sleeper. The fear that his successors would not pay that tribute to his memory which he was wont to exact when living, most probably induced Can Signorio to have this monument erected during his life-time. His funeral was conducted with every possible display of pomp and magnificence, but there was that wanting which constitutes the greatest ornament and beauty of the solemn ceremony—the tears of his subjects; the only tears that fell upon the occasion were those shed by his sons.

About an hour after the funeral, Don Antonio retired to his private apartment, attended by his favourite, the knight Leone Leoni. The latter was a man somewhat above the usual height, had of a sallow complexion. Self-possession, depth of thought, and daring courage, were clearly expressed upon his countenance; the more penetrating eye might have discovered slight but still visible traces of indomitable pride and revenge. He wore a so-called buffetin, a collar made of the hide of the buffalo, and this, together with his brown leather boots, posterous spurs, large broadsword hanging at his side, and the whole exterior all covered with dust and dirt, indicated that he had but just returned from a journey. He stood, with folded arms, opposite to the prince, and from beneath the rough and uncombed brow of his right eye—his left he had lost in battle—some said in a less glorious cause—cast a piercing look upon his princely companion. There was a kind of contemptuous sneer playing about his lips at the conclusion of an observation which Antonio had been addressing to him.

"Under such circumstances, I must entreat your highness's pardon that an ill-timed and, as it now appears, useless zeal in your service drove me to horse as soon as I heard that Bernado Visconti was at Brescia, in my brother's house. I mightily miscalculated when I thought I might be of service to you. But, *per Dio!* the prince of Milan will find himself no less mistaken. However, what of that? The well that matters are as they are. Bernado will, of course, immediately put a stop to his equipment. He will not, for a moment, suppose it possible that you can hesitate to accept his offer, much less refuse it—the hand of his sister, and three hundred thousand gold

livres. By the holy Madonna of Loretto, he will be but little prepared for it—but little expect that a young prince could refuse possession of a lovely bride, with a ton of gold for her dowry, merely because it is connected with one condition—the exclusion from the government of a brother who has not the least wish, the slightest inclination to reign."

"What, Leone! Thou surely wouldst not induce me to break my princely word, and violate the testament of my father?" exclaimed Antonio with raised voice.

"Bartholomæo is desirous to renounce his claims—at least your highness *believes* he is," replied the knight, with a contemptuous smile.

"What do you mean, Leone?" asked the youth. "Thou dost not surely wish to intimate a doubt as to the sincerity of Bartholomæo's professions? You would not surely lead me to look upon them as deception—that he will but make a show of renouncing, whilst at the very same time he has other views and intentions at his heart?"

"He! your brother! Why I should scarcely think so," replied the knight, with an incredulous shrug of his shoulders. "But, then, your royal highness knows that Bartholomæo is easily excited, that he is led astray, and easily led astray by the feeling of the moment, that he is a fanatic and enthusiast, and, as I have already implied—knowing this, methinks it would be no difficult matter to lead—mislead him, if you will. Supposing—merely for the sake of arguing, your royal highness will allow me to put the case—supposing that any ambitious man—Bevilaqua, for instance, or Pelligrini—had formed some deep-laid scheme to injure you—to dethrone you—why, in spite of his great affection for you—you flatter yourself that he loves you, and I will not gainsay it—in spite of his love, I say, it would require no very great art to bring Bartholomæo over to their party."

"False! false, by all that is most holy!" exclaimed Antonio. "Thou dost him crying wrong, Leone, thou calumniatest him most vilely, and—but I will forgive thee out of the great love I know thou bearest me, and from the desire thine ambition nourisheth to effect a union with the Visconti. As to Bevilaqua—"

"His house is the most inveterate enemy your royal highness can possibly have, and Bevilaqua is the head of his line!" interrupted Leone Leoni. "His greatest desire is to see the whole race of the Scala for ever excluded from the throne."

"I am glad I have an opportunity to convince you of the contrary," answered Antonio. "It is but three days since he advised both me and Bartholomæo as to the best and surest means of securing our possession."

"And would your highness condescend to take me into the secret, and make me acquainted with the means he proposed? I must confess I am most anxious, or rather, I should say, most curious, to know in what they consist," replied the knight, with a sarcastic smile upon his lips, which he scarcely endeavoured to suppress.

"Bevilaqua was of opinion that the several, and I am grieved to say numerous, acts of cruelty and injustice which my father had committed, the stain of our birth, nay, even the remembrance of the cir-

cumstances by means of which Mastin the First usurped the sovereignty, would be more effectually steeped in oblivion and set aside by our publicly declaring the testament of the deceased invalid, restoring the power thus bequeathed us into the hands of the nobility and people, and by submitting to a new election."

The young prince had scarcely pronounced the last words, when Leone Leoni gave vent to a loud peal of laughter.

"What!" exclaimed Antonio, surprised and no less indignant at the behaviour of his favourite—"what! thou laughest, Leone—I should have thought the subject had been of too serious a nature."

"Pardon me, pardon me," returned the knight, quickly resuming the command over his feelings. "It certainly was very wrong in me to laugh, for, *per Dio!* it is no laughing matter; but, the fact is, that which now strikes me as the very utmost stretch of boldness and audacity, appeared to me at first as an instance of the veriest simplicity."

"I don't understand thee, Leone," replied Antonio, knitting his brows. "I must entreat thee to be more explicit."

"Bevilaqua must indeed have weighed well the consequences of his designs, and have felt pretty well convinced of their ultimate success, or he would never have dared to have made the proposition."

"And still thou thinkest that he is playing me false?" observed the youth.

"And can your grace for a moment doubt it?" exclaimed his companion, with still greater earnestness. "Why, then, by St. Antonio of Padua, your faith is strong indeed, noble duke. That you did not immediately perceive the traitor's object is to me incredible. What other object can he possibly have in view, than to avail himself of your voluntary renunciation as a means to deprive you of every possible shadow of future right to the throne and sovereignty of your fathers; and then, to crown the whole, to get Bernado Visconti, or any other, perhaps himself—for there's no knowing to what length a traitor's designs may reach—elected by the people in your stead?"

"Bernado Visconti, the enemy of Verona!—himself! Go to, Leone, it is ridiculous," replied the prince.

"If neither be his purpose, why then, indeed, we may expect something still worse; then—I crave your highness's pardon—then he is but acting as the agent of your brother!" exclaimed the knight with a determined tone.

"Ridiculous and abominable!" cried Antonio, perfectly indignant at the last insinuation of his friend. "It was but the day before yesterday that Bartholomæo earnestly entreated me to assume the reins of government in my own person alone."

"And has he repeated his request since then? since Bevilaqua's proposal, has he repeated his entreaty?" asked the knight. "Look you, there we have it! O, trust me, I spied the cloven foot in despite of the plausible garment."

"It is perfectly absurd, Leone, to entertain such an opinion; thou wilt never persuade me that my brother can be privy to such treacherous designs against me. The very wish to resign his right to the throne—"

"A mask, and nothing but a mask! He knew very well that you would not listen to his proposal. Had you manifested the wish, or shown the least inclination to have complied, you would then have seen how quickly he would have recanted. Would that you could see matters as clearly as I do—that you would, most noble prince, in this one instance, suffer yourself to be guided by my advice!"

"And wouldst thou then really advise me to adopt stratagem?" asked the young prince, with an inquiring look. "And against whom? Bartholomæo—my brother!"

"Leone Leoni never advised the employment of stratagem when open means were available," replied the knight with pride.

"And what is it, then, Leone, that you would advise?"

"The advice which Bevilaqua has ventured—boldly ventured—to proffer, is high treason!" exclaimed the knight, raising his voice, and accompanying the assertion with a corresponding gesticulation of body. "Capitanat or sovereignty, be it what it will, to which your family was raised, it has been in possession of the latter for these hundred years, and none but a traitor would dare to cast a doubt upon the justice of your legitimate claims. Give orders for the immediate arrest of the perjured wretch who has dared to make you so dishonourable a proposal; place him on the rack, and there urge home to him the question, whether he did not make it as an agent in the service of your brother!"

"And supposing the suffering wretch, with the view of shortening his tortures, should say yes?"

"Then have them both beheaded. Innocent or guilty, 'tis the only means to secure yourself a quiet possession of the throne of your fathers, and on this secure possession no Scala can safely rely as long as he has a brother living!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the prince, involuntarily starting back, and scarcely trusting his ears—"wretch! thy head never reposed on a brother's bosom!"

"Never!" replied the knight, in a collected tone, "never! but I am no prince, and my head is in no danger of quitting its pillow for the executioner's block."

A pause ensued, in which Antonio seemed wrapped in thought.

"No," exclaimed he violently—"no, it is not, it cannot be true! It is but empty suspicion, the basest calumny!—my brother is a good, a noble-hearted man. Sir knight," continued he, assuming all the bearing of offended royalty, "I will seek to forget the conversation we have this day had—I will endeavour to forget the advice which you have offered—I will do it from the attachment which I am still willing to believe you bear me. The nature of your communication, I say, I will strive to forget, but I positively forbid you ever recurring to the subject again in my presence. Now go to the duke co-regent, and tell him I request him, in fulfilment of our agreement, to meet me in the chamber in which Can Signorio died."

Leone bit his lips from vexation, but as he saw that any further exposition of his views would, at the present moment, be detrimental to his interest, he bowed and left the apartment.

Some time after the conversation between Antonio and Leone

Upon which we have just laid before our readers, Bartholomæo entered the sombre-looking apartment in which Can Signorio had breathed his last, and here he was soon joined by his brother Antonio.

"You have, of course, read our father's will; is there anything with respect to which you would wish to speak with me?" asked Antonio, regarding his brother with a fixed eye.

"Nothing," replied Bartholomæo, unhesitatingly. "I cannot for a moment hesitate to confess, that I consider Bevilaqua's advice, to set aside the disposition made in the will, and, by an open appeal to the people, to establish the power of our house upon a more solid and lasting foundation than it has hitherto had, as the best adapted to effect the end we have in view; at the same time I must add, that the arguments which you adduced against it have failed in convincing me, nor can I divest myself of the belief, that a joint regentship must be attended with many disadvantages to the governors and the governed; but as you insist on the literal fulfilment of the document, why I must e'en consent to it."

"And the point respecting the marriage—what is your opinion on this head?"

"I don't exactly conceive that our father was justified in laying down for us directions and prescriptions on so delicate a matter," replied Bartholomæo.

"At any rate, you must confess that there was policy in the disposition, and policy it is which enjoins us to comply with his wishes, and, in the choice of our wives, to be heedful that their birth is in every respect equal to our own; that they could not be Veronese was a superfluous addition, for I do not know where we should find women in Verona with the necessary qualification. It is most probable that the fear of fraternal enmity, which seems to have been his constant dread, induced him to specify this addition. He most likely thought that, by marrying Veronese women, a spirit of party might be called into life, whose intrigues and caballings would necessarily injure the cause of both."

"A fear which has no substantial foundation whatever," observed Bartholomæo with emphasis—"a condition which—"

"Must be most strictly observed," interrupted Antonio. "Yes, yes, brother Bartholomæo, we must in every respect, in every particular, be guided by the will. Not an iota dare be altered; every condition, every clause, must be held most sacred, and—even should our wishes, our fondest inclinations, be opposed—must be most religiously observed. Unless we resolutely determine on acting thus, we can never be secure from consequences whose dire effects might prove our mutual ruin."

"But allow me to suppose a case, Antonio—you will understand me, I am sure. We may, for the sake of argument, suppose cases within the reach of probability," added Bartholomæo, in a tone bordering upon timidity and hesitation. "Suppose, I say, you became acquainted with a Veronese maiden, whose beauty, and, above all, whose character, whose mental charms made such an effect upon your heart, that you felt the impossibility of being happy without her—"

"I would make her my mistress—not my wife," interrupted

Antonio. "Weak indeed must be the mind of that man who would sacrifice to a woman the greater—the greatest blessing of life. If she would consent to be mine only on condition that I elevated her to my rank, and made her sharer of my ducal crown, why, then I should endeavour to stifle the unseemly passion which she had created in my bosom. But why suppose unnecessary cases? It is my intention to fix my inclinations upon a woman whom, in obedience to my father's mandate, I may make my wife, and I doubt not but that you will soon follow my example. But let's say no more on the subject. Let us now proceed to put our purpose into execution; let us open the apartment which for so many years has been barred against the approach of human footsteps."

Saying these words, Antonio produced from his girdle the rusty key which Can Signorio had entrusted to his sons, and unlocked the door on the right side of the bed. It opened upon a narrow passage, which received its dim and imperfect light from one small and solitary window at the top, and was terminated by a black oaken folding-door, which took up the whole width of the corridor. This door was also locked, but the key was suspended from the bolt. On the centre panel was written, in large characters, but evidently with a trembling hand, the word "*Consider!*" Age had not been idle in its endeavours to deface the characters, but they were still legible.

It was some time before the brothers could summon sufficient self-possession to enter the sombre apartment. There was a disagreeable impression upon their spirits; an idea that they were on the point of beholding something revolting to their feelings, made them hesitate, and yet they both well knew that fear and apprehension were cheating their better reason. The chamber was spacious, and the different statues with which it was ornamented, and the various attempts at decoration in the costliness of the furniture, clearly enough indicated by the remnants which time had left, showed that taste and elegance had once been consulted in its fitting up. The windows were hung with cobwebs, and disfigured by dust and dirt. The rich scarlet silk curtains, fringed with gold lace, the scarlet velvet coverings of the ponderous arm-chairs, had fallen a prey to the moths, and hung in shreds from the more massive articles they had originally adorned. In the back part of the apartment, and close to the wall, was an iron chest. It was locked, but the key lay upon the lid.

"I don't know why it should be so," said Antonio, turning to his brother, "but a strange, an indescribable feeling oppresses me in this apartment; it lies like a load upon my breast, and, do what I will, I cannot remove it, Bartholomæo—I can with difficulty breathe."

"'Tis the same with me," replied Bartholomæo. "It is perhaps owing to the closeness of the air, to the sepulchral appearance of all that surrounds us. It looks for all the world as if death had here taken up his abode; you don't see one solitary trace of life;—look you, not one inhabitant is visible in all the thousand meshes through which the light with such difficulty struggles. 'Tis indeed most ghastly."

"Let's open the chest," exclaimed Antonio, "and see what it contains."

The chest was, with some difficulty, opened. Two thirds of its contents consisted of old silver coins: some bags were filled with gold pieces, and amongst the latter lay a green leathern case, somewhat in the form of the portfolios of the present day, and attached to this was a roll of parchment. Antonio caught up the latter, and going to the window, unfolded it, and exclaimed,

"A document in the handwriting of Mastin the First! Read it, brother," added he after a pause, "you are more expert than I am in deciphering old manuscripts."

The characters of the document were large and boldly traced, but partly illegible from age. Bartholomæo took the manuscript, and read as follows:

"I, Mastino della Scala, feeling my dissolution fast approaching, deem it right and proper to specify the reasons which have induced me to arrange this room in the manner, in which thou who openest it will find it. As will be known to thee, my successor, I, the son of Jacopus della Scala, was appointed in the year of our Lord 1258 to the Podestria of Area, two years subsequently to that of Verona, and soon after that to the Capitinat. With the help of the Lord and my own good sword, I succeeded in obtaining possession of Legnago, Lavagno, Porto, and Lendenaro. These conquests gained me many enemies, the most envious of whom were the members of the family San Bonifacio. Luigi, the head of this aristocratic line, entertained towards my person a more than usual hatred. At his instigation the Cavalier Turrisendo de Turrisenedi was assassinated, and not content with having caused the commission of the crime, he endeavoured to cast suspicion upon me, but I herewith, before God and thee, my descendant, most solemnly swear that I was innocent of the crime. He entered into an alliance with Rulcineda della Carceri; he instigated Robert della Tavola to attempt my life, but the justice of my cause, and the power of my arm, frustrated his base designs. Fortune continued to smile on me. I subdued Vicenza and Trient; I made a conquest of Montebello and Lonigo. It is true the nobility hated and despised me; but the people loved, or at least they feared me. I erected the prætorial palace, and raised Verona to a state of prosperity, which it had never known before. No one disputed my princely rights and privileges, and I may confidently assert, I had nobly purchased them by my sword. However, this state of success was doomed to be of no long duration. I was now at the top of Fortune's wheel; I was soon to experience a depression. It was about this time, when an event took place, the remembrance of which gnaws like a vulture at my heart, and which not even the consolations of religion are able entirely to obliterate. The noble Benassu de Magnalovi, loved the beautiful Lucretia Nogarolo, who was rich, and an orphan. The maiden loved him in return; but her guardian affirmed, that Magnalovi had been privately married, and murdered his wife, in order to gain possession of Lucretia. As Magnalovi had made several attempts to acquire by force what was denied him by right, the guardian brought his ward to the ducal palace, where, in his opinion, she would be safer than under the protection of his roof. I was to examine into the matter; I did so, and soon discovered that

Magnalovi had been falsely accused—but—I had seen Lucretia,—and love—an indomitable passion for her—had already taken possession of my soul—I decided in favour of the guardian!

"My presents, my persuasions, the warmth of my affection, succeeded, within a year, in gaining me the love of Lucretia. She became privately mine,—one son was the fruit of our union. Benassu Magnalovi, already, and not without just cause, exasperated at my unjust decision, became furious with rage, when he was made acquainted with Lucretia's infidelity. He, with three of his brothers, surprised me, in broad daylight, upon the steps leading up to my palace. I defended myself, and effected my escape. They were arrested and executed the very next day. When Benassu saw his brothers' heads fall, he broke out into horrible imprecations against the house della Scala. The headsman had already raised his arm, when he exclaimed, 'Cursed be thou, Mastino, and all thy posterity! thou hast this day slain four brothers, whom the holiest love most closely united. As judge, thou hast bartered with justice; and for this profanation of thy sacred office, fratricide and treason shall exercise their bloody sway over thine house till, what has never been the case, two brothers of thy posterity shall unite in love, and from love sacrifice, the one to the other, that which he holds in life the dearest! For a woman's sake thou hast sacrificed one of the noblest families of Verona, and a woman it shall be who shall effect thy house's fall!' These words made a deep, an inexpressible impression upon me,—they were to my soul as the lightning to the tree, which it scathes and withers! I sought to forget them, but the image of Magnalovi pursued me in my dreams, and poured them anew into mine ears. One circumstance, above all others, tends to convince me that the imprecation of Magnalovi was heard and sanctioned by a higher power! My brother Antonio, whom I most dearly loved, and by whom, up to this period, I had believed myself beloved, estranged himself from me. I never could account for this sudden alienation of affection; I endeavoured to find out the cause, but without success.

"My descendant! I have gathered experience, I have acquired it with an agonized spirit and a broken heart; it has poisoned the fountain of happiness, and—but, perhaps, even now, I do not know the worst—the cup has not been drunk to the dregs—"

"Look," said Antonio, "these words are trebly underlined. Thinkst thou he meant—?"

"Thou art mistaken," replied the brother. "It is true, Mastino was assassinated on the 17th of October, 1279, on the place which to this very day is called *Volto barbaro;* but the Scaramelli and Pigozzi were generally looked upon as the instigators of the deed, and Alberto revenged his death, by confiscating and demolishing the palaces belonging to these noble houses."

"I know it, and will believe it, although there is *another* tradition, you remember," replied Antonio; "but continue."

"In order, as much as in me lies, to guard my posterity against the dire effects of Magnalovi's imprecations, and that the glory of our house, which I, with so much difficulty, have suceeeded in establishing, might not be darkened and annihilated by family discord, I did

all I could to admonish my heirs to unity, by leaving them a document in my own handwriting, which I gave orders to be read to them upon my decease. But at the same time, well knowing that the attainment of sudden and unexpected wealth is a powerful inducement in instigating the weak and erring mind of man to pursue with greater exactitude a prescribed line of conduct, I deposited a considerable sum of money in this chest, and stipulated that the treasure should accrue to him of my descendants, who, from pure brotherly affection alone, should confess himself ready to sacrifice to his brother that which, on earth, he held the dearest. By this means I hoped, not merely to nullify the effects of the curse which was pronounced against our house, but that the possession of the treasure might induce my grandchildren to educate their sons in the belief that there can be no family happiness where there is no family unity. But in order that thou, my descendant, who readest this, mayest not coldly condemn the passion which led me to pass an unjust sentence, without being able to form some idea of the object which induced me to the deed, I affix the portrait of Lucretia to this writing, and may it remind you of the blessed *hours* and the *years* of torture, which your forefather lived and suffered.

"Written with my own hand, on the day of Peter Paul, in the year of Grace, 1229.

MASTINO DELLA SCALA.

Bartholomæo had no sooner finished reading, than Antonio took the portfolio out of the chest, without bestowing upon it any particular attention, and laid it together with the document, on the lid.

"No inconsiderable sum!" said he, looking at the money, "sufficient for the immediate necessities of the state and our own more private wants. The expenses of the journey, Bartholomæo, will have greatly diminished thy funds; take thou the bag of gold—the only one, it seems, which the tooth of time has left ungnawed, and the rest we will hand over to our treasurers."

"No, by no means, Antonio," replied Bartholomæo, "I won't apply a single goldlino to my own private use—besides, I do not want it; my father amply supplied me with money; but thou—thou art thinking of marrying soon; in order to prosecute thy suit at any of the Italian courts, in a manner becoming thy birth and station, thou hast need of money,—take thou all the gold, the silver we will place at the disposition of the state."

"In this way," replied Antonio, smiling, "we shall never agree; there is but one remedy—we will divide it. Surely," continued Antonio, taking out the papers, locking the chest, and handing Bartholomæo the key; "surely, Mastino, when he filled this box with those heaps of gold and silver, but little thought of the nature of the dispute which would arise on its division."

Laughing and joking, the brothers left the apartment.

"And now the money matter is amicably adjusted," exclaimed Antonio, when they had re-entered their father's apartment, "now let us look at the beauty of those features, which were able so to captivate the senses of our forefather. I would venture to wager the half of the

sum I have so unexpectedly acquired, that they owe more to the vivid colouring of his imagination than to the hand of Nature herself."

With these words he proceeded to open the box in which the portrait was inclosed. Upon taking it out, an exclamation escaped the lips of Bartholomæo, which might have been attributed to terror, surprise, or admiration. Antonio made no observation, but kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the portrait, as if his whole soul were interested in the features it portrayed. The portrait itself was in a narrow, golden frame, not more than a span in circumference, and represented the lovely face of a maiden in the prime of youth and beauty. It was difficult to say which was deserving of the most admiration; the luxuriant raven tresses which flowed over the ivory neck and the swelling bosom, the magic glow of the dark, black eye, the noble cast of feature, or the life and soul which pervaded the beauteous whole.

"I should have lost my wager," exclaimed Antonio, at length finding words; "by the holy Madonna, I can now easily account for Mastino's forgetting justice. This—this," repeated he with increased emphasis, "were enough to make him forget the God within him! I can now well conceive how indescribable, how immeasurable his love for this woman must have been, and how deeply—how bitterly he must have hated him who stood between him and her possession. By heavens! if this lovely being were still in existence, I could give up all—I would sacrifice all—life, soul, and salvation, to make her mine!"

Bartholomæo regarded his brother with a look of surprise, not unmixed with sorrow.

"I am quite of your opinion, brother," replied he in a softer tone; "who could look upon this lovely being without being enamoured?"

"Enamoured! yes, yes, enamoured," replied Antonio, his eyes still fixed upon the portrait he held in his hand.

"But, good heavens!" said Bartholomæo, visibly moved, "has the picture taken such possession of your faculties, that your eyes are thus chained down to the canvass? It is the representation of a being, you know, who has long since paid the debt of nature, and of whom nothing but a handful of dust can possibly remain."

"What talkest thou of mouldering dust?" interrupted Antonio; "I tell thee, thou art mistaken—she lives—she lives—will live to all eternity! Nature could never have created anything half so lovely, merely to destroy it."

"For God's sake, Antonio, moderate your vehemence. How ridiculous to suffer a mere picture—the work of man's hand—to make such an impression upon you. Consider that your own happiness—that our mutual happiness, may be shaken by such folly. Give me the portrait,—I will keep it."

"Never," exclaimed Antonio, "never! this picture shall never pass from my possession! I will hang it up in the most conspicuous part of my apartment, that I may have it continually before my eyes!"

"I beseech thee, brother, be advised; don't do anything so ridiculous. To what end can such idolatry of the senses lead? You must not be angry with me that I term it so. Is it not your fixed intention to marry a woman who is, in every respect, worthy of thee—equal to thee in birth and station? Can you do this, if you suffer the creation

of a painter's brain—the handiwork of his skill—beautiful though it be—the image of a being who has long since ceased to exist—to take such violent possession of your head and heart? Once more, dear Antonio, I must beseech thee to desist from such a folly. The maiden, whom these touches represent, is no longer in existence, and, even supposing she were—"

"*She must be mine!*" interrupted Antonio.

"But supposing she belonged already to another?"

"I should devise a means to rid me of him!" exclaimed he, still more violently.

"Nay, then," replied Bartholomæo, after some pause, "under such circumstances, I must most earnestly protest, by virtue of the right which belongs to me, against your retaining possession of the picture. It belongs to both of us, and we will keep it conjointly."

"Bartholomæo, dearest Bartholomæo, give up your equal right to me!" urged Antonio, "I do beseech thee; let it be mine, yes, mine alone!"

"By no means," replied the brother, "it would be doing you an injury, dear Antonio."

"Let me have it, me alone, Bartholomæo, and you shall have the half, the whole of my share of the money."

"What an offer!"

"You refuse me the first request I ever made you?"

"I refuse it, Antonio, because it is folly—an injurious folly,—besides I have another reason—another reason, why I cannot grant you your request."

"Another reason!—what other reason? that you alone may possess it!"

"By heavens, no!" replied Bartholomæo, indignantly; "far be from me the wish to possess this piece of art, beautiful though it be. Nothing but the inward conviction that the possession would be injurious to you, occasions my refusal. As regards myself,—I repeat it, I am quite indifferent as to its possession."

"Is it possible? is it credible?" exclaimed Antonio. "Well, then, if the picture is not to be mine—and mine alone—neither of us shall possess it!" and with these words he threw it upon the floor, and crushed it with his foot to atoms.

A pause of some moments ensued, when Bartholomæo, taking his brother's hand, addressed him in a softer tone.

"Pardon me, Antonio, if I have offended thee; but I could not—believe me, dearest brother, I could not act differently. The possession of the picture was in itself a trifle; but thy violence, the impression which it made upon thee—and another reason—a reason which at present I am not at liberty to disclose—."

"I do not wish to know it!" interrupted Antonio: "and now no more on the subject; we must have time to forget the unpleasantness of this scene, and endeavour to re-establish that feeling of unreserved good-will and brotherly affection between us, which this unfortunate moment has, I must confess, somewhat shaken. We must, for the future, carefully avoid recurring to a subject, which cannot but recal unpleasant ideas. My violent wish to obtain *sole* pos-

session of the picture, thy resolute refusal to grant it me, these fragments of the bauble itself,—all convince me that we have sworn *rashly*, if not *falsely*. Heaven in its mercy guard us against any further realisation of Magnalovi's curse!"

He offered him his hand, pressed that of his brother's convulsively, and hastily left the apartment.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

THREE friends possessed a certain man, of whom
He loved but two;—the third, albeit the one
Esteemed the least, the most sincere and true.
Much did he love the others! Once he was
Accused before the judge, though innocent—
Not known the cause—the accusation strong.
"Which of you now," he said unto the three,
"In love, in friendship, will espouse my cause,
And speak for me to prove my innocence?
Haply, through you, my friends, I may succeed
To change the judge's frown into a smile!"
He, the first friend, he loved perhaps the best,
Refused to go with him;—his own affairs
Exacted all his time. The second, too,
Excused himself at first; but, strongly urged,
From pity went, but, having reached the door,
Returned. The third, on whom he least had hoped,
Indignant at the accusation, goes,
Espouses joyfully his cause, takes up
Near to his friend his place, and speaks so warm,
Defending innocence, that Justice raised,
Smiling, her hand, and spoke the accused free!

On earth we have three friends—and how do these
Unfold their friendship in the hour when death
Recalls our dust to earth—our souls before
God's judgment seat? Money, the friend we loved
Of all, mayhap, the best, deserts us first,
Oblivious of our love. Our relatives
Desert us next;—they shed, forsooth, some tears—
Wear crape for decency—but, at the door
Of the all-silent grave, they wind their steps—
Returning homeward, and their tears are dried—
Know they not, tears cannot recall the dead?
Say—who is now the third? His own good works.
They never will desert him; they attend
His trembling spirit to the throne of God
Eternal! There they plead for him;—they pray—
They urge his suit—they weary not;—and He,
Redeemer and the Son, who sits as Judge,
Unveils his radiant brow, and, smiling, says,
"Eternal bliss for those whose *own good works*,
Supported by belief, have gone before,
To plead for them, and make their peace with Heaven."

N. J. LUCAS.

THE RUSTIC GOING TO COURT.[1]

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT mighty preparations there were in the Dame Kimbolton's ed brick house for the departure of the young rustic to court. The ousehold rose before the lark was singing at heaven's gate, and there as such bustling and jostling, and puffing and fussing, and remem- ering and forgetting, that the different members of the family were an exceedingly likely way of mislaying or losing outright their hole stock of senses, common and uncommon. To have judged om all the ruffling and pluming that was going forward, it might ave been supposed that instead of the rustic going to court, the ourt was coming to the rustic; instead of the man going to the nountain the mountain was coming to the man; and if an opinion ad been formed of what was being projected from the appearance of he old dame herself, it would at once have been concluded that the reatest possible calamity was impending over the head of young Godfrey Langelande—decapitation, or something of that sort. And et it was half comic as well as half pathetic to see how the old lady struggled for fortitude to support the idea of the perils that the youth was about to encounter: how she would sit and gaze upon him until her eyes filled with tears, and then, assuming the fortitude of a Roman matron, remember the sufferings of the martyrs, and resign herself to the grief of giving up her grandson to the dangers and perils of a journey from Hampshire up to the great metropolis. As for Godfrey, when he saw these signs of bewilderment and woe, he sometimes asked himself whether, after all, it would not be better to sit down contentedly to porridge and wooden spoons, and clouted shoon and hempen shirts, all the rest of his life, and give up his intended lace and feathers, and velvet and embroidery, together with the gilded carriage, with its six grey horses, and his whole troop of retainers, rather than grieve his old grandame so sorely; but so surely as he asked himself this question, so surely did visions of splendour, and the view of the king, a real king, with a real crown upon his head, rise up before him to beckon him on, and to promise him honours without end, and pleasures out of count.

At length the hose were all knitted, and the linen all mended, and Godfrey Langeland's wallet was packed, and that too with a hundred things that he never could want. In little separations like these, how fondly doth love seek to evidence itself even by troublesome offices. To do something for those we love is a relief to the heart; a sort of disburdenment of its over fulness of affection. The highly intellectual may rest content that there is sympathy between themselves and their loved ones, but the tenderness of those whose hearts are larger

[1] Continued from p. 252.

than their minds must be shown in actions; and thus Godfrey Langelande was loaded with kind gifts, and there was a competition of kind offices. His wallet was crammed fuller than it could be made to hold, and he was loaded with parcels which he knew not how to carry. Mabel had made him a capacious pasty, such as of which, in his juvenile days, Godfrey had been remarkably fond, and towards which he had always shown a particularly sharp appetite; but poor Mabel had entirely forgotten that her brother now considered himself to have grown old, and that pastry had gone down considerably in the market. As for the Reverend David Muttlebury, he had taken him to his own little cottage, and there, while Godfrey sat bolt upright on the edge of one of the high-backed, wood-bottomed, spindle-legged chairs, the reverend gentleman had discoursed to him on the ways of the world, which he seemed to have got all by heart, and crooked ways they appeared from his geography to be; and gave him an exhortation not at all restricted in length, of some three hours at the least, which, however, Godfrey did not find over heavy, as he sat all the while looking at the pastor's black-eyed daughter; and he likewise gave him a folio volume to carry with him and read by the way, which Godfrey did find heavy, and—but time would fail us to tell what everybody did for him, the most important part of it being that old Dame Kimbolton gave him a little leathern purse, containing nearly her whole store of hoarded worldly wealth, in various shapes of old-fashioned coins, the kingly faces upon sundry of which had not seen the blessed light for many a long day. The sight of this treasure touched Godfrey's heart, for it seemed to him a mine of inexhaustible wealth, and his grandame's generosity appeared to him unbounded in its magnificence.

"Nay, dear grandame," said Godfrey, "I be not yet a lord, and mean not to spend like one. Five of these broad pieces will be enough for a plain wayfaring man"

"Man, indeed!" exclaimed the old dame; "but let that pass—though in truth thou art talking more than ever like a boy! Take them, Godfrey; put this leathern purse into thy pouch. Thou knowest but little of the world, and guessest not what straights thou mayest fall into that these pieces may help thee out of. Why, boy, money is like a ladder, by which thou mayest climb out of many a pit."

"Well, grandame, as thou choosest to 'boy' me still, it must be as thou wilt; but when I bring thee these broad pieces again, every one of them doubled, trebled, nay tenfold, then thou shalt own me man by the same token. But I will not chafe thee, now grandame dear, when I am about to quit thee. Nay, I grieve me that ever I should have done one wilful deed or said one wayword word. Truth, now that I bethink me, I fear that I have often worked thee sorrow, and now that I am about to leave thee I could find pleasure in beating mine ownself with many stripes, that I should ever have angered thee!"

"Nay, Godfrey, I can bear thee witness that thou wert ever a dutiful son."

"Nay, nay, witness thine own chidings against me."

"Tush, Godfrey. Boys will be boys, and thou wert ever one of the best of them."

"Grandame, dear, thou wert ever as thou art now, only too good to me—but thou shalt see, thou shalt see, how I will requite thee! I shall bring thee over a carriage to go to meeting in, for thou findest the way irksome to walk, and I shall bring thee manservants, and maidservants, and a spinnet for Mabel, and a poney for little Austin, and money enough to make gentlefolks of us all. Thou shalt delve no more, grandame dear: thou shalt sit on thy couch, and order thy maidens, and they shall toil for thee, and we will have cakes and tea every day, and I will bring thee home a teapot for the brewing of the China herb, and we will feast—ay, that will we!"

"Godfrey, Godfrey! would I could see thee moderate thy hopes. The higher thou dost aspire the further will be thy fall."

"Nay, grandame dear, they that wish but for little things never get them great ones. They that be content in the valley never climb the mountain. Thou shalt see that I will be a lord at the least!"

"Tush, Godfrey, tush!"

"And tush, dear grandame, too! Thou shall see what thou shalt see! when thou and Mabel and little Austin all of a sudden hear a great sough of something coming in the village, and there be tramplings of horses, and rollings of wheels, and the patter and the clatter of people running and pushing and hurrahing, then be sure that Godfrey Langelande is coming home to thee somebody—somebody—I say not what!"

CHAPTER IV.

As bright a sun as ever shone out on the blossoms of a May morning, making day glorious, broke out on the early day, on which it was settled that Godfrey Langelande should bid adieu to the quiet of his native village, and set out to see for himself of what metal the world was made. The little nag on which he had been used to amble over hill and over dale, was saddled, and at the cottage door; his wallet was packed and strapped upon it; his seven brothers and sisters were congregated round, to each of whom Godfrey had promised their own *beau ideal* of delight, whether in the shape of gewgaws or gilt gingerbread. Mistress Kimbolton was there looking as if she would not seem heart-stricken; the maid Barbara was there with an old shoe in her hand ready to throw after master Godfrey, for the sake of ensuring good luck; and the Rev. David Muttlebury was there for the sake of bestowing a few last words of exhortation on his pupil, and to give him a parting benediction; and Esther was there—we really must leave our reader to guess why Esther was there, for we verily believe that she did not know herself.

Very many were the last words that were then and there uttered, but at last the last was said, and Godfrey was on his nag, and first out of sight, and then out of hearing. How odd everything seemed to him as he ambled along, encumbered with his multitudinous packages. Once or twice he felt very much inclined to go back again, but he was ashamed to do so, and on he went. For a while he knew every tree and every cottage, but, some way or other, they looked different from their old wont. By-and-by, as the day advanced, he got out of

his own knowledge, and then a feeling of loneliness and desertion came over him; but he mustered a spirit, and called himself a simpleton, and told himself that he was actually ashamed of himself, and then, piqued into more manliness, he went on. At length there came the reaction of his feelings; the sensation of having lost something, which had lain rather heavily on his heart since he had left his native village, faded, and his spirit rallied again. And, in truth, all nature round him wore the livery of hope: the trees seemed draperied with a living green, the leaves just unfolded on the boughs gave the glad sunlight through them, showing the delicate tracery of their net-like fabric distinct through their pure transparency of texture; the fields were spread with a carpet woven in nature's loom, the threads of which were the long wavy lines of interwoven grass, embroidered with groups of silver daisies, with their golden eyes; the hawthorn hedges were hung around with wreaths of their fragrant, white, blush-tinted blossoms; the birds were singing a joyous chorus from an orchestra of sprays, and earth was vocal with their glad hymning. Godfrey Langelande's heart was young enough to be elastic; its spirit upsprang, and caught notes and strains of the universal harmony of gladness, and his mellow voice broke out in fragments and snatches of old songs.

"Good even, good master singing man," said a voice near Godfrey; "an thy arm were as strong as thy lungs, thou wouldst make a good soldier."

"Good even, my master," replied Godfrey. "My singing, such as it is, be much at your service; but, whether my arm be strong or weak, I love not that bloody game of soldiership."

"Ah! ah! dost thou wear a white feather? Great noise, and little wool? Ah! ah!"

"Wouldst like," said Godfrey, stretching out his arm, "to measure this?"

"What wouldst be at?" replied the stranger.

"Or if thou liketh not to take it by measurement, wilt have it by weight? Canst thou find ever a balance for this?"

"I be no pedlar, to carry yard measures or pound weights about with me in my pack."

"Well, then, my master, an' thou canst neither measure nor weigh this arm of mine, shall I tell thee what I might say, though all the while I be not saying it?"

"Well, good Master Logic, an' it please thee, say on what thou wilt not say?"

"Nay, I did but bethink me to ask of nobody in whose cap the white feather was sticking."

"In good sooth thy cap is better furnished in the inside than I bethought me. Good, now, the weight of a feather shall not brew ill blood between us. Shall we blow the feather away, and strike hands over our evening meal in the inn hard by?"

"A feather, light though it be, showeth which way the wind bloweth," replied Godfrey.

"And that, thou thinkest, must needs be an ill wind that blew up this feather atween us. Come, now, 'tis an ill wind indeed that bloweth

nobody any good; this breeze shall blow me a good companion at my supper, an' thou wilt be of my mind."

"I like not," said Godfrey, "to strike hands on a bargain hastily. Thou hast not been over courteous to me, master stranger. I be here a traveller on the king's highway, far away from mine own kith and kin, with none to take part with me, and on meeting with thee, thou saludedst me with a gibe and a jeer."

"Poor youth! Did I even so? And hast thou indeed no kind soul of an old aunt or ancient grandame to lead thee along by the hand? How camest thou so far on the king's highway without thy leading-strings?"

"Wilt thou tell me," said Godfrey, "how much thy gibes and thy jeers are like to cost thee a piece?"

"Nay, marry, thou art as welcome to a good jest as thou madest me to thy singing-notes but now. Thou shalt have them gratis."

"I was brought up of honest people," said Godfrey, "and had ever the trick of paying my way."

"So thou art in the mood for threatening; thou wouldst show fight, wouldst thou? But hark ye, young braggart—"

"Braggart in thy teeth!" said Godfrey—"braggart and brawler!"

"Well, I have not time now to teach thee more courtesy; but doubt not thou wilt soon meet thee with some kind hand who will, for charity's sake and thine own good, trounce thee into better manners. And when that chances—and I warrant that if thou ruffest at this rate it will be right soon—have thou the grace to be thankful."

"And why not take the task upon thyself? Ah, vain boaster, thou hast too much charity—too much charity for thyself!"

"Well," replied the stranger, laughing, "I am little better than a fool, little wiser than thyself, to be angry. Wise men never quarrel for straws. Even now I bear thee so little ill-will, for all thy cock-a-hoop crowing, that I could find in my heart to drown all its remembrance over a cup of wine. By my halidame, thou art a comely youth, and I like thy looks."

"And I, for my part, like not thine."

"Nay, then, thou art a compliment in my debt. When wilt thou pay me?"

"Go thou thy way, and I will go mine."

"It seems to me that, in doing so, we shall still keep together. Thy nag is aweary, and would find his stable a marvellous pleasant place; thou thyself art an hungry, if I guess aright. Thou mayest take this piece of news from me, and thank me or not as thou wilt, but thou mayest go farther and fare worse than thou art like to do at this way-side inn; for mine own part, the cheerful light of that dazzling fire, that is smiling on me through the window-panes, is enticing me irresistibly in, and I mean to eschew all ill blood, and take mine own ease and pleasure as much as my fortune will let me. An' thou hast sense enough left thee to profit by good advice, follow me; if not, I wish thee a pleasant hungry ride some half-dozen or so miles further."

So saying, the stranger turned on his heel, and entered the village inn. Godfrey looked after him with something of a doubtful expression as to what he should do. True that both his nag and himself

were tired, but he liked not that man's physiognomy. Then there was an air of reckless good-humour about his face, but this only served to irritate and provoke our hero. It seemed only to badger and banter him, and made it appear that his own indignation was more matter of mirth than moment. The stranger's boots and cloak were all the distinguishable marks of his dress, but there was a sort of rollicking, swaggering air about the man, that Godfrey did not by any means approve. Yet why, because he had met with an ill-favoured stranger, should he lose stabling for his nag, and fire, and bed, and supper for himself? and then, too, it would look as if he were intimidated or afraid. This last thought decided him, more especially as, at the moment of its suggestion, the ostler came and took his nag, and the landlord presented himself to bow him in, and all of a sudden our hero found himself of more consequence than he had ever been in his life before. Whereupon Godfrey Langelande walked very contentedly into the ordinary room of that way-side inn.

The plain, homely apartment, into which Godfrey entered, looked the very picture of comfort to him, its merits being all enhanced by the feeling of cold, of thirst, of hunger, of fatigue, which then possessed him. The flag floor was neatly sanded, and the ceiling intersected with heavy beams, from which hung several particularly fine specimens of the Hampshire families of pigs. From one of these baconic sides some samples had just been cut, which were already emitting a savoury odour from their contact with the blazing fire, and the scent of which proved a strong provocative to Godfrey's appetite. On the right hand of the hearthstone was a serious-looking, somewhat cadaverous person, with a long thin nose, and shrivelled lips curved down at the corners, and gray sunken eyes, which he seemed seldom to raise, and a projecting chin, sitting perpendicularly straight and stiff upon a wooden beach with an upright back to it. Painters talk very learnedly on their doctrines of lines, and certainly the angular forms into which the geometry of this figure was thrown expressed obstinacy in no ordinary degree. The joints of every limb formed an angle—the knee, the elbow, the very fingers; the unbending rigidity of the whole person might well have suggested the idea of the man having been dipped in molten iron, and so having become the mould for a cast. In direct contrast with this right-hand fire-side ornament sat, or rather lolled, our hero's new acquaintance. The fire-light falling on his face, made him seem yet more impertinently good-humoured, and his free-and-easy nod chafed Godfrey's dignity something like the stinging of gnats. If his opposite neighbour was unconformable in posture, and eschewed ease of attitude as an abomination, this left-hand occupant made up abundantly for his over-starchedness, for he was already luxuriating his length of limb upon his wooden couch, and basking in the fire-light.

"O, fellow-traveller mine," said the free-and-easy stranger, "thou art not, then, altogether disdainful of creature-comforts. I warrant me thou art not to be despised as a trencher-man, and I question much whether a cup of wine would choke thee. Come, now, an' thou wilt put off thine ill-humour, thou shalt partake of my platter, and we will drown our jarring in a cup of good wine."

"I bear thee no ill-will, master traveller, though mayhap ye may be a shade over free for my fancy; but I tell thee that the last words which my spiritual pastor said unto me were these—'Godfrey Langelande,' said the pious man, 'consort not with strangers; shake not hands with thou knowest not whom, lest evil befal thee by the way;' and an' thou seest one that be light of carriage, have no fellowship with that man, he will lead thee into the mire.'"

"Ha! ha! ha! And so Godfrey Langeland, since that be thy name, which thou art bounteous enough to tell us, thou countest me light of carriage—I, who was ever esteemed a nicely-cut-out pattern of decorum."

"I see," said Godfrey, "that thou art—but no matter."

"Nay, it mattereth much. Come, now, let me hear what I am."

"Thou art a roysterer, and a ruffler, and, as I think me, a papist."

"And what is that to thee, young dolt! Thou hast been taught in some school of the Puritans to point thy finger at a cavalier. Dost know what the word meaneth, boy? I will tell thy ignorance! It meaneth one that is loyal to the old race of his kings, and true to the ancient faith of his church! But I see thou art altogether fit for nothing but thy dunghill! Keep thine own company—thou shalt have no more of mine."

And so saying, with a fierce frown, the free and easy stranger turned his back on Godfrey, and commenced eating his evening meal in a most unsociably repulsive attitude.

"Heed him not," said the stiff stranger on the right-hand side of the fire. "I see that thou art a good youth, and hast been brought up in the true faith and the right way. Sit thou down by my side, and whilst thou discusseth thine evening meal such discourse as I can hold, and such advice as I can give, shall be thine. But heed him not—and let him not hear us—he is a man of violence—nay, I may say a man of blood—I have heard of him of old. How came he to cross thy path, and why hast thou angered him?"

"I will speak under my breath for no man!" exclaimed Godfrey, "I care not for his pleasure or his displeasure! I am as free to travel mine own path, to take mine own way, to have mine own thoughts, and speak mine own words, as any court cavalier among them all! ay, and I *will*, let who may say me nay!"

"Gadzooks, if thou art of the dunghill thou art game too!" said the free and easy stranger, half relapsing into a smile as Godfrey spoke.

"We will have no ill-blood here atween you two travellers on the way," said the stiff stranger. "I doubt me not thou hast been daintily nurtured, and for the sake of thy mother, who questionless loveth thee as the apple of her eye, I will have a care of thee."

"Nay, marry, it was my grandame brought me up and trained me," said Godfrey in all simplicity.

"Tied to her apron-string!" muttered the free stranger to himself.

"I see that thou hast well rewarded her toil," said the stiff stranger, "and for what way of life hath she so carefully nurtured thee?"

"In good sooth, my grandame would fain have kept me pinned to

her sleeve, but I felt that within me that would not let me rest a stay-at-home youth."

"Pinned to her sleeve!" The best place for thee," muttered the free stranger to himself.

"That were shame—a youth of thy parts," said the stiff stranger. "And what were thy home doings?"

"Nay, my life was easy enough," answered Godfrey; "I did but ride my nag, or go abroad with my gun, or—or—mayhap now and then visit—visit the pastor Muttlebury;" and saying this Godfrey, as he was wont upon any reference to the pastor, which always suggested ideas of the pastor's daughter, began to twiddle his thumbs.

"Oh, oh!" ejaculated the free stranger.

"Ah, and so, Master Muttlebury—be he young or old?" asked the stiff stranger.

"O, old, to be sure. Why he is—O, very old."

"Ah, yes, and so—Mr. Muttlebury is blessed with a daughter?"

"How do you know that?" exclaimed Godfrey, in amazement. "Do you know our pastor all this while?"

"And she is ill-favoured—beetle-browed."

"Now I see that thou knowest nothing of them. Why, in all the country there is not a maiden with such black eyes, and such bright hair, and a face so much like a summer's morning, as Esther Muttlebury."

The easy stranger was visited with a cough which seemed to threaten him suffocation just at this juncture.

"Ah, sad so," said the stiff stranger; "and if you went so often to visit your pastor, for the sake, of course, of spiritual improvement, why were you willing to let your grandame send you away?"

"She did not send me away. Poor grandame almost broke her heart about my coming. But see you, my master, thus it was—our means are but small, and if I never push myself on in the world, how could I ever expect to have a house of mine own?"

"Ay, or marry?" said the stiff stranger.

Godfrey coloured to his fingers' ends.

"And so thou art about to pick thine own way in the world. Thou art thinking of getting thee riches first, and then of taking to thee a wife to help to spend them—the pastor's daughter, what sayest thou? are not these the thoughts of thine heart?"

"Nay, I said not," stammered Godfrey.

"But I say it for thee. Well, how and where dost thou hope to push thy fortune?"

"I am going to the court," answered Godfrey.

"To the court!" exclaimed the free and easy stranger, startled out of his indifference. "And a pretty figure thou wilt cut there!"

"My figure is to the full as good as thine, and mayhap there be an inch or so more of it!" exclaimed Godfrey indignantly.

"At court! Ha, the rustic at court!" ejaculated the traveller. "I' faith, an excellent jest! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Heed him not," whispered the stiff stranger; "I see that thou wert made for a court. Heed him not. He doth but envy thy parts,

and doubtless thou hast some plan of getting thy little finger in, which must needs soon lead to thine whole body. Come, I know that thou art no raw lad to fancy that thou canst enter a king's court through a keyhole, so tell me what are thy projects and thy plans, and since mine eyes have seen more of this world than thine, I will give thee as good advice almost as thy pastor Muttlebury."

"Why thus it is," said Godfrey; "I have an uncle at court in the king's service, and I look to him for help. He is my father's own brother, and a courtier to boot, and doubtless he will have a pleasure in taking me by the hand, and leading me to the king's majesty."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the free and easy stranger. "Now could I find in my heart to enlighten thy simplicity. An' thou hast an uncle at court, and he hath thriven, why doubtless he is a knave, for none but knaves thrive there, and thinkest thou that a knave would encumber himself with a fool? Hark ye, youngster, men who have made their own way at court are mightily like to have short memories of any relations in the country. Village bumpkins are a sort of ballast that be but too like to founder ships sailing in court favour with ever so fair a wind, and therefore are they let adrift, and cast out to sea. Look to it, that will be thy luck."

"Knave in thy teeth! Fool in thy teeth! Bumpkin in thy teeth," shouted our rustic.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed out the impertinent stranger.

"I shall ride in my carriage while thou art trudging it a foot, said Godfrey. "Look to it! I will not know thee then! I will not even know thee!"

"Now, hark thee, Godfrey Langelande," said the insolent stranger, rising from his seat, and stretching himself before the fire with a yawn; "I am aweary, and should have been asleep an hour *agone* hadst not thou kept me awake with thy folly, but since thou hast made me some mirth I will help to repay thee with the guerdon of a little wisdom. Thou art flouted at being taken for a fool, and yet all that we gather of thee is but from thine own showing—what else should we know of a wayside stranger? Now, bethink thee, Godfrey Langelande, thou hast just cut the string of thy grandame's apron, thou hast just gotten thee out of thine hen-coop, and here in some hour's time thou hast managed to tell us thy name, all thy down-sittings and thine uprisings, thy birth, parentage, education, and expectations, and to make a friend and an enemy. Couldst thou not hold thy chattering tongue, nor babble about thy babyhood? And even now thou art blundering, for thou thinkest in thine heart that I am thine enemy, and Master Smoothlips there thy friend, whilst all the while, spite of thy petted floutings, and putting thy finger in thine eye, and all the other marks of thy rusticity, *I* am thy friend in speaking to thee the honest truth, and *he* is thy enemy in cajoling thee out of thy secret thoughts. Now, hearken thee, Godfrey Langelande, always for the future *mis*trust men who palaver thee, and *trust* those who speak honest truth to thee; and the next time thou stretchest thy legs beneath the table of a village inn tell not thine affairs as though thou wert crying them at the market-cross. And now good e'en and no dreams, and sound sleep to thee, and more wisdom in thy pate to-morrow."

And so saying, the free and easy stranger calling for his host to show him to his chamber, left the room with a laugh, a yawn, and a lounge.

CHAPTER V.

Spite of the saucy stranger's recommendation to sleep, Godfrey Langelande did not much relish his bed. He was highly indignant at having been lectured, and hectored, and dictated to, and felt quite sure that there was not such another impertinent meddler in all king James's dominions. Not that he was in the least convinced that he had manifested any imprudence—why should he, who had nothing to hide, affect any concealment? Knaves and rogues might make mysteries of everything, but he cared not if the whole world was the audience of his actions. He would do this—he would do that—he would do the other—and with these mighty resolutions Godfrey Langelande at length fell asleep.

How many of those blank hours of our existence, like unflavoured drops in our cup of life, had passed, Godfrey knew not, but he was aroused into consciousness by a grasp upon his shoulder, and the body thus summoned back again from its state of torpor soon recalled to its aid its sentient partner. Godfrey opened his eyes, looked, rubbed them, and looked again; the stiff stranger was standing over him, throwing the light of a lamp full upon the awakened sleeper's face.

"Master Godfrey Langelande, good youth, collect and call home thy scattered senses. I have somewhat to discourse with thee upon."

Godfrey lifted up his head in bewildered wonderment. "Be the house a fire?"

"Not so."

"Thieves then—thieves?"

"Nay, nay. Hush thee, good youth! I have somewhat for thy private ear. Hast thou called home thy senses? Shall I speak?"

"But why in the dark night, and under thy breath?"

"That thou wilt find as I go on. It is for thy good, for thy sole good, that I have left my peaceful slumber to come and offer thee my guidance and my counsel. Good youth, I see that thou art made of the right metal. I see it in thine eye, I see it in thy bearing, I catch it in the sparks of thy spirit. Godfrey Langelande, I prophesy that thou wilt aggrandize thyself—that thou wilt achieve honour."

If Godfrey himself were half asleep, his vanity was wide enough awake, and he looked wondrously sensible of the soundness of the stiff stranger's opinion.

"I am not a man to flatter, but I say it, the moment I cast mine eyes upon thee I saw at once that thou wert one of the few brave spirits who would anon display themselves. Godfrey Langelande, thou will live to be somebody, and that ere long."

Godfrey nodded.

"Thou hast received an excellent bringing up, and art a youth of natural parts."

Again Godfrey nodded.

"And thou hast determined no longer to hide thy candlestick under a bushel, but to set up thy light before the world?"

Godfrey nodded affirmatively.

"And thou hast been taught in the soundest principles of true dissenting doctrine?"

Godfrey nodded approvingly.

"And thou hatest the pope?"

Godfrey nodded vehemently.

"And thou art bent, and, I say it, wisely bent, on making thy way at court?"

Godfrey nodded assentingly.

"Now, then, Godfrey Langelande, I have assuredly been put in thy way to help thee on in thine high-minded project. Godfrey Langelande, and what if that insolent stranger that twitted thee, and sneered at thee below, should after all be right, and thy uncle show thee but cold looks, and be blind to thy many merits, what then wilt thou do?"

"I shall convince him," said Godfrey, "that he is in an arrant mistake."

"And what if he be so blind that even thou, with all thy talents, may not be able to open his eyes, then what?"

"Why then I might do it unwillingly, but be he so blind, I must needs withdraw myself altogether, and bestow myself upon some other who may be wiser."

The stranger looked on Godfrey as if the genius of the latter had altogether outflown the wing of his own imagination. After a moment's pause he commenced another attack in a different quarter.

"That insolent meddler below—he made my blood hot to see how he chafed thee! a youth of thy parts and spirit!"

"I shall deal with him another time," said Godfrey.

"And why not now?"

Godfrey looked as if he did not understand.

"Godfrey Langelande, thy planet is in the ascendant. Thou wilt be fortunate; I see it, and I say it. Everything seems ordered for thy help. Thy spirit rises in thy poor meagre home, and teaching thee that thou art made for greater things than to dwindle away thy life by a cottage-hearth, impellest thee into the highway of the world. The moment thou settest foot out of thy saddle thou art thrown into the way of a friend and enemy—so far that slanderer was right enough, for I am thy friend, and he has assuredly goaded and twitted and chafed thee enough to prove himself thy enemy. But thou wilt pay him in his own coin, wilt thou not, my brave Godfrey? I see it, and I say it."

"Marry, trust me but I'll find a time and a place."

"I will show thee both, good youth—I will show thee both, and that right soon—sooner than thou thinkest. A friend is not a friend who doth not burn with a friend's injuries, as I now do with thine. Godfrey, good youth, I will carry on what I was saying unto thee a little further. This man is an enemy to the public peace, a plotter and a betrayer of his country, and a papist to boot!"

"I knew him for a roysterer and a papist, by his swaggering air,"

exclaimed Godfrey, "he looketh like unto a heathen man and a publican!"

"Well, such is he who hath made himself thine enemy, and now who and what, thinkest thou, am I, who call myself thy friend?"

Godfrey looked pretty considerably puzzled at this question.

"I will tell thee. It is a proof of thy fortune that thou hast thus opportunely fallen on my lines, for of all men I am he who can best put thee in the high road of prosperity. I am the friend of thine uncle, the worshipful Master Nicolas Langelande."

"Do I dream!" exclaimed Godfrey, "and thou knowest mine uncle!"

"Ay, that do I, and have for many a long year. And know, Godfrey, there liveth not a man who could better push thy fortunes. I see it, and I say it."

"And wilt thou, my good master?"

"Ay, that will I right heartily. And let me tell thee, Godfrey, no man knoweth the ins and the outs of thine uncle's temper better than mine ownself. I see it, and I say it."

"Hath he then a crooked temper?"

"Crooked as a ram's horn; his heart, Godfrey, is a maze into which thou couldst never find an entrance, unless I were to give thee the clue."

"And good now, wilt thou? wilt thou?"

"I see it, and I say it. I will point thee out a way in which thou shalt come into thine uncle's presence, so that he will receive thee with open arms and open heart. Godfrey, there be many wicked and designing men in the world! Lackaday that it should be so!"

"Lackaday!" responded Godfrey.

"And such men must needs be circumvented by subtlety. Godfrey, there be wicked men in this very nation who are striving to make a bargain with the pope to sell us all!—the whole country—and then, an' we turn not papishes, we are to be all burnt up with fire and brimstone."

"Not while this right arm of mine be on my body!"

"There spoke out thy brave spirit! so say I. So sayeth thine uncle! and this pestilent stranger, who hath been casting dust into thine eyes for his mere sport and game, he is one of those who are engaged in this traffic, and now hath he not done well in throwing thy private feelings into the scale of the public good? Ah! it is thy fortune, youth, and I said it, and I saw it, even while my blood grew hot to see thy merit so little heeded. Whilst he was a badgering Thee below, I bethought me how in angering thee he was raising up a champion for the public good."

"I would I had him here under my thumb!"

"Thou soon shalt have, only follow my counsel. Thine uncle and myself are in league together to expose his vile ends, and now, if thou wilt join me in my present adventure, I will promise thee thine uncle's favour. I will be his surety that he will receive thee as his son."

"I am all anxiety," exclaimed Godfrey. "Pr'ythee, let me hear without more ado!"

"Why thus then. This fellow is on his way to the seacoast, in-

ending to cross over to the reprobate French, and from thence to ourney to the pope to barter us all away between them. I have followed him on the road, tracking his heels, up to this place, where I had ppointed three of my myrmidons to meet me. I travel not with them est we should excite his suspicion. These fellows of mine were to ave been with me by the gray dawn, but from an expression in the orner of that pestilent fellow's eye, I fear me our bird will be flown afore my men arrive. I saw it, and I say it, that he feared thy spirit, Godfrey, when thou countedst on with him in his reckoning, and I doubt me not he will have flown, dreading to have set eye on thee again long ere my men be with me. So, Godfrey, both for the sake of thine own private quarrel, as well as for love of thy country, and pleasing thine uncle, wilt thou lend me a hand?"

"Ay, but as how?"

"Why thus, Godfrey. If he sally forth in the night, thou and I must follow and take this packet from him—he be a nobody without his credentials. Thou art young and lusty, and thine arm—I have not seen such a stalwart one—I see it and I say it—for many a long day! Come, good youth, up and don thy dress, and let us watch him forth. My single arm would be nothing without the aid of thine, but together he will be but a babe in our hands. Come, good youth, hasten then. Thou knowest not his snaky and his oily nature. An' we use not all vigilance, he will, with all my watchful care, slip through these fingers."

"Master stranger," said Godfrey, "it needs must be that I altogether am miscomprehendable. Thou canst not mean to waylay a traveller in the dark?"

"We must needs take him by subtlety. How else can he be circumvented?"

"And art thou meaning to rob him?"

"Rob him! what a word is that! a paper be not private property. It be neither written by him, nor sent to him! It is no more his than it be thine or mine, or any other man's! And it hath no value. Dost think I would take from him the value of a copper!"

"Steal out in the dark, watch him, waylay him, and rob him!" soliloquised Godfrey.

"What meanest thou, youth?" said the stranger. "Have I not told thee that he is a pestilent fellow working mischief to the nation?" "And then, for thou and I to be taken by the parish constables on charges of waylaying and robbery!"

"Tush, boy! dost thou shrink from fear of consequences? I tell thee, we will not touch a single coin in his pouch, and for the matter of the packet it is of too private a nature for him to dare make any stir about it. I tell thee, boy, once that packet in hand, thine uncle will welcome thee as the apple of his eye, he will advance thee at court to thine heart's content; and for this reprobate, who hath so foully used thee, he will be but too glad to button up his pocket and conceal his loss. He *dare* not complain."

"If he be such a villanous fellow, I will point thee out a better way than thine of bringing him to justice."

"Marry then, let us hear it, only be quick!"

" Send to the justice, and have him put in the public stocks. So shall he be a warning to others."

The word " Fool!" hissed out from between the teeth of Godfrey's new acquaintance.

" Or, I have another plan."

" Out with it."

" When I get me to court and am brought before the king, I will tell him all. He will take care of the country, and bring this man to condign punishment for seeking to sell us all to the French and the pope."

" Godfrey Langelande, art thou knave or fool?"

" Neither."

" Well, then, a truce with thy folly! Either strike hands on our bargain, and I will not only give thee a guerdon, but I will ensure thee thy uncle's favour, and prosperity on thy future path, or else prove thyself the arrantest dolt that ever turned his back on good fortune when she smiled upon him.

" Hark ye, master stranger," said Godfrey, sitting up in his bed with a heightened colour, and speaking loudly, " what saw ye in my face that thou shouldest dare to count upon me as a companion in thy roguery? What! waylay a traveller in the dark and rob him! Now out upon thee, out upon thee! rogue! villain! get thee hence ere I cuff thee! a strong arm, indeed! ay, but an honest one, and thou shalt feel it! Mine uncle favour me for such an action! Why! would not own him an' he were such a rogue as thou art. Hence! hence! I say!'

" Ha! ha! ha! a good youth after all! Why Godfrey Langelande, I did but this to try thee. What! thinkest thou that *I* could commit so sinful an action? Nay, nay! know me better! Thou art an honest youth, and a good youth, and so will I report of thee to thine uncle. Nay, nay, I did but this to try thee!"

" Thou ownest, then, to being a liar?"

" Nay, that be a foul word! I thought to be a friend to thee, and therefore it was that I set myself to find if thou wert made of the true metal. In sooth, I am thine uncle's friend, and I will take care to make true report of thee. It shall be so true, that it shall do thy business throughly for thee, Godfrey Langelande. For the rest, it was but an invention—invention all! By mine honour!"

" Thine honour! Why it be full of rat-holes! I have done with thee!—done with thee! Am I to be awoke in the night from my first sleep, and that when I am aweary with long travel, to be plied and tried and tempted and tampered with! And all for what! Out, out, I say! Get thee hence ere I throw thee out of the casement. Out, out, I say!"

THE EXCOMMUNICATED.

BY CONOLLY MEARES.

THE morning had at length arrived when Hugh Bainham was to appear before his persecutors, alone and unaided, for none of those who secretly favoured him dared to express their opinions openly at such a conjuncture. On the preceding evening, his mother had wept so bitterly, and entreated him to submit to the church so incessantly, that, to avoid further importunity, he set out at an early hour, before she was up, and with a sorrowful but resolute heart rode steadily on towards Hereford. As he looked back from the last hill to Clodock, a female figure was visible just outside the farm-gate, which waved a handkerchief in recognition, and the poor student felt at once that Gwyneth had come on this day of trial to stay with and comfort his mother. He muttered in a husky voice, "God bless her!" and went on his way with a good courage.

In the mean time, preparations were going forward at the bishop's palace to make the result of the day's proceedings striking and impressive on the multitude, whether the heretic gave way or remained unshaken. In the one case, he would be compelled to make a public recantation in the cathedral; in the other, sentence of excommunication, with candle, book, and bell, would be passed upon him in the most formal and terrific manner. The prior of St. Mary's, the abbot of St. Peter's, Gloucester, the monk of Llanthony, the dean and canons residentiary of Hereford, with many other clerks and seculars, assembled at noon in the palace-hall, as a sort of little court, to give weight and dignity to the bishop's decision; and before this tribunal Bainham was now conducted, to answer for those errors of his creed for which the monk of Llanthony had denounced him.

"Hugh Bainham, of Clodock," began the bishop, "it is charged against thee that thou hast fallen into the spotted heresies of the Lollards, and moreover that thou, not being content to cast away thine own soul, hast mightily endeavoured, with thine untrue teaching, to infect and poison all the land. But now thou art withstanded, and brought into my ward, that thou mayest no longer envenom the sheep of my province; therefore bethink thee whether thou wilt submit to my correction, and forsake these thy false and pestilent opinions, and make known to me all such distroublers of holy church in future; which if thou wilt now swear here to me, and confess thine errors in open church, it shall be well, but if not, know surely that we do not bear the sword in vain."

The accused made a lowly obeisance, and answered, humbly, that he held no opinions but such as were maintained by many good and learned men at Oxford.

"And who may be these learned men of whom thou hast taken knowledge?" inquired the prelate.

The student referred to Nicholas Hereford, John Purvey, David

[1] Continued from p. 239.

Gotray, the monk of Byland, and several others. At these names, scornful looks were interchanged among the ecclesiastics, and the bishop replied,

"Of the men ye have named, some have repented them of their errors, and the rest be of no account, being followers of the heretic Wickliffe; answer, therefore, plainly to the questions I shall put thee. Resteth there, after the consecration of the host, material bread or no?"

"As I understand," replied Bainham, "the material bread doth remain, and the mysterious presence is thereunder hid, and not seen but in faith. Yet it is a deep and subtle matter, and passeth my slender wit."

"This is a foul heresy," exclaimed the abbot of St. Peter's, "for the church has decided that no bread remains;" and many questions he and others put as to whether the student held to the church's ordinances. Then the bishop demanded of him whether the worshipping of images were lawful, and whether pilgrimages were meritorious; to which he answered carefully, yet without disguising his disapprobation of both, to the great indignation of the assembly. Other charges were then gone into as to confession, penance, and the like, on all of which his opinions were deemed heretical. But when he avowed his intention to collect scholars, and instruct them in the English Bible of Wickliffe, the monks lost all patience, and abused him as a proud, stiff-necked heretic, wholly given over to the devil. At length, the bishop, imposing silence on all, said, in an angry tone,

"Busy you no longer about him, for he is utterly rotten and naught. Lewd Lossell! thou and others are confederate that ye will not submit to prelates of holy church, and also for thy false counselling of many others, thou art worthy of many deaths. Now since the day passeth, I will tarry no longer with thee. Either submit thee to holy church, and meekly and without failing kneel down, and promise faithfully as I shall charge thee, or in default we will solemnly pronounce against thee the pains of anathema and excommunication, and deliver thy soul unto Satan."

Bainham stood silent, while the clerk and seculars assailed him with scorn and menaces, some counselling that he should be burned, others to throw him into the river; and, of all present, none showed the smallest pity for his condition except Father Ambrose, the good prior of St. Mary's.

"Hugh," he said mildly, "kneel down and pray my lord's grace, and leave all thy fantasies, and become a child of holy church."

But the student shook his head.

"Will ye submit to our ordinance?" again demanded the bishop; and on Bainham's replying that he could not retract his opinions, the prelate bid them have him forth in haste, and keep him in ward until the evening. A dark smile lurked in the sallow countenance of Father Paul as his victim was hurried away.

Great was the commotion in the town of Hereford when the hour of six drew near, for this time had been appointed to increase the effect of the ceremony. Long before it arrived, people flocked to the

churchyard in vast numbers, through the High Town avenues King's Street, and Castle Street, anxious to the last degree to witness so remarkable an occurrence. The episcopal palace stood on the south side of the cathedral, in a garden beautifully sloping down to the Wye, and at that time was connected by cloisters with the south aisle of the church. These cloisters enclosed a burying-ground one hundred feet square, named Our Ladye's Arbour, into which the verger had admitted numbers of the better class, who stood there in the cold and darkness of a December night, for a full hour before the cathedral clock struck six. Scarcely had the last peal died away, when the palace gate was thrown open, and the procession began. Seven choristers led the way, followed by the thirteen vicars choral, and two boys with censers. The dean and archdeacon, with several prebendaries, came next, one of them carrying the pyx, or portable shrine of Ethelbert, king of the East Angles. These were succeeded by the bishop's confessor or penitentiary, and five canons, bearing relics and crucifixes, behind whom a rich canopy, roofed with silk, and plumed at the corners, was borne up by six clerks, and under its protection a priest held, resting on a cross-bar, a massive pyx, topped with a golden sun, which contained the Host or consecrated wafer. This canopy was steadied by silken cords attached to the roof, which were held by the seneschal of the city, Sir Richard Aster, Sir John Devereux, Henry Chippenham, George Bunyon, and others of mark and substance; and after it came Robert Bishop of Hereford, mitred and in full robes, supported on either side by the abbot of St. Peter's and the prior of St. Mary's, and followed by a train of ecclesiastics, among whom the monk of Llanthony, in his black robes, the Gray Friars, from their monastery near the bridge, and the Carmelites or White Friars, from the abbey of Ludlow, were the most conspicuous. These last were much favoured by the bishop, who had himself been one of their order. Many of these held large wax tapers in their hands, which the wind soon extinguished; but this had been provided against by a supply of huge torches on long poles, with large inverted cones placed a foot below the flame, so as to prevent grease or sparks from falling on the citizens who carried them. As the narrowness of the cloisters would have prevented great numbers from seeing the imposing spectacle at all, the procession issued from the principal gate of the palace at once into the churchyard, and passed round it in solemn order, all present falling on their knees as the Host went by; then re-entering the palace, the clergy filed slowly through the cloisters, while the laity crowded and crushed each other in the deep Saxon portals which gave admission into the body of the cathedral.

The high altar blazed with light. Mass was celebrated with extraordinary splendour. Music and chanting, and the solemn responses of deep-toned voices gratified the ear, and the eye was dazzled by the gold and marble of the shrine, the rich robes of the priests, and the powerful array of the papal hierarchy. When the gorgeous service ended, leaving every heart impressed with awe, the bishop left his throne, and took his seat in an ancient episcopal chair, placed on the topmost step of the altar. His penitentiary stood beside him with a folio volume held open, the abbot and prior on his right and left, and, sloping

away from them to the farthest corner of the railed space in front, two dark rows of monks and clergy stood motionless in the form of a V, leaving the centre clear for the doomed heretic. The spectators beheld these preparations in profound awe; the usual rustling of a crowd ceased; they scarcely dared to breathe, and even when all was complete, the pause of expectation was painfully prolonged for several minutes, during which the bishop sat motionless, and the dark figures around him stood with heads bowed down and crossed hands, like monumental statues. At length he waved his hand; the sound of feet was heard at the church door, and presently Hugh Bainham, surrounded by vergers and sextons, was conducted like a criminal through the midst of the congregation. Glances of horror and loathing were cast towards him, beads were told rapidly, as if to guard against infection, and some threw curses under their teeth at the forlorn man; but he heard them not. His pale cheek was flushed, his eye fixed, and he passed through that ordeal of fierce looks and venomous tongues with utter unconsciousness. The vergers having placed him on the middle of the upper step outside the railing of the altar, with a low obeisance withdrew, and the student stood out alone in that vast cathedral, exposed to the full blaze of light, behind him a prejudiced multitude, before him the black array of his formidable persecutors. Perhaps some feeling of pity for his helpless victim touched the heart of Robert Mascall, for he whispered to the penitentiary, and the latter, addressing Bainham, gravely inquired if he had anything to say while it was yet time? With a great effort, Hugh cleared his throat, and answered in a low tone, "Nothing." The prelate immediately looked at the dean, who gave orders in a whisper to bring tapers. One of these was placed lighted in the hand of the bishop and of each ecclesiastic, while the officials extinguished the lamps and candles about the altar, and throughout the cathedral, leaving the remoter parts in absolute darkness. Even the railed altar-place had an ominous funereal look; the great bell, too, began tolling, as if for the dead, and terror was fast spreading among the female part of the congregation, when, to their great relief, the bishop's voice was heard breaking the strange and appalling silentness. By the authority of the most sacred names of the Virgin Mary, of St. Michael and the Angels, of St. Peter and St. Paul and the Apostles, of St. Stephen and the Martyrs, of St. Martin and the Confessors, of St. Mary Magdalene, St. Katharine, and all the Holy Virgins, he pronounced this sentence:

"We do excommunicate, damn, anathematize, and from the threshold of Holy Mother church sequester thee. And that those whom we have appointed to curse may be accursed within and without, be thou cursed, walking, sitting, standing, eating, drinking, waking, sleeping. Cursed be thou in city, in field and in forest, on land and on water. Cursed be thou in all thy limbs, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, and let there be no sound part in thee. Be thy lot with Dathan, and Abiram, and Nero, and Simon Magus, and Judas the Betrayer,—unless thou repent thee and come to correction. And as these candles be now extinguished," throwing his taper on the marble floor, "so let thy soul be extinguished in hell! Fiat, fiat, fiat. Amen."

"Fiat, fiat, fiat," repeated the Abbot of St. Peter's, casting his taper down.

"Fiat, fiat, fiat," rolled and echoed through the vaulted aisles, as all the monks at the same moment dashed their candles to the earth, leaving the vast church in utter darkness, while ever and anon the death-bell sent forth a stern and harrowing toll, as if for the burial of a lost soul. A scene of great confusion succeeded. Hysteric screams from women, cries of terror, and the overthrow of chairs and prie-dieus, in a general rush to the doors, showed the superstitious panic of the multitude. They struggled madly to get clear of the gloomy cathedral, where the horrid curse seemed hovering over them, and desperate injuries were received by the weak and feeble in the crush at the low-browed portals. At last the church was cleared, the clergy retired to the palace, the people to their houses, and the poor heretic, escaping all notice during the confusion, passed the bridge, and wandered about all night on the way to his home, a little stunned by the solemn curse, and sorrowful enough in heart, but still high in faith, and resolute to suffer all things for the truth.

The vigilant zeal of the monk of Llanthony, far from being satisfied by this check to the heretics, was but excited to fresh efforts against them. At early dawn he was on his road to the Abbey, and as he passed Oldcastle, there was a stern smile on his looks which boded no good to the inmates. For Bainham also had taken refuge there, and the old knight not only received him with a hearty welcome, but did much, by his utter scorn of the papistical censures, to reassure the less vigorous mind of the student.

"Let them curse away," he said, "and put out candles, and toll bells, and such like mummeries. It is but a contrivance of man, a bold blasphemy befitting the followers of the Beast, who, as you know well, had ever a mouth speaking great things. Care not for it, Master Bainham; it will but return upon themselves, and you have escaped right well out of the fiery furnace. For the present we can harbour at Oldcastle well enough, and Ralph Harpool is already on his way to Montgomery, where the Lord Powis will shelter us, I doubt not, in case of danger."

Cheering as these assurances were, poor Hugh had a grief they could not reach; for since all association, even by the nearest relatives, with an 'Excommunicated' was in itself a heavy sin and crime, he had determined never to see his mother or Gwyneth, while the fatal curse was upon him. He wrote a few lines to his mother, explaining why he was obliged to leave her without a farewell; that he had friends and resources to keep him from want, and that if he was in error, there could be little doubt that sooner or later he should be put in the right way. He could not tell her that his heart was fixed beyond the power of change, that a barrier was now between them, and that in all probability they would never meet again; but to Gwyneth, he felt that it must be said. His letter to her, together with the simple keepsakes she had given him in happier times, was found thrust under the door on the morning after the curse had been pronounced. What it contained she never told; she hid it in her bosom, and was absent about an hour, and when she returned, her whole

attention was given to soothe and soften the mother's clamorous grief, as though her own heart had been all at peace within. Afterwards she offered, of her own accord, to come and live at Clodock altogether. Mrs. Bainham's gratitude was extreme, and Gwyneth returned to Abergavenny to announce her intention. Dame Bridget, of course, denounced it as a mortal sin, and Griffith Howell stormed, and swore she should not go; but she persisted steadily in her purpose, and left her brother's house, so long her home, to live with Hugh's desolate mother, and be unto her as a daughter.

Meantime, Lord Cobham and his humble companion spent the day in conversing on the subject which lay at both their hearts, the spread of true religion in opposition to the papal corruptions. Innumerable were the old lord's stories of barefaced profligacy in monks and friars, more especially among the mendicant orders.

"Some heavy judgment," he said, "will surely fall upon them, for no common means can sweep away such a mass of sensuality and hypocrisy. Even Hercules cleansed the Augean stables not by his own strength, but by turning upon their putrid heaps the tide of a mighty river. And they that be not mere swine in the Church's heritage, are commonly bitter persecutors, like yon Father Paul of Llanthony. My shrift would be short, an he laid hold of me; for a more bigoted enemy of us Lollards, as they nickname us, lives not in England."

"Is not Oldcastle, then, too nigh Llanthony to be altogether safe?"

"I covet not the neighbourhood, be sure, Master Bainham, nor will remain longer than until Ralph returns with tidings. Yet this old house of mine has hiding-places, in case of need, that would baffle even Father Paul,—the which," he added, "it may be as well that you should know. So bring a torch, Owen," he called to his solitary domestic, "and we will show the secret place that you and I wot of and no living creature beside."

He took his guest down a rude flight of steps into a large cellar, and trundling aside an empty pipe, bid him observe a large stone with an iron ring in it. A good pull at this drew open a small door in the wall just large enough for one man to enter, and when Owen held the torch within, a cavern was visible of great might and extent.

"Where this cave may end none knows," observed Lord Cobham; "but it is large enough to hide an army of horse and foot that might win a kingdom. Therefore it may well serve you and me, Master Bainham, if need be;" and leaving Owen to replace the stone, they re-ascended to the old-fashioned hall, and concluded the day with a coarse but plentiful supper. The ancient domestic followed his lord to perform such services as he could, and to enjoy the open-hearted talk with which Sir John Oldcastle (as Owen always considered him) entertained his faithful retainer; but Hugh's sorrow fell heavy on him in the still hour of night, and he wandered about the passages, and sat on the stone steps, thinking with many tears of Gwyneth and his mother. He pressed his head against the cold wall in silent anguish, when a sound—a rustle, as of some one moving cautiously, arrested his attention. He heard steps approaching, and holding his breath as he lay crouching in deep shadow beneath one of the loop-holed win-

dows, he suffered the figure to approach. It came so close that its dress absolutely touched him. He looked up, but could not distinguish the features until the person drew a small lamp from under his sleeve, and carefully wrapping his robe round it, to prevent the light being observed, stole softly towards Lord Cobham's chamber. For a moment the full glare of the lamp had fallen on his face, and the student, with mingled terror and amazement, recognized the thin, stern countenance of the monk of Llanthony! He could hardly believe his senses, yet there was the black figure, squatted down like a toad, listening to the frank speech of the old lord with profound attention. In less than a minute it rose, and again on descending the stairs the light fell on its face. There could be no mistake; it was the monk himself, beyond all doubt, unless indeed, as the student for an instant imagined, it were the Evil One in his form, so unaccountable was his strange appearance at Oldcastle. Bainham, however, had courage enough to follow after the monk (if it were him) through the hall to the steps which led into the cellar; he then crept noiselessly down part of these, just in time to see the person already inside the secret door, and endeavouring to replace the empty pipe before it. The next instant the door closed, and all was dark. Convinced that what he had seen threatened imminent danger, Hugh ran up to his patron's room in breathless excitement at this important discovery. It was long before the stout knight would give any credit to the tale, and when at length Bainham's composed account forced him to believe it, he seemed far more enraged at the monk's audacity, than alarmed for his own danger.

"Why did ye not seize the villain spy?" he said, angrily. "An I had caught him prowling about in my own castle, like a beast of prey, it had gone hard with him, for all his frock and cowl. But there may be time yet," he exclaimed, suddenly starting up, "he cannot be far off in the cave, and may still before he bring the whole country on us. Bring torches, Owen, and follow me, Master Bainham. The monk may be taken in his own pit, and if he be, let him count on being a prisoner at Oldcastle on bread and water for a year at the least."

The torches were brought and lit, and within half-an-hour of the monk's mysterious visit, Lord Cobham and Hugh were eagerly tracking him through the cave. They passed through a lofty circular dome, which echoed sullenly to every footfall, into a long winding cleft, rugged with jutting rocks, which opened again on a subterranean hall of great extent, with a glittering roof of pendent stalactites. The footmarks of the monk, which had hitherto been their guide, were no longer visible on the rocky floor, and the pursuers would have been at fault, had not Bainham caught sight of a small piece of white parchment fixed in a cleft stick, and evidently placed in the rock as a guide. A little further observation showed that these marks were continued at certain intervals, and again they followed the monk's track with assured confidence, until it led them to a narrow ledge winding round a projecting mass of rock, beneath which was a gulf, seemingly of immeasurable depth, so faintly did the torch-light penetrate its thick gloom. Here they stopped to consult on their course, and the student remarked that the extent of the cave was evidently

very great, and in case their torches should fail the danger would be extreme. Would it not be better to return, at least for a supply of lights?

"Look ye, Master Bainham," said the stout knight, "it is plain enough that this villain monk has some way of his own into my very castle, and that these, his marks, will lead us to it soon or late. I will not go back a foot until I unkennel the crafty fox, and will peril life and limb thereon. But choose you to go or return as ye list."

Hugh immediately declared his readiness to proceed, suggesting that he had better at all events extinguish his own light as a measure of precaution, to which Sir John agreed as soon as the dangerous pass before them should be got over. Fixing their torches in their hats they clung to the rock with both hands, moving sideways, and placing each foot down with extreme wariness. Here and there a ledge particularly narrow, or a slippery place, or a bulge in the rock made their path one of imminent peril, and neither dared to cast one glance at the dark gulf below which gaped like the maw of some huge monster of the cavern opening to devour them. At length they got over safely, and proceeded on their search, the student raising his hands silently, as if in gratitude for their preservation, and the knight shaking his head with the remark,

"A perilous pass in sooth, and 'tis a marvel that a frocked monk would hazard it. Is it not strange, Master Bainham, that he was not suffered to slip into that black place there at once, instead of being left at large to hunt down the faithful? But doubtless he is a bold and zealous man, and it may be that boldness and zeal find favour even in an enemy of the truth, as they ever do here with noble and generous men."

With this half-christian, half-chivalrous observation, Sir John again led onward.

The way now ran down a succession of gentle slopes and abrupt descents, in some of which steps had been cut, in others rude ladders placed, and all so recently done, that the pursuers conjectured with some reason that the monk himself had only lately discovered the passage, and that his late visit to Oldcastle was probably his first. The secret therefore might still be kept if he were overtaken, and, animated by this hope, they pushed forward with renewed vigour. Two hours at the least had they been in the cave before they reached the end of their labours, in a wall which apparently prevented any further passage. But as it was clear that a door must exist in it somewhere, the student relit his torch, and both examined the stones with a minuteness which soon led to the desired discovery. A cross cut in one of the blocks drew their attention, and after a very few trials Lord Cobham succeeded in drawing it towards him; but he shut it again instantly, for the sound of music and chanting fell upon his astonished ear. Both listened with awe and wonder to the faint but well-known chant of the Te Deum, and Lord Cobham grasping his companion's arm, whispered in great excitement, "It is Llanthony. We are in the Abbey of St. John." As soon as the first feelings of amazement had subsided, the two adventurers resolved to return to Oldcastle across the mountains and not by the cave. At the same time,

to provide for all emergencies, one of the torches was put out and placed, together with the lighted one, in a recess among the rocks. They then opened the door cautiously, and stepping out, found themselves behind an image of St. John in a niche on the right-hand side of the grand entrance to Llanthony Abbey. It was midnight as the two descended into the inner inclosure, and gazed upon the lighted windows of the chapel on the north, and the dim seen mass of the western towers. The monks were all busy, the porter slept in his cell, and there they stood shrouded by the darkness of a December night in the very sanctuary of their enemies. Lord Cobham exulted in the thought.

"Ay," he exclaimed, more loudly than prudence warranted, "ye ravening wolves, your jaws shall not always tear and drink our blood like water. Here am I—I, Lord Cobham, the heretic, the man ye have hunted from house to house, put under ban, and condemned to the stake; yet here I stand free and unharmed, and will join in the very even song of Llanthony Abbey. You too, I bethink me," he said to Bainham, "are excommunicated also; let us laugh at their idle curses, and take part in the service of the church, in spite of them."

He joined in the chant for a while, but suddenly broke off with the exclamation, "What, if I nail my glove against their door for a testimony unto them that I have been here, and defy the pope and the devil, and all his works?"

"You will not do that, my lord," said the student, laying his hand on his arm; "you will not do so. It is the house of God, though they that dwell in it be unworthy."

"Well, well," replied the old lord, "I know not that it would be wrong, for there is warrant of custom for hanging up gloves in churches according to the law of arms. But monks doubtless cannot be challenged by a good knight and true, as is my endeavour to be, so let us climb the wall, Hugh, and cross to the castle, for we must be on our road to Montgomery before dawn."

This consideration hastened their movements to get clear of the Abbey inclosures, and ascend the mountain between them and Oldcastle; but Sir John could not resist turning round frequently, and shaking his fist at the lighted monastery below him, denouncing its inmates as a set of drones, or bloodthirsty persecutors, and declaring that the besom of destruction should yet sweep them all away. In due time they reached the house, made the necessary preparations in haste, and set off for Montgomery to seek the protection of the Lord Powis.

About noon of the same day a magistrate came with a party of soldiers to search the place, and was greatly disappointed at his want of success, though not nearly so much so as Father Paul himself, who had again traversed the cave and taken post at the secret door to intercept the fugitives, in case they attempted that outlet. He was not aware that his plots had been discovered; but Sir John, before he left Oldcastle, informed his trusty domestic of all that had occurred; and poor Owen was so haunted by a dread of seeing the black monk appear, that he took out the ring and fastened up the door with iron bars, so as to render it impossible for any one in the cave to open it.

Soon afterwards Father Paul disappeared, and was never heard of more. As he vanished on the 25th of January, which was the Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, the people universally believed that he had been taken up to heaven by his patron saint, on account of his superior sanctity, and long regarded his memory with extreme veneration. Some doubt, however, has been thrown on this version by the labours of Professor Beckwith, during his exploration of this remarkable cavern, in the last century. In one of the numerous passages which branch off from the main cavity, he found the skeleton of a man with part of a rusted lamp beside him, and some links of a knotted iron chain, like those used by ascetics for penitential girdles; and he conjectures that these are the identical remains of the monk of Llanthony. If so, he had probably gone on a recent expedition to Oldcastle, to see if Lord Cobham had retouched, had found the door immoveable from Owen's precaution, and on his return had either lost his way, or his lamp had burnt out by accident, so that he perished miserably of cold and hunger in the dreary cavern. How this may be it is not easy to say, nor has any effort been subsequently made to throw light on the subject. Indeed, the cave itself is at present unknown at Llanthony, though it would be such an attraction to the abbey visitors. But the tradition still exists in the country.

WHERE DWELLETH LOVE?

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Where dwelleth Love? in woman's eye,
When first to man it doth reveal
The timid conscious ecstacy,
The drooping lid would fain conceal,
How chasten'd its attemper'd fire
Reflected from the spotless mind,
Calm, gentle, freed from gross desire,
The *very* love that Heav'n design'd!

Where dwelleth Hope? in woman's heart,
When man that love doth truthful prove,
The rock on which she may rely
That storm nor tempest will untear,
Firmly her heart to his she binds
With bonds that never may be broke;
The ivy's slender, but it twines
The *strongest* round the mighty oak.

Where dwelleth Faith? in woman's eye,
When man deserts her in distress,
She turns it upwards to the sky,
Sure love, and hope, are *there* not vain.
No! the blest trio in her heart,
Alone have found their dwelling-place,
Thence, to her eye they do impart
The light, that lends it *all* its grace.

THE FIRST EQUIVOCATION.

"How well Miss Selborne performs her part," observed Melville, as the earl called you to his side, and you left her sitting by me at the other end of the room, she really summoned up as conscious and charming a blush as if I had been her betrothed lover in good earnest."

"Obstinate regard for truth!" repeated Melville. "O Clara, can truth be loved too well? are you right? am I right in leading this orphan girl to suppose that she is about to make an acceptable connexion, and then telling her that her feelings have been played upon, and restoring her to her original dependence?"

"I shall not restore her to her original dependence," replied Lady Clara; "it is my intention, when I come of age, to settle five thousand pounds upon her."

"Believe me," said Melville, "if she be the simple right-minded character you describe her to be, she will scorn to accept of money as an equivalent for the wrong that has been done her; I cannot proceed in this business, Clara, I must resume my former reserve and distance to Miss Selborne."

Lady Clara sobbed, upbraided, and declared that she was undergoing a fitting punishment for her neglect of her dear uncle's wish to unite her to his son; and Melville, who had been previously softened by her beauty and affection, was now so grieved by the sight of her distress, and so fearful of losing her, that he reluctantly promised to let events take their course, and still to visit at Berkeley-square in the character of Georgina's lover. Melville was determined, however, no longer to play his part with the animation of the preceding evening. On this and on several succeeding days he was merely courteous and obliging to Georgina, but his manner had not the effect of awakening her suspicions. Georgina was truly humble-minded; she considered that Melville, by offering her his hand, had given her the greatest proof of affection that it was possible for him to bestow; she did not expect flowery speeches or poetical quotations from him; she had a very ignoble opinion of her own personal charms, and had she been told of her bright eyes and blooming cheeks, would have repaid the compliment either with laughter or censure. She was also, like most good and amiable people, of a very unsuspicious nature, and when she occasionally saw Melville directing admiring glances at Lady Clara, or observed him

(Continued from p. 336.)

listening with evident interest to her remarks, she imputed the former circumstance to the natural pleasure which all men feel in gazing on a beautiful object, and the latter to his regard for Lady Clara as the friend of his betrothed, and his respect for her as the mistress of her uncle's establishment. Lord Maplebury too was well pleased; like most elderly men, he thought love-making "very silly," and was glad to escape from the necessity of witnessing it; the general conversation was not interrupted by any secret whispers of Melville to Georgina, and the newly-discovered wit and talent of that young lady greatly improved the liveliness of the family circle. There was one frequent guest, however, whose eyes were quick, and whose penetration was vigilant. Mrs. Edgington, like Georgina, judged of other people by herself, and the consequence was, that she always judged very ill of them; she noted every glance exchanged by Melville and Lady Clara; she observed that Melville constantly asked for music, although his *fiancée* neither played nor sang, and that the songs with which he requested Lady Clara to favour him were all soft and tender canzonets, although that lady was known to excel in showy and scientific airs.

"All things seem to go on very well with our young couple," said the earl to Mrs. Edgington one morning.

"I am glad your lordship thinks so," Mrs. Edgington replied, with a marked intonation of voice which signified that *she* did not think so.

"No lover's quarrel, I hope," said the earl.

"Neither quarrel, nor love exists between the parties, as far as I can discern," answered the lady.

"What then can be the motive of Mr. Melville in coming here so constantly?" asked the earl, knitting his brows.

"Is there not a young lady in the house far more attractive and desirable in every respect than Miss Selborne?" asked Mrs. Edgington in return.

"Surely you do not imagine," said the earl, "that Mr. Melville has the presumption to lift his eyes to my niece."

"Presumption is very apt to increase where it meets with encouragement," said Mrs. Edgington. "I am an acute observer, my lord, as your late dear countess often did me the honour to tell me; I believe that Lady Clara has introduced Melville as the lover of Miss Selborne, in order that she may receive his addresses as her own lover."

"Impossible," said the earl, "Lady Clara is thoroughly well-principled."

"I would not give much for the principles of any lady when a lover is in the question," said Mrs. Edgington; and no doubt she spoke according to her own experience.

"I wish Lord Derwent were here," said the disconcerted peer.

"So do not I, under present circumstances," replied Mrs. Edgington; "were Lady Clara indeed separated from Melville without having her pride wounded by the knowledge that such a separation was caused by your acquaintance with her attachment to him, I think Lord Derwent might offer his assiduities with success."

"But how can I separate Lady Clara from this presuming young man, except by forbidding him my house?" said the earl.

"Does not your lordship feel very much exhausted by your parliamentary duties, and the fatigues of the London season?" inquiring Mrs. Edgington; "you certainly are looking very unwell."

"Do you think so, indeed, Mrs. Edgington?" asked the earl, evidently in great alarm; "then I must have immediate advice; my health is of far more consequence than the affairs of Lady Clara."

"I do not exactly mean what I imply," replied Mrs. Edgington, with difficulty suppressing a smile, "for I am happy to say I never saw your lordship in apparently better health; but it is very natural that your constitution should be impaired by your senatorial exertions, —(the earl's senatorial exertions principally consisted in going to sleep!)—there can be nothing surprising in your sending to-morrow for Sir Benjamin Blandly, and there can be nothing more easy than that I should have a few minutes' conversation with him before he sees you, and represent to him that your spirits require change of scene, and that he would be really conferring a benefit on you by ordering you to Paris; when there, Lord Derwent can easily join you and Lady Clara."

"Mrs. Edgington, you are a clever woman," exclaimed the earl in an emphatic tone.

Mrs. Edgington bowed and smiled; it was a compliment she had frequently received; artful women are generally deemed clever by those who, like the earl, are very mean judges of real intellect.

The next day, Mrs. Edgington came, Sir Benjamin Blandly came; Mrs. Edgington and the earl had a short conference after the physician's departure, and finally Mrs. Edgington made her exit, and Lady Clara was summoned to the presence of her uncle. Lady Clara, like all people who have something to conceal, generally felt nervous when required to wait on the earl in private: she entered flushed and trembling. Lord Maplebury was extended on the sofa wrapped in his dressing-gown, trying to look very languid, and very interesting.

"I am afraid you are not well, my dear uncle," said Lady Clara with real feeling, for the earl had one of those tough rigid constitutions which never seem affected by anything; and people who are rarely ill have always the satifaction of being sincerely pitied when they are so, while confirmed invalids, who actually deserve pity, are sure to be told that "they would be a great deal better if they only tried to exert themselves."

"I am very ill, Lady Clara," said the earl, in a faint tone, exactly like that of Ailwould, in 'Dr. Last in his chariot,' "I am a victim to my exertions in the house, and Sir Benjamin Blandly has candidly confessed to me, that nothing will benefit me but an immediate visit to Paris; you will be able, I trust, my dear niece, to make preparations for our departure without delay."

"Assuredly, my dear uncle," said Lady Clara, "and although grieved for the cause of quitting London, I shall be very happy to see Paris."

"It is not the season," said Lord Maplebury, "but I hope you will not find it very dull. My friend Lord Elvington and his daughters

are in Paris, and will remain there for some time, therefore you will not be without female companionship.

"You are very kind to think so much of my comforts, but I never seem to require any female companion while I have Georgina to bear me."

"Surely you would not think, Lady Clara, of taking Miss Selborne away from her affianced lover?"

"Certainly not; but what need prevent Melville from accompanying us? He has no avocations in London since he has refused to accept your kind offer of patronage till his marriage has taken place with Georgina."

"I know he has," Lady Clara, and this, and some other circumstances, have given rise to reports in the world that Mr. Melville does not really intend to marry Miss Selborne, but has had audacity to raise his views to Lady Clara Ludlow."

Lady Clara took up the salts which the gentleman ostentatiously placed on the table by his side, to sustain his character as an invalid, and was really affectedly glad of their aid, for she felt on the brink of fainting.

"Do not agitate yourself, Lady Clara," said the gentleman condescendingly; "I do not tell you that I believe in this idle report, on the contrary, I think Mr. Melville is very well conducted and respectable a young man that I can hardly imagine he could be guilty of such presumption, as the voice of society attributes to him; but it is well to disprove such rumours before they gain ground, and Sir Benjamin Blandly's mandate that you should visit Paris must be complied with, to the letter, as to the means of doing it. Nothing can be more natural than that you should accompany your uncle and guardian, and that Miss Selborne should remain behind to receive the addresses of her lover."

"But surely, surely Georgina Selborne, at twenty-two, is old enough to reside in this house when it is merely occupied by servants, and receive the visits of her lover alone."

"Pray, Lady Clara, do not think me so censorious as to believe that I should scruple, for a moment, to think of sanctioning anything so very improper. I can imagine that very few people have so accurate a sense of what is due to the delicacy and dignity of the female character as myself, but Miss Selborne is fortunately blessed with a most respectable chaperon in Mrs. Bridgington, who has kindly offered to take up her abode in Berkeley Square, and to be with her during the absence of her uncle."

"But my dear uncle does not wish me to observe so rigorously the rules of society, which are always the result of mature and careful deliberation; I feel exhausted, and am inclined to sleep, so have the kindness to ring the bell, and I will order my maid for the purpose of showing the poor Indian, who is under my protection, to his room."

Lady Clara could not avoid complying with this very plain hint, and rang the bell, and sought Georgina to speak upon the theme which, however, who could not understand all the reasons that her cousin had for depression of spirits, did not seem half so unhappy on the occasion as Lady Clara thought she ought to be.

"Courage, dearest Clara," she said, "our separation will only be

for a short time, and then, how happy will be our meeting! The period is not far off when you will gain liberty, and I shall rejoice to see you, and, strange to say, I think I do not feel quite so happy in the contemplation of regaining the chains of the married woman, as pleasure in the anticipation of shaking off those of the minor."

"I have said quite superseded friendship in your heart, Georgina," said Lady Clara, with pique.

"Do not say so, my dear, dear cousin; I would by any device prevent this separation, but I could not, my utmost diligence to do it, but Lord Mapleberry has had his way all his life, and in the present age it is useless to expect that any consideration of the comfort of others would induce him to forego it. He was kind in permitting me to be a member of his house under any circumstances, and I cannot expect that he will do me the favour to take a lady of fashion, especially when he must feel that my society would, of course, be a loss of time in waiting; but, dear Clara, why do you so obstinately? Deeply and truly as I have always been sensible of your affection for me, I had no idea that a passing separation from me would so acutely grieve you."

"Your feelings are, of course, different, Georgina; I cannot be in the enjoyment of all that you consider valuable," replied Lady Clara, "but of this you would, I am sure, neither disbelieve or blame me, if I attempted to deny that Melville holds the first place in my heart, but after him, who can for a moment compete with my beloved friend and cousin? Certainly not Mrs. Edgington, who has to be indicted on me as a constant chaperon."

"Is Mrs. Edgington, then, said Lady Clara with energy, justly suspected by that tenacious old lady who originated the vile report of her reception of Mr. Melville?"

"I think she is dangerous, Georgina, but she is so very perfectly unprincipled, either when she gossips about her absent friends, or loads her present ones with flattery, that few persons dislike such sycophantic manners so much as I do. Zimmerman tells of a lady, who could not endure the feeling of silk on her skin, and shuddered when touching the velvet or skin of peach; I am almost inclined to believe she must have been an ancestress of mine, for my judge, therefore, whether I can look with any complacency on the prospect of receiving Mrs. Edgington as a visitor at that of my sincere and faithful Clara; it is truly like the commerce of the poor Indian, who gives the pure gold dust for glass beads in return; we shall, however, cannot labour long, and although neither you nor I have a house in Berkeley square, we shall, ere long, have homes of our own, where delightful people shall be welcomed, and from whence all disagreeables shall be banished."

"What dresses would your ladyship wish me to put up for you?" said Lady Clara's *soubrette*, entering the room, and displaying her white teeth in the broadest of all possible smiles at the thought of going to Paris.

"Can I offer you any assistance in your arrangements, my dear Lady Clara?" asked Mrs. Edgington, following her closely, and smiling with equal satisfaction at the prospect of being domesticated

in Berkeley-square, ordering her own dinners, and driving about in a coroneted carriage. Lady Clara was obliged to exert herself to give a few needful directions, and she wished for, yet dreaded, the hour of dinner. "What will poor Melville say to this sad intelligence?" she thought.

The dinner was announced at the usual time to be on table. Lady Clara had been in the drawing-room at least half-an-hour.

"Do you not wait for Mr. Melville, my lord?" she said.

"Mr. Melville is not coming to-day, Lady Clara," said the earl; "I sent him a short note in the morning, saying that indispensable business would prevent us from having the pleasure of receiving him as usual at dinner. Leave-takings are very unpleasant things; when Mr. Melville pays his customary morning visit to-morrow, we shall have departed for Dover."

Lady Clara retired early to her chamber, and added a new link of degradation to those that she had already woven for herself: she wrote a letter to Melville, arranging a plan of correspondence with him while she was abroad, which could only be effected by the inclosure of his letters to her smiling familiar attendant. Ladies' maids, whether in plays, novels, or real life, are generally willing to receive letters under cover, if they are handsomely rewarded for it; and the individual in question, who had been long, in her secret musings, extremely angry at her young lady's perfect independence of her assistance, very readily promised her good offices, and added her voluntary opinion, that "Mr. Melville was the sweetest gentleman she had ever seen in her life, and that it would be a scandalous shame that he should be thrown away on Miss Selborne!"

A fortnight after these events, Lady Clara was sitting alone in a magnificent apartment at a first-rate Parisian hotel; she held in her hand a letter from Melville, it was the second she had received since her departure from London; the first had been full of regret and complaints at her absence, the second she did not like so well.

"I visit daily in Berkeley-square," wrote Melville, "to prevent any suspicion arising of our deception, which might involve you unpleasantly with the earl. Mrs. Edgington will, of course, inform him of my unabated attentions, and he will doubtless conclude, that the rumour which induced him to hurry you away from London was idle and unfounded, and may feel disposed to accelerate the wished-for period of your return. In the meanwhile, I pass my time as pleasantly as it is possible to do in your absence; Miss Selborne is an extremely agreeable companion, well read, and possessing an amazing fund of intelligent and entertaining conversation."

"It is all too clear," thought Lady Clara; "he has forgotten me, and is becoming attached to Georgina; and can I wonder at it? who could resist the power of her unrivalled conversation? But why was he ever exposed to her attractions? because, contrary to his own inclinations, I allured him into the path of deception, and persuaded him to feign an affection for her which has now become too real. Had I at once confessed the truth to my uncle, what should I have had to fear? a separation from Melville till the time when I became mistress of my own actions; now, I undergo the same trial of separation with-

out the consolation of reflecting on the constancy of my lover. He is happy in the presence of the talented and warm-hearted Georgina, and it is entirely owing to my agency that he ever knew her otherwise than as a reserved and unattractive girl. O how fatal are the consequences of a first equivocation!"

Soon came a letter from Georgina to Lady Clara; it was still less acceptable than that of Melville.

"Much as I feel your loss, dearest Clara," she wrote, "I have every reason to be grateful for the happiness I enjoy. I am sure that vanity does not deceive me, when I say that I am daily becoming more dear to my beloved Melville; he comes to visit me with delight, and leaves me with regret; nay, so late does he prolong his stay in the evening, that even the courteous, obsequious Mrs. Edgington is obliged sometimes to adopt the fashion of your uncle the earl, and cast an admonitory glance on the little French time-piece on the mantel-shelf. All would be *couleur-de-rose* with us, did not the absence of dear Clara cast a dark shade over the prospect. Melville and I often speak of you, and if we do not make you our constant theme, you will, I am sure, pardon us, when you reflect how much we have to say to and of each other."

Lady Clara received several more letters from Melville and Georgina in a similar strain; she felt thoroughly unhappy, and her trials were increased rather than lightened by the arrival in Paris of Lord Derwent; he was an exceedingly silly, selfish young man, a *gourmand* and a gamester, and she constantly, while conversing with him, thought of Melville's fine understanding and excellent principles, and contrasted her situation with that of Georgina Selborne. The Earl of Maplebury was in very good spirits; he was fond of his son, and glad to have him near him; he liked Parisian cookery and public gardens; he fancied that Lady Clara could not be otherwise than gratified with the attentions of her cousin, and he resolved that he would not take her to England before the completion of her majority, because Lord Derwent dutifully and respectfully assured him that "although he did not mind wasting a little time talking nonsense to Clara in Paris, he certainly should never dream of pursuing her through the mists and fogs of a horrid English climate."

Six weeks after the departure of the earl and Lady Clara for Paris, Georgina Selborne was sitting in the drawing-room of Berkeley-square; she was alone, it was just noon, but Mrs. Edgington had already gone out for the morning. That thrifty and managing lady possessed in a high degree the faculty termed by the Americans "seizing a privilege;" her residence at Lord Maplebury's house placed a carriage at her command, she had an acquaintance with various families in the villages round London, and she deemed that by paying morning visits to them in a coroneted carriage, she should greatly enhance her consequence in their estimation, and gain a warm welcome to their houses, when her duties in Berkeley-square as a chaperon were at an end. Consequently she had devoted this morning to a dozen most delightful and respectable families resident at Highgate, Hampstead, and Hendon, and had courteously hoped that Miss Selborne would have the kindness to excuse her till dinner, which Miss Selborne with equal courtesy assured her she would very readily do.

Melville arrived; he had brought a Review to read to Georgina, she expressed opinions somewhat differing from it, and entered into a discussion on modern literature, at once brilliant and solid.

"What talents you have for conversation, Georgina," exclaimed Melville with irrepressible ardour.

"Have I?" she replied; "I am sure if such be the case, I have reason to feel truly grateful for the gift, for I have not talent for anything else. I was placed at an expensive establishment for young ladies, for my father was rich in the days of my childhood, but no power of instruction could bestow accomplishments on me; I had no ear for music, I had no eye for drawing, I was an ungraceful dancer, I could not even achieve the brilliant mysteries of fancy work, I was sure to count my threads wrong in a tent-stitch rug, and to stick my gold paper on a needle-book in a line like anything but one straight beauty. I could certainly talk with fluency, and spite of my deficiencies considered me quite a De Staël, and I am sure would have sanctioned my imitation had I thought fit to follow the example of that celebrated lady in swilling a glass of laurel in my fingers while I was speaking. I was also much caressed and flattered by friends and acquaintance, but I may say of my triumphs in society, as poor Ophelia of her vows, they withered all when my father died. I experienced every kindness, indeed, from my cousin Clara, but she had no house of her own, and could only offer me an asylum in that of her uncle. I found that Lord Maplebury considered me as an intruder, and I was determined that he should not detect me a forward and presuming one; my spirit recoiled from the idea of being supposed to be a husband-hunting adventuress, accordingly I was silent to the earl and his visitors, and only conversed freely when alone with Clara. "It is a marvel to me, Melville, how you ever fell in love with me."

"Can anything be a marvel to a young lady of Georgina's intellectual acquirements?"

"Yes, it is an inexplicable marvel. I do not think you had ever heard me utter a regular sentence? I know I am very plain, and my fear of incurring the earl's sarcasms on city finery, had made me singularly sombre and matronly in dress. I am fully aware that Clara was continually praising me to you; doubtless she told you that I was the best and most amiable of girls, and that I was extremely clever and well informed; but still I cannot account for your sudden captivation. Good and amiable girls abound in every street and square in London, and although clever and well-formed ones are somewhat more rare, it is strange to be willing to take these qualifications upon trust, and not to be anxious to have half an hour's conversation with a clever young lady before declaring your affection for her through the medium of a third person."

"Georgina, you probe me to the heart; I will confess all—I did not love you when you were informed that I did."

"Nay, Melville, you are jesting; an heiress like Clara may receive overtures from suitors who have no real affection for her, but what motive could you or any one have to feign a regard for a plain portionless girl like me? you could not at the time you made known to Clara your attachment for me, have even anticipated the earl's kind offer of a place under government."

"Georgina, I never made known my attachment for you to Clara; I loved Clara, and her aunt, Lady Maplebury, overheard me speaking to me in encouraging terms, and she persuaded me to concur in her representation that I was soliciting her for her interest to obtain your favour; I wished here to admit you into her confidence, but I refused to do so. I am now in secret correspondence with her."

Georgina drew a long breath—she seemed unable to speak—she concealed her face with her hands.

"I have acted an unmanly, dishonourable part," pursued Melville, "but I am sufficiently punished for it. I now love you, Georgina, better, far better than I ever loved Clara; I can never unite myself with her; my fate is in your hands,—do not discard me, do not despise me."

Georgina fixed an intense glance at Melville for a moment; her features were pale and rigid as those of a marble statue; she rose, and with slow and tottering steps quitted the apartment. Melville was too much awed by her manner to make any efforts to detain her, but, in a few minutes, rang the bell, and requested the servant to inform Miss Selborne that he was desirous of seeing her. The answer he received was that Miss Selborne was indisposed, and begged not to be disturbed, and he took his departure, trusting that the presence of Mrs. Edgington would prevent any scene at dinner, and that in the course of the evening he should be able to soothe the displeasure of the justly-offended Georgina. Five minutes before seven, he entered the drawing-room in Berkeley-square: Mrs. Edgington was sitting there alone, looking very much disconcerted and out of humour.

"Is Miss Selborne better?" asked Melville, in some trepidation.

"I presume," replied Mrs. Edgington, coldly, "that you can afford some clue to Miss Selborne's very unaccountable conduct. I did not return home till six o'clock, and then I found that she had left the house!"

"Left the house!" repeated Melville in dismay.

"I am informed, by the servants," continued Mrs. Edgington, "that soon after your departure this morning, Miss Selborne packed up the two trunks which contained all her possessions, sent for a hackney coach, had them deposited within it, and directed the coachman in what manner where to drive. She left a note for me, which I suppose will show you."

Melville took the note with a trembling hand, and read as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Edgington,—Circumstances have suddenly arisen which render it necessary that I should leave this house, not only for a time but for ever; do not make any endeavours to discover my retreat; I am going to the house of a person unknown to any one here.

"Yours truly,

GEORGINA SELBORNE."

"What can all this mean?" asked Mrs. Edgington, "can you tell?"

"Alas! I can tell too well," said Melville, "Miss Selborne is right in resenting my conduct; I alone am to blame. O why should the innocent suffer for the guilty?"

"Why, indeed?" said Mrs. Edgington, "I am sure, I, who in

innocence itself, am a sad sufferer by this unfortunate business; I can now have no pretence for continuing in Berkeley-square; it is a terrible thing to break up a peaceful domestic establishment in this manner. I suppose, Mr. Melville, this is the last dinner we shall ever eat together."

"Dinner!" ejaculated Melville, casting a look of horror and contempt on the deserted chaperon, "I can think of nothing, wish for nothing, but the recovery of my lost Georgina."

And Melville, without the ceremony of bidding farewell to Mrs. Edgington, made a hasty exit, to inquire of every one within and without the household, if they could identify the hackney coach in which Georgina had taken her departure; but his inquiries were ineffectual; the very smart gentleman in orange and silver to whom Georgina had delegated the ignoble commission of fetching it, had transferred the task to a small stable-boy, who, when interrogated, candidly acknowledged that "although he could read print a little, he could not tell how to read numbers." Mrs. Edgington descended alone to the dining-room.

"I just sit down as a matter of form, Thompson," she observed to the butler, "but my mind is so distracted with anxiety about Miss Selborne, that I do not suppose I shall be able to touch a morsel."

Mrs. Edgington, however, did full justice to the banquet, fortified herself with an additional glass of champagne, and then, drawing a veil over her turban, ran into the house of a gossiping dowager who lived next door, and gave her the honour and pleasure of being the first person to whom a communication was made of the mysterious events of the morning.

Mrs. Edgington wrote publicly to the Earl of Maplebury, and Melville privately to Lady Clara Ludlow. Melville's letter was reproachful; he avowed his affection for Georgina, and censured Lady Clara with severity for having compelled him to become an actor in her drama of deception. Lady Clara was taken ill immediately after her perusal of it; her illness turned to a fever; her life was despaired of. The Earl of Maplebury lamented that she was not of age to make a will, and Lord Derwent remarked that fevers were very often contagious, and that he should take the opportunity of going to stay with a friend at Versailles. It was many weeks before Lady Clara recovered her health.

"Your ladyship will attain your majority in a fortnight," said the earl, "where would you wish to spend your birth-day?"

"Most decidedly in London," was the reply of Lady Clara.

Lady Clara settled accounts with her guardians, and found that her income was still larger than she had anticipated; she engaged a furnished house, and immediately removed to it; her great aim and object now was to discover the retreat of Georgina, and she thought she was in possession of a clue to it. The mothers of Lady Clara and Georgina had been sisters and co-heiresses; each bestowed herself and her fortune very badly: the eldest married a mercenary nobleman, whose contempt and neglect of her broke her heart; the youngest a speculative merchant, who aspired to be a Crœsus, and ended by becoming a bankrupt. Mrs. Selborne died in the anticipation of her

husband's misfortunes; he himself died a few weeks after their realization, and Georgina was cast on the mercy of her family and friends. The relations of the late Mr. Selborne were in a class of life which Lady Clara had been accustomed to consider decidedly ignoble; she had never seen any of them, but she had heard Georgina speak of two brothers of the name of Ridley, first cousins to her father, one of whom was a clerk in a counting-house in the city. Thither Lady Clara drove, and received information from Mr. Ridley, with his pen behind his ear, that Miss Selborne had been staying for some weeks with Mr. Thomas Ridley at Walworth. Lady Clara obtained the direction of the house, and proceeded on her way to it, her active imagination conjuring up images of poverty and deprivation; she fancied that Georgina, shattered in health and spirit-broken, was in want of the common necessaries of life, and the locality through which she drove did not tend to enhance her estimation of the advantages of her cousin's new residence. When the carriage, however, stopped at a row of small houses, the third of which was in the occupation of Mr. Thomas Ridley, Lady Clara saw that she had nothing to fear from any of the outward horrors of poverty, for no mansion in the Regent's Park could be brighter and neater than the house which she was entering, although it only contained six rooms, and they were little larger than closets. Lady Clara was informed that Miss Selborne was in the back parlour,—and here again her melancholy anticipations of want were not realized; a fire burned brightly in the little grate, a canary-bird was singing merrily from a gilt cage, and some late autumnal flowers were placed in painted jars on the mantel-shelf. Georgina, in a lavender mousseline-de-laine dress and cottage cap, did not look at all altered by her late trials; probably she would have alleged, as a reason, that her eye had no brightness, and her cheek no colour, to lose; she was sitting at a table reading, with five or six books before her, for Georgina, in common with the late Mrs. Hemans, and I believe most other clever people, was seldom contented with a single book, unless she had several others within her immediate grasp. On the entrance of Lady Clara, Georgina prepared to address her with distant coldness, but the sight of her cousin's altered appearance softened her feelings towards her. Lady Clara, to use a hackneyed but expressive phrase, "had become the shadow of herself;" her sparkling eyes were dimmed, her rich bloom had disappeared, and her rounded figure had become wasted and fragile.

"My dear Clara," said the ever truth-speaking Georgina, "how sadly you are changed!"

"Not sadly, Georgina," replied Lady Clara; "if I am changed for the worse in person, I trust I am changed for the better in mind. I sincerely repent of my base and unfeeling conduct towards you; can you forgive me?"

"I can and do," replied Georgina; "but O, Clara, it has been a heavy trial to me to reflect that you, whom I so loved and trusted, should, day after day, have suffered me to buoy myself up with hopes which you knew to be without foundation."

"I feel that my conduct was inexcusable," said Lady Clara, "but it has been bitterly lamented by me, Georgina; and I have, as far as

possible, atoned for it. When I recovered from the long and dangerous illness under which I have been suffering, I confessed everything to the Earl of Maplebury, and he has felt more sympathy in your wrongs than you would expect from one of his cold and cautious character. I now seek you out, tell you of my penitence, and intreat you to share my home,—do not refuse my request."

"I can never share your home, Clara; indeed, the day after to-morrow, I leave the worthy couple with whom I have been staying, to reside as companion with a lady in declining health, to whom I hope my society may be a comfort; but I wish to prove to you that I bear no resentment for the past. I will, if you please, come and spend the day with you to morrow."

"Most happy shall I feel to welcome you," said Lady Clara, and the cousins embraced, and separated.

That evening Lady Clara wrote to Melville, requesting him to call upon her early the next morning; she had not seen him since her arrival from France. Melville came, and Lady Clara immediately dispatched her carriage to Walworth for Georgina; the conversation that took place between the lady and gentleman was interesting and important, but when Miss Selborne arrived, Lady Clara received her alone.

"Before we speak of other matters, Georgina," said she, "let us transact a little necessary business; it had always been my intention when I came of age to beg your acceptance of a trifling portion. I now find that I am richer than I surmised; the documents (as I believe the lawyers call them) that I hold in my hand are the title-deeds of an estate, producing about six hundred a-year; oblige me by receiving them."

"Pardon me, Clara," said Georgina, as she resolutely drew back from the offered parchment, which most portionless girls would have grasped as eagerly as if it had been the elixir of life, "I cannot accept anything of you but your good wishes."

"Ought we not to forgive our enemies when they are penitent? does not every law, moral and divine, enjoin us to do so?"

"Unquestionably so; we should forgive them; and were it in our power to confer benefits on them, should cheerfully and readily do it; but no law, moral or divine, compels us to accept benefits from them."

"Would you accept the deeds, if Melville intreated you to do so?"

"I was in hopes that Melville would have been a prohibited subject between us."

"Nay, you have forgiven her who most culpably and unjustifiably projected the fatal deception which has cost you so much sorrow; should you not then forgive Melville, who was a remonstrating and reluctant party to it?"

"I do forgive him, but he can never regain his ascendancy over me."

"You will not, I trust, maintain that resolution," said Lady Clara; "but I do not know why I should plead for Melville, when he can so much better plead for himself." And as she spoke, she opened the door of an inner apartment, from which Melville entered; she then

quitted the room, and in a moment the sanguine lover was pouring forth to Georgina his penitence and his affection.

* * * *

How the invalid lady, with whom Georgina had promised to live as companion, supported her loss, I have never been able to ascertain; but certain it is that Georgina broke her engagement with her to enter into an engagement of a very different description with a very different person. A few weeks after the events took place that I have just recorded, a train of carriages, containing a wedding party, departed from the house of Lady Clara Ludlow, and the hero and heroine of the procession were Melville and Georgina Selborne. The stately Earl of Maplebury honoured the wedding by his presence, and whispered to the bridegroom, that although the piece of preferment to which allusion has already been made, was given away, another was awaiting his acceptance. The earl's condescension, however, did not entirely proceed from sympathy for Georgina, or regard for Melville; he wished to oblige his niece by patronizing her favourites, and he felt unaffectedly glad to get Melville married and out of the way, since he thought that no obstacle would then exist to Lady Clara's acceptance of the addresses of his son. Lord Derwent contrived to come over to our foggy climate to woo his wealthy cousin, but Lady Clara declined his proposals, and not his proposals only, but those of many "fair young knights," some of whom sincerely loved her for herself alone, independent of her large possessions.

Several years have passed since the happy union of Georgina and Melville. Lady Clara has regained her health and her beauty, but she has never regained her spirits or her happiness; she is determined to lead a single life, not because she deems a single life the wisest or best, but because her early expectations and wishes have been thwarted, nor can she blame any one but herself for their destruction. None can rival Melville in her imagination, none can equal him in her judgment; she remembers that he once truly loved her, and that he would ever have loved her had she proved herself worthy the affection of a true and honest man. She shows every mark of friendship and esteem to himself and his admirable wife; daily and fervently does she pray for their welfare and happiness, but the blessings that she wishes to them, she feels she is not destined to enjoy herself, and she ever bears with her the humiliating and mournful consciousness that her young heart has been blighted and her young hopes destroyed by the fatal effects of her First Equivocation.

SPENCER MIDDLETON; OR, THE SQUIRE OF RIVER HILL.[1]

BY GEORGE STANLEY, ESQ.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A quartette with many words, and full of wise saws and modern instances.

"WHAT do you templars talk about in your old hall? writs, captions, sheriffs' officers, and judges, with a small intermixture of circuits and hangings—I suppose," said Davis to Spencer Middleton, as they sat round the fire of the small retreat where Emily Middleton was dispensing tea to the tutor of St. Ethelred's, the embryo member for Riverley, and the future chancellor.

"Generally rather professional, especially in the jokes, but yet far from unpleasant, unless three brethren just come from 'Dooblin to ate their tarms,' form the mess with you, and make a point of discussing Trinity College, and the bogs of Connemara, with an earnestness and scientific knowledge which puts you quite in the background," replied Spencer.

"A legal pleasantry," said the tutor of St. Ethelred's, "is what I cannot realise to myself; it seems to me as unnatural——"

"As joking with Jack Ketch," suggested Davis.

"Nearly so."

"But what are legal pleasantries like, Spencer?" asked Emily.

"Like, Emily? like nothing but themselves, and too full of law and Latin to amuse a lady."

"Nay, nay, Spencer, I have not learned the Eton grammar, and looked out your words in Ainsworth for nothing," replied Emily. "It is but fair, now that I have done the hard work, I should share in the pleasure."

"But law Latin, Miss Middleton," suggested Hamilton, "is a language of its own, to be found neither in the Eton grammar, nor in Ainsworth."

"I must think of one not too technical," said Spencer.

"And while you are thinking, allow me to contribute my legal pleasantry," said Davis, with as meek a face as if he had never told a story before. The case was this; the dogs of one farmer, rather a sporting character, had made an inroad into the poultry-yard of another farmer, and destroyed and done to death several inoffensive fowls, a couple of pigs, and the farmer's wife's favourite cat, which had been educated among its feathered friends from a kitten. Well, the case came on for damages, and old Sergeant Wildman was for the plaintiff, and arguing, hot foot, on the enormity of the crime committed by the dogs on the fowls. 'Gentlemen,' he said, putting his hands under his gown and turning round like a pigeon when courting—'Gentlemen, I lay it down as an axiom that one man may not destroy the property of another with impunity.' Here the judge

* Continued from p. 306.

nodded, and the jury took a note of the axiom. 'Gentlemen,' continued the sergeant, 'I lay it down as an axiom—as an axiom, gentlemen of the jury, that mischief committed by a man's dog, is mischief committed by him,'—the jury took another note. 'Gentlemen,' continued the sergeant, 'I lay it down as an axiom, that if a dog,'—here the learned gentleman stopped, and his opponent rose, and with a bow to the judge, said in a mild tone, 'Will you permit me one word, Mr. Sergeant?' 'Well, sir,' said Wildman, turning round with a bold look. 'Considering the subject of the action, and the nature of the offenders, allow me to suggest to you, Mr. Sergeant—merely to suggest—that you lay the next down as a *dog*ma.' Poor Wildman never failed so grievously as after that suggestion."

"I am afraid my stories will want the honourable member's knack of relating," said Spencer, as soon as he could recover his breath after Tom's story; "but such as I can do, such shall you have them—and first, a common-law joke. You know the lawyer's method of contracting words in writing, as exors for executors, common for commission, and whas for whereas. Well, one Figgles, a silly fellow, with more money than wit, who had followed the law, but never come up to it, and given a pleader a hundred pounds, and then never looked at a book, a brief, or a short declaration, had a motion paper given him, to move for a common to examine witnesses. Down went Figgles—sat in court all day, and then just as the chief justice—it was old Ellenborough—was rising, jumped up, and asked his lordship for a common to examine witnesses. 'What, sir?' said Ellenborough. 'A common, my lord, to examine witnesses,' replied Figgles. 'Have you many, sir?' asked the judge, with a grave face. 'Yes, my lord, a good many, I believe.' 'Then take Salisbury Plain,' replied Ellenborough, amid a burst of laughter; and Mr. Figgles ran out of court with his first and last brief."

"If," said Davis, "the law is so intelligible, what will the Equity be?"

"Far less plain, indeed," replied Spencer. "I am puzzled how to make you understand the point. Did you ever see a bill in Chancery?"

"No," replied Davis, "but I've seen my tailor's bill."

"That won't help you much," said Spencer.

"I don't know, it cannot be longer, drier, or more unpleasant to the eyes," replied Davis.

"Well, well," continued Spencer, "if you will have the story, and would understand it, you must remember, that every bill in Chancery first tells its tale, and then anticipates the defence, under the form of pretences, which are followed by a set of interrogatories of the most searching nature, as to every part stated or charged in the bill, and then, after all, comes the prayer for relief."

"I know what you mean," said Hamilton; "a lot of queries, where a man is asked, if he did not on a certain day, or on some other and what day, do a certain act, or some other and what act, and when, where, and in whose presence he did the same, and if not, why not, and how he makes out the contrary thereof."

"Precisely, Gerard; but to my story. A bill was filed against a party to upset the will of an old man, on the ground of its having been obtained by fraud. Among the charges, was one that his housekeeper, in whose favour the will was, had influenced her master, and had been enabled to do so, by reason of her personal attractions. On this the interrogatory was in the old form, whether or not the said housekeeper had any and what personal attractions, and if not, why and how she made out the contrary; to which the counsel made her answer, that she believed she had some personal attractions, and especially a pair of blue eyes, a good set of teeth, a good figure, small foot, and long black hair, but that for greater security she craved to refer to the same when produced to this honourable court."

"Loses half its spirit in the translation," said Davis; "were these two the produce of to-day's dinner?"

"Far from it; nothing but that fagging case at Boxington, and Walker's attempted defence to-day—until I was quite tired of the old school."

"The cruelties of public schools will be their eventual destruction, and well would they deserve it, could any real compensation be discovered for the loss of so much good as is to be found in a public school education," remarked Hamilton.

"Surely, Mr. Hamilton, education can be carried on, and every benefit obtained, without that system of brutal torture, which seems always in so close attendance on the system of our public schools," said Emily.

"It ought to be certainly, Miss Middleton. Without discountenancing that kind of discipline, by which an untoward temper is taught to be amenable to general rules, and meanness, cowardice, and lying, are disciplined, if not eradicated, it is the duty of every master to punish with the utmost severity every attempt at wanton cruelty. The way by which it is to be done, is a matter of great difficulty."

"There was no cruelty at the old school in our time, Spencer," remarked Davis.

"What! not putting little boys inside the great fender, to toast rounds of bread within a couple of feet of a fire enough to roast a sheep?" replied Spencer.

"Neither very cruel nor wanton—preserved the youngster from getting mouldy when the beds were damp, and prevented the prefect from having a fit of indigestion through a new-bread breakfast."

"There is something in that, certainly, less cruel than hanging boys until black in the face for mere wantonness, and gratifying your passion by driving a fork through the back of a youngster's hand."

"The effect of these cruelties is too evident; day after day the public schools decrease, and unless we apply some violent remedy, we must eventually lose our greatest boast, a good classical grammatical education," said Gerard.

"But, Mr. Hamilton, is it so very certain that a grammatical education is the most useful? do not modern systems afford more knowledge in a shorter time?" suggested Emily Middleton.

"Undoubtedly they do; and for this reason, we philosophers of the nineteenth century object to the old system, for reason of the little

show and slow progress, and prefer a railroad to knowledge as well as to Edinburgh. We must have our children precocious, and the slow but sure road of grammar is sadly opposed to this."

"But surely, Mr. Hamilton," replied the fair questionist, "the amount of knowledge is a fair test of the machinery of a system by which it is obtained."

"The very fallacy of the present system of education," replied Hamilton. "The old system regarded the acquisition of knowledge through the medium of grammatical instruction, rather as a means of disciplining the mind, than of storing it with facts. The present system, on the contrary, looks on the amount of facts acquired by the child as the end of education, and estimates the progress of knowledge by the number of individual facts jumbled together in the mind."

"But to take one particular—such as music and singing,—how rapidly do young girls in these days outstrip us who were taught under the old system!" said Emily.

"And where can you find a better specimen, Miss Middleton, of the fallaciousness, the hollowness of the system? A lady is now taught singing, as it is called; and what is it? not the rudiments, the grammar of the science, but to sing a certain number of fashionable showy airs, one and all of which the pupil can sing well and correctly; but there the matter ends. Ask her to take a part in a glee, a catch, or a madrigal, and the answer is, she has never learnt it, because, instead of being taught her do, re, mi, she has been taught to sing 'We met,' and 'Non piu andrai.' Then as to playing, it is just the same; the pupil can play Figaro in three minutes and a half, and so can a barrel-organ, with a turnspit to turn the handle, with about the same amount of feeling, knowledge, and expression."

"You are rather hard on the young ladies, Mr. Hamilton," remarked Emily.

"Nay, nay, the fault is not theirs, it's divided between the mothers and the system, and the latter would die of inanition without the countenance of the former; perhaps they are the worst."

"On the principle of the receiver being worse than the thief, I suppose," suggested Davis, glad to get a word in edgeways, so that he did not shorten the remarks of the lady disputant.

"Precisely so," continued Gerard; "so fond are they of rivalling Miss A. or Miss B., that they sacrifice everything to show; and care little so that their Mary or Jane knows ten more songs than the Mary or Jane of Mrs. A. or Mrs. B. An elegantly-bound copy of 'I promessi Sposi' ornaments Mrs. Fiddledab's drawing-room table, and gives her the opportunity of observing to her friends, that her dear Jane is learning Italian under Signor Fantochini. 'You have been reading with the signor some time, I presume?' says Mr. Oldsystem. 'About a week,' lisps out Miss Jane. 'A week, and already in the Promessi Sposi!' 'O dear, yes, we began with that,' replies the pupil. Yes, the young lady is learning 'I promessi Sposi,' not Italian."

"Is it only the mothers and daughters who patronize this system, Mr. Hamilton? are the lords of creation quite exempt from similar failings?" asked Emily.

"Quite exempt—quite as bad as their wives. Whilst Mrs. Fiddledab's Jane is reading 'I promessi Sposi,' Mr. Fiddledab's Albert is reading the 'Prometheus Vinctus' instead of his grammar, and Horace, instead of Cordery or Eutropius, and looks down on the slow-plodding son of Mr. Oldsystem, who is still being grounded, and not able to show off in a crammed chorus. Well, Mr. Albert goes up to Oxford, and has a rather close shave in his matriculation examination, because the tutor puts him on in Euripides instead of Æschylus, and requires him to write a sentence of Latin, instead of Englishing a stanza of Horace. The tutor's system is, of course, at fault—not Mr. Fiddledab's. All this, however, is to be set right when the little-go comes on, as Mr. F., having the choice of his books, has no fear of astonishing the masters. Up he goes. Murders his Latin writing, because it is not crammable, and when started on a chorus in the Prometheus, first reads a sentence in Greek, and then dashes off a most flowery translation. 'Construe it, if you please,' says the examiner. Mr. F. in high dudgeon repeats his English. 'Word for word,' replies the examiner. To this Mr. F. returns a practical negative, gets plucked, and returns to college to read his grammar, at the sober age of twenty, under the direction of the slow-plodding, but unplucked son of Mr. Oldsystem."

"What a loss such beauties would be to the university!" suggested Davis.

"Loss! how a loss? rather, a gain," replied Gerard, rather snappishly.

"A great loss," reiterated Davis; "a loss of all pleasure to the examiners, and all fun to the under-graduates—a loss of that amusing class of men, who construe 'οἶδα Ἀθήνας,' 'I smell Athens,' and support the government, of the noun by citing 'Verba sensus, gaudent genitivo,' and convert 'Vere fabis satis,' into 'Verily, I am full of beans.'"

"Now, as I think Emily must admit that you have exposed the hollowness of the present railroad system, let me bring you back to the classical," said Spencer; "does it not seem to you that we consume too much time in obtaining a knowledge of the dead languages, when history, modern languages, the study of nature, and practical mathematics, would render us much more useful members of society?"

"The acquisition of knowledge is like the gaining of wealth," replied Gerard; "day by day we add to the heap a small piece, utterly unconscious at the time to what particular purpose each coin or so much of the aggregate will be applied, yet joyfully taking the addition, and increasing the general store. If nothing but practical knowledge, or rather *knowingness*, is to be the object of education, then the sooner the dead languages disappear the better. If, on the contrary, the cui bono is to wait for its answer until the completion of the education and discipline, and not *knowingness*, is to be the object of education, then retain them."

"It is not my own view," replied Spencer, "but that of the author of the Bubbles of the Brunnens."

"Surely, Spencer," replied Gerard, "without particularizing spe-

cial advantages, you must have forgotten in what tongue the Scriptures, and their earliest commentaries, were written, when you join with the old man of Nassau in his crusade against a classical education. As far as baths, promenades, Seltzer water, maid-servants, and *enfans trouvés* are concerned, the hero of Canada is no mean authority; but where schools and horses are to be discussed, give me one more acquainted with the bearing-reins of the one and the theory of the other."

"That reminds me of Doctor Jinks and the Hebrew," said Davis, catching at the opportunity for a story. "You remember Cooper, of John's—well, after he got his first, he read Hebrew, whilst he kept his master's term—queer language it is, all backwards. One day, Jinks asked him, rather sharply, why he did not write for the English Essay, and get the honour and forty pounds? 'Because, Mr. President,' replied he, 'my Hebrew pretty well occupies my time.' 'Hebrew—Hebrew,' said Jinks, 'what's the good of Hebrew to you, you're not going into the church?' 'No, Mr. President,' replied Cooper, 'but being very certain that my medical studies will very soon occupy all my time, I have devoted this leisure term to acquiring a slight knowledge of this interesting language.' 'Interesting,' growled Jinks; 'interesting; why there is not a book in the language worth reading.' 'I always thought the Bible was in Hebrew, Mr. President,' replied the bachelor. 'Of course, of course, Mr. Cooper—good morning;' and so saying, the sapient member of Golgotha shuffled away, with a maiden blush on his cheeks."

"I like your illustration, Davis, as it applies as well to the fallacy of placing means in the place of ends, as of not labouring at any occupation, the immediate benefit of which does not stare you in the face! that system of walking by sight and not by faith in matters of education."

"You allude, Gerard, to the principles on which men strive for honours, do you not?" asked Spencer.

"Certainly; that very vicious principle of regarding first and second classes as the completion of your hopes, and not as tests of what may be done in many other departments of knowledge, by one who has done so much or so little in this particular one."

"If some men knew how little the world knows about university honours," said Spencer, "they would hardly regard them as such an *ultima thule*. The first-rate scholar of the public school is but one of many first-rate scholars of his college, the best man of the college inferior to many other best men, and the much-envied class-man of the university but a drop amidst the ocean of able and first-rate men with which the world abounds."

"Now let me put that fine peroration into conversational language," said Davis, with a laugh. "Phillips and Crew were the sons of two neighbouring Cheshire squires, companions and cotemporaries at the hunt, the coursing meeting, school, and Oxford. The former was a harmless idler, the other one of that class who endeavours to combine the comforts and advantages of society with the benefits of reading—by-the-by, I wonder what the last are—but let that be. Crew got a quiet second. Phillips, after a difficult squeeze through Testamur Pas-

sage, made one of that class 'qui examinatoribus satisfecerunt'—what a pleasant delusion that satisfying the examiners is. Crew wrote to his father of his success, and at the same time Phillips's tutor informed his governor that his son had passed *respectably*. One day the governors compared notes, and when Crew's sire expressed his satisfaction at his son's second, his brother squire cut in with, 'A second, Mr. Crew! indeed I am very sorry; my son John has passed *respectably*, whilst poor Tom has only got a second—I'm really very sorry.' Such was the effect of a class on the Cheshire squire."

"Sir Vicary Gibbs," said Spencer, as soon as Davis had rounded off his story, "used to say, that 'when he gained his university honours, he thought he had done everything, expected every one to know who he was, recognize his claims to distinction, and rise when he entered a public place; but,' he would say, 'three years below the bar told me a different tale; and yet it gave me this consolation—that if I could obtain such honours in one study, why not in another? Why then despair?' He did not despair, and died chief justice."

"He got a first, and became chief justice; *ergo*," said Davis, "you, having a second, should secure a puisne judgeship at the least. Now keep that in mind, Spencer. Miss Middleton, write it out for your brother in large-hand, and hang it up over his dressing-table."

"I have plenty to remind me of the necessity of working," replied Spencer, "and—"

"A person, sir, has just left this note, sir, for you," said the servant, entering, and handing to Spencer a small dirty letter, sealed with the impression of a key. "He did not wait, sir, but told me to mind and give it you."

Spencer opened the letter, and after some trouble deciphered the contents. When he had finished it, his countenance seemed to indicate most mixed feelings—hope, fear, distrust, and yet credulousness.

"What is the matter, Spencer?" asked his sister—"a bill?"

"No, no, Emmy—no, no. But come, we must all consult; let me read the scrawl to you. It cannot be true—but yet it may: and now listen whilst I read its contents. The letter is badly written, and worse spelt, and indeed to read is easily said, but not so easily done; however, I think I have now mastered it," continued Spencer, as he proceeded to read out the communication, which was as follows:—

"'Sir, I b'lieve you to be a good man, and I know t'other squire's a bad 'un. he's play'd me a scaly trick, and i'll be even with 'im if you'll come forrard. he's no right to the state, as you know, and if You want to larn who stole *a will*, you may, by being at the pike in the Lundon road at six to-morrow night, and followering the man in a white coat as will say to you, has the Riverley coach gone through? Your friend, M. R.'"

"This is worth looking after, depend upon it Spencer," said Hamilton. "It always was my opinion that the squire, as he is now called, had a hand in stealing the will, and that he bought off his accomplice at the time when, you will remember, those respectable gentlemen, Perjury and Fence, tried to get you into a compromise."

"Surely, Mr. Hamilton, you would not advise Spencer to venture

on this meeting. May it not be some plot to trap him?" said our hero's sister, with a quickness of utterance that bespoke her fears.

"Nay, nay, Emily," replied Spencer, "it is no plot. I am not worth plotting against. I have nothing worth taking but my life, and that, as the advertisements say, is of no use to any one but the owner."

"And his sister," suggested Emily.

"Had you been in possession of River Hill, with no right but that given by the will, it might have been worth the trouble of the heir-at-law to get you out of the way before you could dispose of the inheritance; but when the heir is *in*, and the legatee *out*, the plot looks likely as against him, and very unlikely as against you," said Davis.

"But still," suggested Emily, anxious to put off the interview—"but still supposing the story of the will to be true, and that this friend M. R. will, for a consideration, reveal the name of the thief, where is the benefit, unless the will is discoverable? which, I suppose, is not likely."

"No; I should think that a man who had been scamp enough to steal the will, would have been shrewd enough to have burnt it," said Spencer.

"Yet, was it not once before offered to us," said his sister, "and refused?"

"That might have been the will; but as the holder would not show the contents before the price was secured, the chances against its being the true Simon Pure were too great to admit of the risk. This, however, looks more natural."

"But besides, Spencer, surely you can do much towards recovering the estate, even without the will. If you can but trace the robbery to the squire, the property comes down to you as next heir," said Hamilton.

"Ay, those dreadful 'ifs,' said Davis; "a sentence with an 'if' for its head is like a man on a sandbank—if it holds out, he's well off; if it does not, he's a few degrees worse than nothing."

"But yet," said Spencer, "supposing the 'if' to fail, the meeting can do me no harm; and if I do not come home with enough facts to hang my worthy cousin, I shall still come home to a cup of consolation from Emily's teapot."

"Then you determine to meet your friend?" asked Emily, with an appealing look.

"Certainly, come what may," replied Spencer.

"Certainly," said Gerard Hamilton.

"Of course," said Davis, "he will want a promise of money, which you will give, and will be able to afford if affairs come right; and, as Sir George Roberts observed to my dear opponent, the Honourable Under Secretary, you will both be equally pleased with your properties."

"The allusion requires explanation, Davis," said Spencer.

"Oh, don't you know Sir George, who came down from a chief baron, or some such tip-top place as that, to a junior, when his friends went out and he with them?"

"Ay, you mean from the woolsack to a chief baron," said Hamilton.

"Something of that sort. Well, Tom Mowbray, my right honourable opponent, meeting him at the Slow and Sure Club, began to twit him with his drop down in dignity.

"'Pooh, pooh, Mr. Mowbray,' said Sir George; "you and I are equally well pleased with our little properties.'

"'Properties!' said the honourable Tom?'

"'Yes, my judgeship, and your seat for Riverley.'

"'Oh, ah,' said the wise one.

"'The only thing is, we came to them by different means.'

"'Indeed!' said Mowbray.

"'Yes,' said Sir George. 'You took yours by *purchase*, I mine by *descent*.'

"'Ha! ha!' said the under secretary, as he walked to the other end of the club-room; 'ha! very clever, Sir George,' and then, *sotto voce*, "the impudent old Tory—descent—purchase—I wonder what he means!'"

"I hardly like this kind of introduction to my secret friend," said Spencer, as soon as he could bring down the corners of his mouth after Davis's story. "There is too much secresy about the matter."

"Perhaps," said Tom Davis, who had been set off by his *bon-mot*, "perhaps you prefer being introduced in due form, as the gentleman who brought the New River to London, or as the reverend rector of Dorrington did his brother canon of St. Paul's, our cold-blooded tutor Hopkins?"

The party pleading ignorance, and knowing that Davis, when once wound up with a story-telling key, must have his way, the intended member for Riverley went on.

"You remember Hopkins, a short, red-faced Aristotelian, whom the minister made a canon of St. Paul's because he took the chair at an anti-tithe meeting, and who took the chair at the meeting because the college had made him rector of Snobbington, and whom the college made rector because he had been upwards of forty years a fellow, and whom—"

"Come, come, Davis, it's late; finish the gentleman's pedigree, and go on with the story," said Gerard Hamilton, looking at his watch.

"Well, well, wilful people must have their way," said Davis. "Well, as I said before, the rector of Snobbington became canon of St Paul's, and went up to reside. It happened that his neighbour, the rector of Dorrington, was also present. Up walked Hopkins, bold as a lion. The verger took little notice of him, heard him say he was a canon with very little emotion, showed him his seat, and set him down as a nobody. 'Come,' thought his brother canon, 'this won't do; when one brother drops, all go with him; I must do something for Hoppy.' So he beckoned the verger, and, pointing to Hoppy, said, 'Don't you know who that is, Simmons?' 'No, sir,' said the man of the silver mace; 'he says he be a canon; his name is Hopkins.' 'He's a great man,' continued the rector of Dorrington.' 'Indeed, sir?' said the verger. 'Wrote the Psalms, Sternhold and Hopkins,' said his brother canon, with a grave face. 'Indeed, sir,' said Simmons, with a look of perfect awe at Hoppy—which awe he never lost for the resuscitated representative of the metrical Psalms of David."

As Davis could not get leave from Hamilton to tell another story, he consented to see the reverend professor home to St. Ethelred's, on his way to his chambers in the Albany, where, though gas-lights were yet young, and koniaphostics unborn, policemen not dreamt of, and watchmen dreaming, he arrived in sufficient safety to enjoy his meerschaum before he retired to his dormitory, whence he was fated on the morrow to emerge as the honourable member for Riverly, the honourable Tom having retired from the investigation, in the unreducible minority of *One*.

CHAPTER XIX.

The interview—listeners seldom hear good of themselves.

The night was nearly pitch dark, at very distant intervals illumined for a moment by the light of the moon, as she struggled from behind the masses of clouds that were flying across the sky with that rapid and unceasing course that precedes a spring storm, when our hero and his companion, Davis, drew near to the place of the rendezvous. When some distance from the place of meeting, they could see, by the occasional flickerings of the moonlight, or the passing glare from the lights of the carriages that were occasionally hurrying along the road, a tall figure, wrapped in a cloak, and carrying in its hand a parcel such as travellers for a short distance and a short time were accustomed to use, before carpet-bags and very tiny portmanteaus were invented, or at least common. Backwards and forwards moved the figure, in a confined walk of some twenty yards, stopping at each end of the parade for a moment, and craning out to catch a glimpse of the road.

"That's our man," whispered Spencer to his companion, as they came within a few yards of the walker.

"A queer customer," replied Davis in a low tone, as he turned up the cuff of his coat, and felt that his stick was well screwed into his right hand.

"Has the Riverley coach passed to-night?" asked the man in the cloak, stopping at the end of his walk as the friends drew near.

"An hour ago," replied Spencer.

"Perhaps you'll follow me then, Mr. Middleton," replied the man, in a low tone of voice.

"Certainly," replied Spencer; "lead the way.

"It ain't a very good road," said the man, striding across the road, and leading at a quick pace down one of the narrow dark lanes that at that date branched off on the Bench side of that district, "nor is the house first-rate; but beggars mustn't be choosers—besides, you don't see the mud when it's dark. What a night for a put up!" he muttered.

Five minutes' quick walking brought them to a low range of small houses, with hardly a light in them to show which of them were inhabited, and with as little allowance of doors and windows as could possibly suffice to keep out bad weather. At the end of this row, whence the only sounds that were emitted were the smothered growls

of a few curs, who might be seen prowling about the houses, stood a dilapidated-looking public-house, bearing the sign of the "Jolly Thieves," by one Moses Ducks. From the parlour of this house there was noise and light enough for the entire neighbourhood, and, according to custom, the majority of the inhabitants of the "Rats' Field," as the place was called, were assembled round the table of the house, where Moses Ducks presided amid a cloud of smoke, and made himself heard, at least during the earlier part of the evening, amid a Babel of the loudest and worst language that ever disgraced humanity.

Passing hurriedly along the front of the house, the man in the cloak turned suddenly to the left down a narrow path, by the side of a black and far from fresh ditch, and stopped before a low door about five or six yards down the lane. Three low taps, alternated with as many scrapings on the door with the nail, soon brought some one to the place, and, after a due interchange of signals, the door was opened by a short Jewess, who might have been pretty had she been washed, but as ear-rings were thought more of in that neighbourhood than soap, she rejoiced in the gaiety of the one, and disregarded the detergent qualities of the other. Taking the candle which the porteress bore, the man led the way up the narrow staircase, closely followed by the friends, the noise and darkness preventing his seeing the sharp ferret eyes of his legal friend, Malachi Perjury, peering from a half-opened door at the stair-foot.

"Good!" said Perjury in a low voice.

"Perhaps not," Master Malachi, replied the Jewess—"maybe the contrary. Suppose those who are in the parlour were to be told that the lawyer as hung Frank Rogers, and wants to do the same for Captain Redmond, was within reach, don't you think they would like to see him, and ask him how he does?" asked the Jewess in a sneering tone.

"Tut, tut, my dear, they'll never know that—unless you tell them—and then, my dear, my men are in the stable. Come, I'm sure Rebecca would not tell them," said Perjury, slipping a couple of guineas in her hand. "Come, come, Becky, show me a place where I can hear what they say."

The girl led the way up the narrow staircase, and opening a door halfway up the landing, placed Perjury in a secret passage that led from the stairs to the back of the room where the man and our hero and his friend were assembled. There was no opening through which he could see into the room, but the thinness of the old wainscoting enabled Malachi to hear almost as plainly as if he had formed a fourth round the fire.

"What, Captain Redmond!" said Davis in surprise, as the man cast away his cloak, and, placing chairs round the small grate, invited the friends to be seated.

"The same, Mr. Davis," replied Mark, "though not in such feather as when he canvassed for a certain person at Riverley."

"But why here?" asked Davis.

"Because the squire has sold me—and now I'll sell him—a bargain. Come, Mr. Middleton, will you take my terms? I'll be open

with you—if I turn the old squire out, and put you in, will you pay me five thousand pounds? If you won't, why I'm sorry you came here."

"If Spencer won't I will," said Davis, if you'll take my credit.

"Stay, stay, Davis; can it be right?" said Spencer.

"What, to get what's your own, and oust a scamp that deserves hanging?" replied Tom.

"You need not unless you like," said Redmond. "Let me tell you what has been done, and what must be done, for I can trust such as you and Mr. Davis; all I ask is, if you don't think my news worth the money, you'll not tell what you've heard."

The promise was readily given, and Redmond proceeded.

"It's no good my telling of you how I became thick with the squire aforetimes, and mayhap it wouldn't do either of us any great good if I were; but, you see, just afore your uncle died, we was in hiding because of some rather unpleasant matters, and the squire, being better known, kept close at home, whilst I used to go every day and know of Martha how matters were going on with the old man."

"Did Martha know why you came?" asked Spencer.

"She know'd I came from the squire, and that we hoped to get something when her master died—leastwise she had been paid for trying to talk over the old man to leave his nephew a little. Well, one day she told me the will was made, and what was in it—as good as nothing for the squire, and all for your father and you."

"Nay," replied Spencer, "had you known how, on his death-bed, he charged us to do everything for the nephew who had not hesitated to rob, and declared he left the mere nominal sum in order to disappoint the usurers in their expectations, you would hardly have called it as good as nothing for the squire."

"Well, well, if Martha heard that—perhaps she didn't—she never told us, so we determined to steal the will, and take our rights as the heir-at-law. You know what followed, at least part of it;—Martha was persuaded by me to give the old man an extra dose of laudanum, I rifled the bureau and seized the will, whilst the squire managed Sampson, who was shot in the scuffle by accident.

"Where is the will?" asked Davis, seeing Spencer was too deeply excited at the recital to command his attention.

"God knows where, Mr. Davis." I kept what I thought was it for some time, in order to make my terms with the squire; but when he cut up rough, and I gave it to that rascal Perjury to sell for me, it turned out that we had only the cover, and not the thing itself. You know we tried to get your father to buy, Mr. Middleton, but as he wouldn't, that villain Perjury sold it to the squire, and then cheated me out of nearly everything. O, if I could get hold of that fellow, I'd give him a receipt in full for all his plottings. What the devil is that noise? It must come from the dark passage! Steady! steady!" said Redmond, whose quick ear had caught the subdued breathing of Perjury behind the wainscot.

In a moment he was out of the room, and his hand on the lock of the secret passage. "Ho," he shouted at the very pitch of his voice, "Moses Ducks! Moses man! come up, come up—here's somebody in the dark lane!"

"For God's sake," said Perjury from within, who, having rushed to the further door of the passage, and found it locked, was now shaking with all the agonies of fright—"for God's sake save me—save me, Mr. Redmond, and I'll give you anything!"

"Ho, ho, Moses Ducks; ho, ho; here's Malachi Perjury, Esq.," he screamed again and again, as the landlord and his half-drunken crew rushed out of the parlour, and filled the passage into which the stairs descended.

In the passage, and half way up the creaking stairs, stood about a dozen or fifteen men, bearing in their persons the marks of villany and debauchery. Some brandished the heavy leaden candlesticks, with which the parlour was lighted; one or two had the large rummers in which they had been swilling their liquor, whilst the rest held aloft their battered pots, nearly drained of their contents.

"Hurrah!" screamed the crew, "out with him—bring him out—Perjury for ever!"

"Silence," said Moses.

The crowd began to lull a little.

"Where are your friends, Captain Mark?" asked the landlord.

"In the room," replied Redmond; "send them away first—we have to do what they must not see."

In obedience to the landlord's commands, Spencer and Davis were led through the crowd, and safely dismissed with a guide by the front door. The bolts were then drawn, and the crew returned to the staircase, where Redmond had been standing sentry over the door of the passage. The door was then opened, and Perjury, pale as death, and trembling like an aspen leaf, brought on to the stairs before the drunken crowd. Cheer upon cheer greeted his appearance, and every demonstration of joy that frantic and drunken delight could suggest, continued for some time.

"Hang him—shoot him—drown him!" screamed various parties.

"Silence," said Moses Ducks. "Captain, bring the prisoner to the parlour; we will sit and judge him there."

"Hilloa, who's there?" continued the landlord, as a loud knocking was heard on the side door.

"Open, open, in the king's name," was the reply of the officers, who had managed to break out of the stable where they had been shut up, and were now endeavouring to obtain ingress.

For a moment all parties looked rather blank; some, indeed, peered over their shoulders, as if looking for a back-door whence to escape, whilst others began to whisper about giving in, and leaving the captain to take his chance.

"Come, come," said Moses, "no shirking, lads, no shirking; Captain, keep the stair-head. Here, Becky, fetch the bats." Having given these orders, Moses walked to the door, and asked in a loud voice, "Hilloa, I say, who's there?"

"The king's warrant. Open, or we break in," was the reply.

"Break!" said Moses, with an oath, "who do ye vant?"

"The body of Mark Redmond, alias Captain Jack—open, or we break in."

"I tell'ee, he's not here," replied Moses, coolly.

"We've seen him go in, and we'll have him out," replied the officer.

"Will ye—better try," replied Ducks.

During this colloquy the party in the house had received from the Jew girl those formidable weapons used by the smugglers, and to which the name of bats has been given, a weapon of great weight and power, and yet easily managed in a confused melée, and rendered doubly effective by the powerful hands in which it was now placed. By the advice of Moses, Perjury had been retained at the top of the narrow staircase, in the iron grasp of Mark, who now, on a signal from the landlord, drew a small pistol from his inner pocket, and deliberately cocking it, placed the cold muzzle against Perjury's right temple. Fear had completely stupified the attorney, and from the time he had been dragged out of the secret passage by Redmond, he had stood pale as his natural sallowness would permit, and completely inanimate, and only prevented from falling by the vigorous grasp of his captor.

The officers once more endeavoured to force in the door, and what with pushing, and the aid of a heavy bar of wood which they had discovered in the stable, it was evident that the door, strongly ironed as it was, could not hold out long, and that the thieves, unless prepared to give in, must be ready to resist the ingress of the assailants, as their retreat, either by the window, from the secret passage, or the door of the tap-room, was cut off by detached bodies of officers.

"Come, my lads," said Moses, as the door began to show symptoms of giving way, "come, lads, we've got a friend of your's in here, by accident, one Malachi Perjury, and directly you break in that door, vy, ve'll shoot him—von't ve?—so take your choice."

The only reply vouchsafed was a renewed attack on the door, during which Perjury, who had caught Moses's words, and felt the certainty of their being realized by Redmond, screamed to the officer to desist.

For a moment there was a dead silence: and the assailants seemed consulting together outside. It was soon, however, succeeded by a renewed attack on the door, which now bent and creaked under the blows of the wooden bar, whilst as every blow fell, and fastening after fastening either snapped in twain or drew out from its hold, the luckless prisoner renewed his screams to the officers to desist, coupled with supplications for mercy from his cool captor.

At length, one well-directed blow burst the last hinge by which the door was held, with such violence as to drive a portion of the iron among the thieves, and the door fell. As the first of the officers leaped across the threshold, a sharp shot rang through the building, and in a moment the body of Perjury was thrown with great violence against the advancing body of officers, and Redmond and the landlord sprang forward at the head of the thieves, to take advantage of the sudden check which the fall of the bleeding body of the attorney had caused in the advance of the assailants.

Although the officers had much the advantage in point of arms and steady discipline, yet the position of the thieves, the madness of Redmond, who was determined not to be taken, and the numerical

superiority which they had acquired by the detaching of some of the officers to watch the other outlets, and also of one as a messenger for military aid, rendered the combat far from unequal, and peculiarly deadly. The short swords of the officers were no match for the heavy bats of the thieves, and had it not been for several well-directed pistol shots, few of the thieves would have suffered mortally; as it was, many fell on both sides during the deadly conflict.

Redmond clearly perceiving that there was no escape but through the opposing force, and that the endurance of his party was sorely tried by the fall of so many of their friends, determined on making one desperate rush, and escaping or falling in the attempt. Well seconded by the bold landlord, and a few of his old companions, he leaped into the middle of the officers, striking down a man right and left, with his bat, and heedless of a severe pistol-wound which he received at the moment of his leap. The circle of the assailants seemed broken, and gave way gradually. But still there was not that escape which he had looked for; in the interval which the retiring forces made appeared the glistening bayonets of the small guard which the messenger had fetched from the neighbouring prison of the Bench, and ere Redmond or any of his party could retreat, the small phalanx moved on, and the leaders of the thieves fell, pierced by the steel of the troops, and at length the haunt of the thieves was in the power of the law, and the horde of occupants were exterminated.

Indeed it was exterminated. Maddened with the loss of so many of their companions, the assailants had shown no mercy, and the morrow showed but seven out of the score of villains who had resisted the attack, who could be delivered over to the hand of justice, and these so maimed and cut, that hanging seemed a charity rather than a punishment.

Among those who were not killed, was Diabolo Adjuvante, Malachi Perjury. Whether the excitement of the moment, or the struggles of the intended victim, had disarranged Redmond's aim, it was not known. But disarranged it certainly was, and the ball, instead of passing through his brain, had torn its way across Perjury's forehead, leaving a ghastly but not dangerous wound; and though greatly bruised by the conflict of persons over him, he had been preserved scatheless by his position on the ground, doubtless aided by the rapid fall of dead and wounded over him.

"Well," said Davis to our hero on the morning after the affray, as he read the account in the papers, "well, there goes our chance of hanging the squire, I suppose."

"I suppose so," replied Spencer, with a shake of the head.

"But where can that will be?" continued Davis; "depend upon it it is in existence yet."

"I fear not," replied Spencer; "and if it was, what chance of our finding it?"

"Pooh, pooh, man; where there's a will there's a way," replied the member for Riverley with a broad grin.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

BY MRS. FRANCES ELIZABETH DAVIES, AUTHOR OF "MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR," &c.

TABLEAU I.—THE PATRONESS.

On a September evening, a heavy sleet shower, falling in the midst of sunshine, had startled the lounging pedestrians. The women, thriftily careful of their autumnal finery, were scudding along, with tucked-up petticoats and handkerchiefed bonnets, into the nearest shops and covered alleys, while many a pallid and dishevelled figure hurried shudderingly onward, sighing at the presage of coming winter; and by the light of the first fire of the season might be seen, through the French windows of a tasteful suburban villa, a group redolent of that well-understood home comfort, so peculiarly English.

On one side, in a well-cushioned *bergère*, sat the owner of the dwelling, his prominent and somewhat aristocratic features, deep-set eyes, and boldly-developed forehead, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," indicating his studious habits, no less than his attenuated hands, which lay clasped before him, and slightly-drooping shoulders, betokening constitutional delicacy. His gaze was rivetted upon the glowing embers, but an intelligent observer might easily have perceived that the mind followed not the eye's course. Care, it seemed, had early set her seal upon his brow, and Thought scattered silver, among the dark masses of his hair, long before the period when Time could rightfully claim his raven tribute.

On the opposite side reclined his wife; her attitude was no less contemplative than that of her husband, from whom her looks wandered to the cradle that occupied the space between them, and where, snugly ensconced among downy pillows, insensible to the windy gusts now sweeping through the hedges, now whistling through the windows, and of the mental inquietudes which, in like manner, shook the minds of its parents, lay a sleeping cherub,

"Sole daughter of their house and heart."

Suddenly a shadow crossed the tiny garden, then a rapid foot ascended the steps, and in another moment a knock of most unorthodox violence resounded through the cottage. The married pair started from their reverie, while the child opened its beautiful blue eyes, and cast a frightened glance around.

"It is some person to look at the apartments," said Mrs. Courtney, and as the servant opened the door added, "I am coming, Kathleen."

"Directly! show the person up stairs," said her husband; and as the maid retreated, "Mary," added he, "since ill fortune will have it so—since the foot of the stranger must desecrate our hearth—remain you here in peace, *I* will answer this inquiry—possibly one merely of impertinent curiosity."

"Not so, Charles; this is *my* province, not yours," said the hos-

tess, and tears contending with a smile trembled in her eyes; "the hostess is properly the person to arrange such a business."

"Another time," hurriedly replied Mr. Courtney, and before she could detach her hand from the delicate fingers of the half-awakened child he had left the room.

"Poor Charles!" sighed his wife, "this is a sore trial for thy proud spirit! Thou wert destined, surely, for better things than to cheapen rooms, my husband!" and kneeling beside the cradle, she endeavoured to soothe the infant to resume the slumber that had thus rudely been disturbed.

The voices overhead sounded for a few moments indistinctly, then nearer, and soon the opening of the hall-door gave notice of departure; and as it closed, Charles, looking chafed, re-entered the room.

"Well, Charles!—but I need not ask—you have not been successful!"

"Of all the humiliations to which necessity compels pride, set in the first rank that of letting lodgings," said he. "To have your home laid open to the cold, calculating inspection of a rude inquisitor, its details derisively examined, your cherished tastes commented on and carped at, your domestic pursuits laid bare to the vulgar gaze, and each of your household gods degraded—"

"I am sorry, my dear, that you did not allow me—"

"And then to have one's wife's ear made the recipient of coarse jests, bad puns, and rude banterings—Mary, I will not consent to this!"

"What can have happened, Charles? At least let me know the cause of your vexation before I deplore its effects."

"Pshaw! the office we are entering upon is hateful!"

"It must abound in vexations, doubtless, but we must not allow trifles to deter us from a prudent course. What said the gentleman?"

"The jackanapes!"

"Possibly; but what said he?"

"Declared that the furniture was inconsistently expensive, yet required the addition of many costly accommodations; recommended me, if my plate-chest was small, to expend some thirty or forty pounds upon its enlargement, for his special convenience; assured me that he entertained company very frequently, that he was a perfect connoisseur *du tabac*, and that he considered his cigar-case an indispensable appendage to the breakfast-table; inquired the number, quality, and respective ages of all the members of my household; hoped my wife was good-tempered; had a peculiar objection to a shrew hostess; voted children a decided bore; grieved to learn that there was *one* in the house; seriously considered it a positive duty upon our part to avoid introducing any more on the premises, and assured me that such a determination would be required as a *sine qua non* by all persons in quest of lodgings!"

"Insufferable coxcomb!"

"Then he graciously inquired into my trade, business, or calling; appeared to hold me exceedingly cheap when I pleaded not guilty to

all; and patronizingly informed me that he superintended Messrs. Indiaman's shawl establishment, and that his taste in selection and tact in sale were esteemed to be perfect; then he ran over a pompous list of titled belles whom he had ogled, and noble dowagers whom he had "draped."

"And the result?" impatiently broke in his wife.

"There is his card of reference," said Charles, amused by her earnestness; "his offers, indeed, do not seem very liberal, though he declares that they are profuse—one-third, Mary, of what you call a moderate price for your pretty suite."

"But you have surely not agreed to receive this odious person?" inquired Mary, in undisguised trepidation.

"Certainly not. And yet, Mary, such, and many greatly exceeding these, must be the annoyances of daily occurrence in this new mode of eking out a scanty income;—would that we could strike out a plan where the assaults upon our independence might be less galling!"

"Would that we could, Charles! But how? An impoverished gentleman bears about with him a brand scarcely less fatal to his interests than that of the condemned felon. Every profession has its *clique*, and from each he is most jealously excluded. Mercantile men regard him with distrust, and would prefer confiding their property and lending their influence to a known dishonest bankrupt, rather than to the honourable uninitiated, who has sacrificed his last acre to pay his creditors' just demands."

"I have indeed bitterly experienced that fact," sighed Mr. Courtney.

"Scientific pursuits," continued his wife, "abound in vexations; their experimental expenses how overwhelming! their results how uncertain!"

"Most fatally so," assented Charles.

"Then as to literary talent, what is its reward? Most commonly a life of baffled hopes—protracted mortifications, ended by physical sufferings, induced by mental struggles amidst harrassing privations. But hark! Did I not hear a knock? Yes! Now, whether is that gentle precursor intended to indicate humility, or does it announce the approach of a lady born?"

"The latter, I should certainly say," said Charles; "for see, a form light as a gossamer is ascending the steps, and the page who retreats is habited in a most irreproachable costume."

"Say you so! Nay, then, I must to my post." And Mary disappeared just in time to receive a fragile *petite* creature, who languidly ascended the stairs supported by her maid, and who, apparently overcome by the exertion, sank into the nearest chair that was offered to her acceptance.

"You see before you, my dear madam," she exclaimed in broken tones, "an unfortunate woman!—yes, a most unhappy, outraged creature!"

"I am sorry—I regret," began Mary, without exactly understanding the nature of the demand thus abruptly made upon her sympathy.

"I am sure you do—quite sure—as a wife and a mother, you can-

not fail to sympathize in my sufferings; it is for that reason that I come to shelter my sorrows in your house. The people about here assure me that you are amiable. Mr. Courtney, likewise, I learn, is exactly what a husband ought to be. Happy woman! A cherub baby too! Alas!"—and here the delicately-embroidered handkerchief came into requisition—"I too had a cherub babe, but ah me!"—and here the speaker passed from the pathetic to the impressive—"Mrs. Courtney, you see before you a bereaved mother, a wretched, ill-used wife! Broken-hearted, my very life in danger, my babe in heaven, I seek refuge—where can I find it, if not in such an ark of peace as this? Will you receive me? Nay, you must not refuse!"

Mary murmured something about "delicate considerations," "dissensions," "embarrassing position," but she was stopped at once by the visitor.

"Not in the least embarrassing," she broke in. "I am, thanks to fortune, independent of my barbarian; my connexions are all of the highest rank in this country. Though perhaps you will perceive that I am not an Englishwoman, my title belongs to me of my own right."

Her auditor bowed.

"Ah me! thoughtless creature! I am as yet unknown to you by name. Ah *je vous demande pitie pour Madame la Baronne Deschampétre.* I have the misfortune to be married to *un Anglaise.*"

"Ah, madame!"

"Pardon!—*non, non—un Anglaise barbare—all* are not barbarous! *non—par example,* you are *tres charmante.*"

"Madame is pleased to flatter."

"*Non, non,* not at all"—and now the speaker's accent, which had previously appeared sufficiently English, became remarkably foreign, though scarcely French. "The gentleman say so too, I am sure. But you are not in your proper station here—*non, non.* I not like your letting lodgings. Pah! you are not used to it. But never mind! It was not always so, I know—I know—and it shall not be long so. Ah! ah! you are surprised because I know all about you, and you know not one ting about me. Vell, I shall remedy all dat, for I have friends, great friends, Mrs. Courtney, at the court of Angland; and though my brute of a *màri* take my baby from me, and give it to his—pah!"—and here she became grand—"he cannot take from me my interest with the Premier—*non! non!*" patting Mrs. Courtney's arm. "Have courage, *mon amie,* I shall do for your husband—I shall make you glad that I have come in your house—I shall make you a proud woman to have know Madame la Baronne, and Madame la Baronne shall be proud to have serve you!"

She rose as she concluded, and, turning to the attendant, added, "Fanchette, give my card to madame; she will have the goodness to inquire of me from some people what serve me—the grocers. I cannot trouble my friends, you see, madame, for such little thing as reference; only, when I want some great thing, I say to them, give it me, and they give it. But when I go to my little villa—you understand, I only come to you for one, two, three weeks, till I get my *petite etablissement* in order. Den I shall make you know my friends.

Allons, Fanchette! *allons, ma petite!* it is all settled. Madam, I shall not allow you to say one word; you shall have your own terms; tree, four guineas make no difference to me. *Au revoir*—good morning. To-morrow my people will make my arrangements, and my little Fidèle and me," fondling an idea of a spaniel that now first peeped from beneath her shawl, "shall come in a little time after. Good morning, madame; I shall do you service, be quite sure;" and waiting neither for remonstrance nor reply, she glided away, and had ascended her tiny equipage before Mary had quite recovered from the torrent of her eloquence.

Inquiries among the neighbouring tradespeople were duly instituted, from which, by the way, little more was learned of the lady than that she occupied a handsome residence, where she lived expensively, and nothing at all of her husband, excepting through the vague reports spread by her servants, and from which little could be gathered beyond the fact that he was believed to hold a government situation, and that a disunion had arisen out of some irregularities committed during his wife's *accouchement;* and by general consent it seemed to be admitted, that madame was a very interesting, very ill-used person, and very much to be pitied. Such being the evidence adduced by common report—a personage, albeit, not boasting the most extraordinary reputation for veracity—it was in this instance admitted to be conclusive, and accordingly the Courtneys prepared to receive their charming inmate with every testimonial of respectful sympathy and confidence, and before evening the next day madame and her dependents were all comfortably domiciled at Eglantine Cottage.

A beautiful woman, without her appropriate accompaniments, loses half her attractions; she is like a good picture huddled, without a frame, into an obscure corner; she wants the setting, and the artistical light. Look at a handsome woman, for instance, trudging along the streets on a rainy, or even a sunny day—she seems scarcely worthy of particular observation. See the same woman moving gracefully about her well-ordered boudoir, or reclining in her well-appointed carriage; you then require no connoisseur to indicate the points of her beauty, and you can scarcely be persuaded that you passed her but an hour before without one look of admiration. Thus, nothing could be in better keeping than the apartments and their fairy occupant. The rose-coloured curtains that fell around the windows appeared expressly chosen to tint the exquisite fairness of her complexion. The small couch and tapestried ottoman, rich in the flowery labour of Mary's industry, seemed to have been prophetically designed to receive the sylphide form whose gossamer draperies floated over, harmonizing and mingling with their tasteful adornments. Even the thousand nameless *bijouterie* scattered around were specially suited to the use and the handling of her dainty fingers.

Madame appeared to be fully conscious of the advantage of her position, for her spirits rose to concert pitch as she admired and commended all the pretty things by which she was surrounded, nor would she be satisfied until Charles appeared in *propria personâ*, to receive her graceful thanks for the favour of being admitted a tenant of his dwelling.

The Baroness, however, was not beautiful; but she had good eyes, handsome teeth, an etherially-formed person, a *spirituelle* air, and better than all, she used all her several talents with such a perfect mastery of their value and fitness, that many a more accurately-modelled creation might have suffered in contiguity with her attractions; and when with the most bewitching delicacy she hinted at the vicissitudes of fortune, which sometimes compelled highly-organised minds to submit to stations of comparative humility, and with a frank and friendly zeal, assured Charles that nothing could give her so much pleasure as to promote his views with the government, or put the services of her influential friends into requisition, by procuring him a place commensurate with his ability :the married pair began to congratulate themselves upon the acquisition which they had made, of a useful friend, as well as an agreeable acquaintance.

"But how," inquired Charles, "can we make a return for so much kindness?"

"Return! don't speak of it!—I couldn't hear of such a thing!—yet stay!—lest you really should feel oppressed, *mon ami*, being as you observe but a stranger, suppose we make it a mere matter of business. I shall get you—let me see—the place must depend upon circumstances—your education is, I think, not mercantile?"

Charles bowed.

"It must be a government place then!—and the income—would you take five hundred?"

Charles bowed again, and smiled incredulously, Mary looked unutterably triumphant.

"Well then, we will consider five hundred to be the starting point—to *progress* as a matter of course, and then you shall secure me some bagatelle out of the salary. What shall it be?—a hundred annually? is that too much?" looking inquiringly at her captivated hearers—"well a hundred be it then! are you agreed?"

"Perfectly," said Charles.

"Perfectly," echoed his wife, "we shall think it but a small return for so much kindness."

"It will, I dare say, relieve your sense of obligation, my friends, and it will serve me to buy some trifle that I have no occasion for, so we will consider that matter settled—these things are done every-day—petticoat influence is useful sometimes—ha, ha, ha!—and a handful of these tribute monies, do very well; but as for *one* hundred, pah! what is it? it wouldn't buy *ma mignon* there her collars and ribbons. Come here, pretty pretty Fidelé—would it, *ma beauté?*"

Then, after a little playful fondling of her favourite, she turned more gravely to her hosts, adding, "To-morrow I will see about it; the Premier is coming into our neighbourhood to lay the foundation of some school or hospital, or some such thing, and do not be surprised if he call in to take a *refection* with me. He is an old friend of mine—O yes, very old."

Such was the patroness who undertook thus generously to retrieve the fortunes of our friend Charles; but, alas! the course of true friendship, no more than the course of true love, never yet ran smooth: for in the morning Madame la Baronne was "ill, very ill,"

and unable to receive company, and for that, or some *other* reason, the Premier passed Eglantine Cottage without alighting, and even without turning his head towards the residence of his "intimate acquaintance." No event could have been more provokingly mistimed than this unlucky malady, and Mary uttered some very pathetic lamentations on the subject, to her friend Dr. Sparkie, whom she had called in to attend the Baroness.

"She will not die this time!" said the man of medicine, with an equivocal smile.

"Indeed I hope not! how does she look?"

"She looks exceedingly well dressed."

"Doctor, really!"——

"A milkwhite robe," pursued the doctor, "a turban *à la Turque*, flowing folds—no rouge."

"Rouge! really Dr. Sparkie, this levity——"

"Positively not a scintilla," laughed he; and then perceiving that Mary looked both surprised and angry, he added in a graver tone, "Ah! my dear madam, there is a beautiful freshness of feeling about you and my friend Courtney, that it is a thousand pities to sully with a breath; but believe me that medical practice introduces its professors to many curious deceptions. One axiom I always lay down as infallible, that when I find a patient faultlessly *en costumé*, there is little real suffering in the case. However, I must not infringe one of the most inviolate rules of the brotherhood, that which requires the secrets of our confessional to be held sacred. Therefore, my dear madam, you must draw your own conclusions at present, and I doubt not, that if you persist in receiving inmates to Eglantine Cottage, your natural acuteness will soon acquire instruction in the wholesome, but very disagreeable lesson of worldly experience. Adieu, I will see madam to-morrow, by which time probably her 'indisposition' will have departed."

He disappeared, leaving Mrs. Courtney to a most unsatisfactory reflection upon the absurdity of promises that required to be evaded by manœuvring, and to a corroding conviction that all the flattering prospects suggested by the *Patroness*, would crumble,

> "Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> And leave not a wrack behind."

The seclusion, however of madam did not terminate so speedily as her medical attendant had predicted. Judging from the absolute interdiction of the household servants from her apartments, lest their dusting processes should disturb the slumbers of the invalid, matters appeared to be growing more gloomy in the sick chamber; but as Dr. Sparkie's visit had been superseded by those of madame's accustomed physician, nothing could be learned beyond the continued 'indisposition' of the Baroness, but whether that indication related to health or society, the deponent did not think it requisite to state. Yet it was impossible that Mrs. Courtney should not feel some surprise on discovering that she was jealously excluded from a lady who had come into her house professedly to receive the benefit of her sympathetic consolations. However, she made up her mind to regard

this as one of the fantastic vagaries consequent upon a nervous temperament; but when day after day the same system continued in force, and she perceived the extraordinary precautions that were taken to preserve the unbroken privacy of madame's apartments, and upon preferring a request for personal admission had three times been refused, Mary began to suspect that some reason more cogent than mere caprice must exist for so singular a proceeding.

It may be a question whether it is most to the credit of men's hearts, or to the discredit of their heads, but certain it is that they are less prone to suspect upon light grounds than women. Thus sundry matrimonial *pros* and *cons* had arisen upon the subject, and Mary's suspicions had drawn forth from her husband some severe strictures upon the unamiable promptness of women to judge harshly of their own sex, and upon the especial heinousness of hazarding prejudicial opinions without the fullest conviction, when the married pair were startled and amazed by loud and angry exclamations of a most impolite character issuing from the drawing-room of madame, and, more wonderful still, though the phrases were unmistakably and most vulgarly English, they were certainly uttered in the voice of madame herself, and that too at a pitch considerably in alt of the key which she had chosen for her ingratiatory processes.

Presently a sob was heard, apparently from the maid, and sounds of expostulation, the boy's voice mingling in the chorus, both again drowned in the shrill threatenings of the lady.

"This riot is not to be endured," exclaimed Mary. "We shall have the neighbourhood alarmed!" and before Charles could prevent her, she was already on the stairs, throwing open the drawing-room door just in time to arrest the blows which the Baroness was relentlessly inflicting upon the cheeks of the weeping girl.

"Shame, madame!" Mary indignantly exclaimed, "I must request that you will suspend the indulgence of these paroxysms until you quit this roof! I connot permit the quiet of this dwelling to be interrupted by such disgraceful proceedings!"

Mary's eye traversed the apartment while she spoke,—her cheek grew pale, her lips quivered—she felt near fainting: that glance had revealed all. The Baroness changed colour likewise; she remained suspended—and silently gazing on the intruder, while the domestics, forgetful of their previous altercation, exchanged looks of guilty confusion. Mary closed the door, and retreated as quickly as her trembling limbs would bear her, to her expecting husband, who was alarmed and shocked at the pallor of her looks.

"I knew it!" she said, as soon as she regained her composure. "I said so, did I not? all gone! my vases, pictures, china, glass, all gone!"

"Gone! folly!"

"Folly or not, Charles, the drawing-room is dismantled or all its ornaments, and Madame la Baronne Deschampetrés is neither more nor less than a lady swindler! I knew that there must be a *cause* for this extraordinary seclusion!"

"But where? and how?"

"As to the *where*,—my life on it the property will be found at a

pawnbroker's; for the *how* you must question Madame's maid; and as I hear her now going out at the hall-door, take my advice for once, and intercept her return, when possibly you may extract the truth from her fears."

The expediency of this step was so clear, that Charles acted upon it forthwith, and by a promise of indemnity to the maid succeeded in attaining a true statement, by which he discovered that the sole reason of her lady's preference of Eglantine Cottage arose out of the value of its adornments, of which she had commenced the appropriation upon the very first evening of her arrival; that she had gradually transferred nearly all the portable property, and that her departure was entirely dependent upon the accomplishment of her purpose.

Having obliged the girl to accompany him to the pawnbroker's, where the articles were placed, it remained to make the culprit acquainted with the exposure of her guilt, and this was a task every way revolting to the kind and passive nature of Charles Courtney; however, after a little consultation, it was deemed best to do so at once, in the most decided manner, especially as in the course of her maid's revelations, many circumstances transpired which rendered the lady's character in other points no longer equivocal.

Charles was, however, greatly surprised, when, having screwed up his nerves to his unpleasant office, he was met by a smiling reception from madame, who advanced with extended hands towards him, playfully deprecating his displeasure, and without the smallest appearance of shame, exclaiming,

"Now don't say a word about it, there's a dear man! don't now! you've found me out, I know! I took the things, that's poz, because I wanted the money, and you wouldn't wish me to want that, would you? but here are the tickets,—all safe you see, and so if you will sit here beside me," motioning him with a blandishing smile to a place on the sofa near her, "you and I will soon settle the matter, I doubt not."

"Pardon me, madam," said Charles, with cold gravity, "there is but *one* way to settle the matter; you must redeem the articles this night, and remove at once."

"Impossible, my dear fellow—can't, upon my life! haven't a shilling! must stay here till I get my remittances. Come, come, let you and I understand one another, can't you now? come, come," and the sweetest of smiles was beamed up into his face.

"There can be no understanding between us beyond what I have stated," was the cold reply.

"Then I tell you, I shall not stir a foot until it pleases me; and as for your trumpery, there are the cards, and you may get them how you can, and when you can, that's flat."

"I shall be sorry to call in the aid of the police, madame, but it is requisite that I should apprize you that they are now stationed at the entrance. You have your choice, therefore, restitution or the station-house."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the lady, "you did that well, quite tragic, I declare! the station-house! the police—pah! frighten girls with that stuff—old birds, you know—"

"Madame can convince herself," said Charles, pointing to the window, and growing more statelily polite, in proportion as the so-called Baroness became more familiarly vulgar.

The lady eyed him a moment doubtfully, then walked to the window, and cautiously raising the curtain, so as not to expose her own figure to gazers from without, she looked down upon the officers who patrolled beneath. A half-suppressed exclamation escaped her, but her manner changed, and turning to a writing-table, she pulled the bell, and having scrawled a few words, she folded it hastily, and tossed the paper to the maid, who showed herself timidly at the door.

"There, pale-face, take that, and make speed with the answer! What does the fool stand staring at? Why don't you go?"

"May I, sir?" inquired the girl.

"O, that's it, is it! here, fool, hand me the note!" and tearing it open, she presented it to Courtney. "Read, sir; read, I tell you! there's no treason in it!"

Courtney glanced over the contents:

"Dear Dick,

"I'm in a deuce of a scrape; you must stand by me, or I shall be sent to the deuce! Send me fifty pounds, without question or delay.

"Thine,

"JULIA SMITH,

"Otherwise,

"To —— Esq." "LA BARONNE DESCHAMPETRE."

At a motion of command, the girl sprang away upon her mission, but quickly returned; the gentleman was absent; and now madame's concern became real, she paced the room impatiently, now appealing to Charles's gallantry, now deprecating his stoicism.

Again the maid was dispatched, and this time successfully; for she returned with a respectable-looking individual of advanced years, an agent to the gentleman first addressed, and who having listened to her statement, undertook to be answerable for the restoration of the property, provided she were permitted to remain till the following morning—a grace very reluctantly accorded at his request.

True to his appointment, the same gentleman re-appeared on the morrow, but his principal had not returned, nor had he been able to command his own funds to the purpose. He therefore proposed that the lady should remain in durance until matters could be arranged; but to this, madame had her own reasons for objecting; and perceiving there was no longer a hope of levying a contribution in the desired quarter, she, greatly to the amazement of the two gentlemen, drew forth her pocket-book, and selecting from among several, a note of considerable value, she laid it on the table, emphatically recommending them to subtract from it the amount for which she stood indebted, and afterwards to take a journey to the subterranean regions by way of pastime.

So great was the consternation of the mediator upon witnessing this display of wealth and eloquence, that all his indulgent commiseration was entirely put to flight; and both gentlemen were hastily

leaving the presence in disgust, when they were intercepted by a new assailant in the person of the lacquey's father, who unexpectedly made his appearance for the purpose of advocating the cause of, as he termed it, "the injured lady." A few hints, however, sufficed to silence the insolent intruder, and to convince him that a tacit acquiescence in her ejectment would be the wisest course; and he was very soon bowing his apologies at the dining-parlour door, assuring Mary, that he had neither "act nor part" in the removal of her goods, and that as for his boy, if he had done so, it was only in obedience to his mistress, who, whatever might be her oddities, was a kind and a great lady too, for she had engaged to get him a *good place about the Court*, and to provide for all his family among her grand quality relations.

Mary could not forbear smiling at the delusion of the poor man, but it was with far different feelings that she contemplated the probable fate of the young and very pretty maid-servant whom the Baroness was thus introducing to a course of crime; and having ascertained the residence of the girl's parents, who proved to be persons of fallen fortunes and genteel connexions, Mrs. Courtney felt it her duty to place the facts of the case in the mother's knowledge; but here again the same deception was prevalent.

"Madame is eccentric," said her mother; "her conduct appears strange; but she is a foreigner, has high patronage, and has promised to provide amply for my husband. I cannot remove my daughter, it would ruin our prospects, and the Baroness will, I am certain, prove *a bountiful* PATRONESS."

When the carriage drew to the door, and all was prepared for her departure, madame sent down an humble request that Mrs. Courtney would favour her with a parting interview, when, in the benevolent hope of rescuing the girl, Mary acceded; and by a few pertinent remonstrances, succeeded in touching the feelings of her hearer, for tears came up into her eyes, and her countenance flushed with genuine emotion.

"Yes, you are right," she exclaimed, "I am lost myself, and am leading another to a participation of my guilt; but what can I do? I am an impostor, it is true, but hear me,—my story is that of hundreds. I am by birth and education a gentlewoman. Left an orphan at an early age, I became the humble companion of a woman of rank; there, the same process that taught me to relish luxuries, instructed me to despise my own position.

"Excluded from the drawing-room of my patroness, and cut off from the society of those whose only superiority consisted in the accident of fortune, and by my own pride of birth raised above the domestics of the establishment, I moved among a crowd, solitary; and when I attracted the admiration of an aristocratic lover, in whose presence I could forget the mortifications of my station, it is not surprising that I became an easy prey.

"The dream on his part soon ended, and I became a victim, not only to despair, but to want. Vainly I endeavoured to regain the path of virtue by depending on the labour of my hands. For *six months* I traversed the huge metropolis, soliciting employment; but from every store I was turned away because I had not served an ap-

prenticeship to their trade, although most of them were so simple that a child of the meanest capacity could acquire a perfect knowledge in an hour.

" At last, when I had parted with every article of value, I read a shopbill, bearing an address where embroiderers were wanted; and here, by boldly representing myself as a practitioner in the trade, I succeeded in obtaining work, and by dint of incessant labour during twelve hours each day, I found myself at the end of the week entitled to receive THREE SHILLINGS! out of which, of course, the rental of my miserable lodging was to be paid.

" After a few weeks' ineffectual struggles, by added exertion to increase the wretched pittance, my health and spirits broke down, and perceiving that *female industry is not rewarded in this country, nor English talent valued,* I had no means left to gain attention and respect, but in adopting a foreign guise, to practise upon the weakness and credulity of mankind, and to become an *Impostor* and a *Patroness,* in which character I have wanted neither money nor friends, and have approached with impunity some of the proudest heads at the court of England. Yet believe me I would even now retrace my life, if it were possible, but it is not. I will, however, think of you, Mrs. Courtney, with esteem, of your home with respectful regret, for possibly I shall never again rest in one so virtuous. Farewell! the girl for whom you are interested shall be led into no farther evil by me. Farewell! be happy in having effected a good action!" And thus she parted, leaving her attentive auditor penetrated with pity for the talented being that society had thus misused and corrupted.

Six months passed away, during which the baroness might be met in all the fashionable haunts in her dashing equipage, or glittering at the opera, attended by men of rank and fortune, and then—the Baroness stood at the bar of the Old Bailey a *Prisoner!* After many novel swindling schemes, she had hit upon a plan to which, though often successfully practised, she had at length fallen a victim—she was detected in the act of cashing a fraudulent cheque.

Her method was to visit any respectable dealer, and having purchased five or ten pounds worth of goods, as the case might be, to request the proprietor to favour her with his cheque for *eight* pounds in exchange for cash to that amount, in order that she might transmit it conveniently into the country; this being readily granted to a person of her appearance, for, despite of all their experience, no people are more imposed on by a showy exterior than the metropolitan shopkeepers; she soon, by the simple addition of an 0 where the *figure* was used, and a *y* where the *word* was written, transformed the value from eight to *eighty,* and from 8 to 80, then readily cashed the draft as genuine.

The cleverness consisted chiefly in the selection of the number, as it will easily be seen that eight was the *only* number that could be so simply altered.

Emboldened by success, her last achievement had been daringly to solicit several of these bills in one day, in the same neighbourhood; and the consequence was, that two friends were practised upon—the former of which having overdrawn his banking account, received in-

stant notice of such a cheque being paid into his banker's; he immediately gave the alarm to his neighbour, and the Baroness was taken in the very act of presenting the second.

Much influence was made to secure her from the arm of the law,—but many tradespeople came forward to prove various felonious transactions, and the police deposed to so many acts of fraudulent character, that it was thought dangerous to interfere with the course of justice. * * * *

The trial ended, the judge charged the jury evidently against the prisoner, for notwithstanding the eloquence of her counsel, who had been largely feed by great and powerful friends, her guilt was manifest. Yet the fragile delicacy of her appearance interested many in her favour. The court was crowded to excess, for a large and respectable class of the community felt their individual safety involved in the conviction of an offender who, Proteus-like, had penetrated into the hidden recesses of domestic privacy, assailing and making weapons of the wants and weaknesses of her duped *protegées*.

Nor had madame's course been limited to these exploits; very various had been the devices, by which she had imposed on that *falsely* suspicious, yet *greedily* credulous monster, the Public; and, *malgre* all their sagacity, had contrived extensively to pigeon the crafty metropolitan traders; and while the case went on, many were the glances of ineffable scorn or contemptuous triumph that she cast upon the numerous "victims" who appeared to witness against her; but when the jury rose, and without leaving the box consulted together, attention became concentrated upon them, and her eyes fixed upon the same point with piercing intentness.

A few minutes of whispered conference, and then the foreman, bending down, hands a paper to the clerk of the court, who readsin a loud voice certain words, of which *one* only rests upon the ears of the multitude—GUILTY ! !

The buz of a moment is heard, and hushed. A flush comes up into the face of the prisoner, and as suddenly retreating leaves it colourless as marble: she grasps the rail before her with a convulsive clutch, and stands rigid and erect in the presence of her judge, upon whom all eyes now turn with awful expectation. He rises slowly, amidst unbroken silence, and then—his cold, calm voice rings clear and distinct through the court, as in measured words he solemnly pronounces the sentence of the law—SOLITARY CONFINEMENT FOR SEVEN YEARS !

A sentence how much, how very much, more appalling than death, few persons have ever been at the pains to consider,—and none at this moment are less sensible of its horrors than the wretched creature who hears without comprehending more than the fact of its probable termination.

"Is that *all?*" cries one; "not half as much as she deserved !"

"Hurrah !" cries the prisoner with a shout of desperation, "I shall be free again—free ! free !"

"Silence in the court," exclaims the crier.

"This way," rejoins an official, and by force the condemned is borne away, her wild hysteric laughter ringing fearfully through the hall of justice.

"She ought to have been sent to the colonies," says a stern moralist; "England is too good for her."

Babbler, be dumb! What is the country that exists within four walls?

* * * *

The huge edifice is entered—that place of mystery! that silent mausoleum of the living! standing lonely in the midst of life,—the sepulchre of industry in the midst of occupation!

Without its gates all is noise, activity, and turmoil! The busy crowd are clamouring to provide some for their real, some for their fictitious wants. Poverty is toiling in the garret for subsistence—Wealth as laboriously solicitous to dissipate both time and substance. The most idle are not without employment, be it ever so trivial or worthless,—the most solitary are not without companions, be they ever so dull or ill-assorted,—and all have objects of daily hope, of daily fear. But within that ponderous pile, contrived in the very plenitude of mistaken zeal, all is still—there the labour of life is ended—the physical powers are dormant, and the mind turns inwardly, battening upon a single thought, a single hope—a thought and hope that daily diminishes in the contracting intellect, until but a spark remains—and then that little spark is quite crushed out, and all remains a blank!

In this sad place of doom reclines the wretched prisoner; she has been shorn of her luxuriant tresses, and her elegant attire has given place to the coarse prison costume. The glow from her cheek has faded, for she has now awakened to the reality of her condition—and the brilliant flashing of her eyes are quenched in gushing tears. Her eyelids are swollen and heavy, and the misery of a single day has traced deep furrows on her brow—her looks sadly traverse the narrow limits of her cell in quest of some object to divert her wearing contemplations—but she has been told that employment is not permitted, and nothing meets her view that can divert the current of her solitary musings.

She knows that days must expand into weeks, and these into years, before the interchange of words or ideas will be again permitted to her. She knows that thought must pall, and her own voice become a strange sound to her famished ear, and her spirit quails at the long vista of futurity that spreads before her. By what inventive faculty can she cheat the coming hours of their dull sameness?—by what device create for herself an object of interest that shall preserve her energies against the time, the far distant, but the happy time, when she shall be again free?—Ah, thought of ecstacy, to be again free, to look into the face of Nature!

Yet, should she survive this terrible punishment, what will then be her fate?—Cut off for so many years from those who now mourn her errors, will she not return into the world when all her interests there are over, when perhaps her very name is forgotten, and will not liberty itself then have ceased to be a blessing?

* * * * * *

Time has fled, and the well-known and widely-bruited story of the Patroness is forgotten. New impostures have sprung up! The Public have been again credulous, and even the schemes of Madame la

Baronne have, under other guises, been acted over and over again, with triumphant success: and few even of those once so eager for her condemnation, now recall to their memory the fact that *she is still* expiating her misdemeanours in *solitary confinement.*

And how bears she the lapse of years?—Alas, she has been a contumacious prisoner, and now she is crouching not only in solitude, but in darkness:—a darkness that penetrates even to her brain, cutting and scorching out reason itself. She has ceased to weep, for the current of her grief is dry!—she has ceased to hope, for she believes that her term of punishment has been long accomplished!—she is *sure* of that, for time never before lagged so lazily through his course; her once beautiful hair is grey and elf-like—she feels old, *very* old, and she can count the bones in her long shrivelled fingers, in her shrunk arms, in her withered form, and she can feel the hollows in her sunken cheeks! Age has come upon her and still she is here, with no friend but the beetle that creeps out to receive the crumbs that she spares from her daily meal, a guest invisible save to the burning eyes that gaze into accustomed darkness. She would expostulate with her jailer, but he disappears before she can reach the wicket whence is doled her daily allowance; if she were to scream, perhaps he would not come again; and even he, cruel and brief though he be, is still a visitor too welcome to be scared away. So she lives on day after day, childishly plucking the straws from her couch, or laying up hoards for her friendly beetles, or courses round, round, round the tiny circle of her hated abode, shivering and lowly gibbering and thinking, thinking—on, on, on!

Why is she still a prisoner? why, why thus? Alas, her doom is but *half* completed!

* * * * * *

The loneliest and the saddest scene at last will close, and become, except as marked by the imperishable traces which they leave on human character, no more than the dream that passes in an hour away. Thus the convict's punishment is at last accomplished—the prison doors are unbarred—she is free to go forth unimpeded—the jailer enters her cell for the *last* time, he places before her a plentiful repast, and tells her that she is no longer a prisoner! but she looks up at him with a vacant stare, and then instinctively pounces upon the unaccustomed dainties—her skeleton fingers are dipped into the bowl, and with a grin, more harrowing even than madness, she splutters voraciously over the smoking viands, regardless of the blessed tidings of her freedom. For alas! misery has blotted out all records of the past,—the vulture thought has eaten its own life, and the words of peace and hope are breathed in vain, for they fall unintelligibly upon the leaden ears of an IDIOT!!!

THE SINGLE MAN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

He meets the smile of young and old, he wins the praise of all,
He is feasted at the banquet, and distinguished at the ball;
When town grows dull and sultry, he may fly to green retreats;
A welcome visitor in turn at twenty country seats;
He need not seek society, for, do whate'er he can,
Invitations and attentions will pursue the Single Man.

Fathers and brothers anxiously attempt his taste to suit;
O'er manors without number 'tis his privilege to shoot;
Political opponents to his principles concede;
He quaffs the finest Burgundy, he rides the fleetest steed;
And never yet were families, since first the world began,
United, blest, and fond as those who court the Single Man.

The price of bread, the price of funds on him inflict no ills,
He fears no winter *avalanche* of tradesmen's lengthy bills,
"Academies" and "Colleges" he passes calmly by,
Nor casts on "ruination shops" a sad and timid eye;
The rates of "Life Insurances" he never cares to scan,
"Trustees" and "jointures" boast no power to rack the Single Man.

But years steal on, and he begins with careful folks to class,
And shuns the pic-nic scramble, and the dinner on the grass;
And dreads the cold spare chamber, and the crowded hall of mirth,
And loves the spreading easy-chair, and blazing quiet hearth;
And votes warm rooms and early hours the best and wisest plan;
But home affords few comforts to the ailing Single Man.

He lacks a true and kindred heart, his joy and grief to share,
He lacks the winning tenderness of woman's gentle care;
No children gather round him, a beloved and loving train,
Eager to win their father's smile, to soothe their father's pain;
He rates his poor dependents as a mercenary clan,
Attachments come not ready-made to cheer the Single Man.

He stirs the fire, undraws the blind, and counts the clock's dull chime,
Acquaintance sometimes sit with him five minutes at a time;
"Longer they really cannot stay, so nervous he is grown,
It seems a charity to go, and leave him quite alone!"
No earnest eyes to his are raised, his changeful looks to scan,
The bland physician's queries must suffice the Single Man.

Ye "eligibles" ponder—to my warning lay attend,
Flirtations, waltzes, and duets one day must have an end;
O! wait not then till proziness and peevishness shall come,
Choose in the summer-time of life a bride to bless your home;
Let chaperons for others weave the sly and subtle plan,
And only look with pity on the flattered Single Man!

THE

METROPOLITAN.

JANUARY, 1842.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Blue Belles of England. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 Vols.

The powers of mind exhibited by the lady, the author of this novel, are really extraordinary. In every fresh work which she has produced she has become more and more appreciated, and thus we find, that, with a rising scale of excellence, her last work has ever been the best. This is so fully exemplified in "The Blue Belles of England," that it would be but waste of time to labour this point more fully. Whatever praise may be due to Mrs. Trollope as a novelist, and a most imaginative creator of fiction, (and as such she has been rarely surpassed,) her principal eulogium must always be, that she is the greatest teacher who now writes in that most comprehensive branch of ethics, the morality of social life. In this character she combats—and how beautifully!—every fresh failing and fashionable vice that rise so rapidly and spontaneously on the hot-bed of our most redundant and artificial state of society. She shows that where the glitter that dazzles is, there also is the deceit that demoralizes, and the danger that ruins. In doing this, she runs into no pharisaical extremes, for she inculcates, and most wisely, that though the brilliant too often conceals depravity, yet it quite as often indicates the glorious lustre of sterling gold. She denounces not brilliancy because it is not common-place or dull, but shows that the common-place and dull, the worthless and the wicked, have, by the means of factitious glitter, the advantage of a wide sphere of deception, in which innocence is too often entrapped, and where virtue herself sometimes meets with a fatal stumbling-block.

At this present time, vice has shown one of its hydra heads in a very ridiculous, and, sometimes, a very hurtful form—that of pretension to literature among ill-instructed and under-educated people.

This pretension is certainly very laughable in itself, but may be attended with very injurious consequences to the young, the enthusiastic, and the pre-eminently gifted in talent. Under the title of "The Blue Belles of England," the whole class of these affected ladies, and gentlemen also, are exposed, in all the plenitude of their folly, and the excess of their absurdity. We are presented with a series of rich pictures of the exquisitely ridiculous, of which Molière, if he were now living, would not be ashamed, and which we believe that the bent of his genius would lead him to emulate. In all these delineations of folly there is no approach to actual vice in those who thus expose themselves, by the simulation of poetical raptures, and the assumption of a hypercritical taste in literature, beyond that sad prostitution of intellect that has been given us for wiser and much more noble purposes. The hunters of the hunters for notoriety, the seekers out of the last little poetaster, and the newest concocter of the farce not decidedly hissed, are here drawn to the very life, and the lady keepers of the menageries of small wits are admirably hit off. In all this, amusing as it is, our sarcastic author is but breaking ground, and clearing away, by a smart sharpshooting, the little follies and absurdities which surround the great enormity, the monster vice, which is to be exposed, ridiculed, and then laid prostrate. The heroine, Constance—a beautiful personation of that most beautiful of all human beings, a right-minded and elegant English young lady—appears upon the stage. In the sequestered elegance of the country, she has drank deeply of the solemn inspiration of our best poets; her soul is most sensitively alive to all those visions of beauty with which the undying dead, the mighty host of departed genius, had so fully imbued her spirit. With great attractions, the independence conferred upon her by an ample fortune, a keen relish for the sublime and graceful, and a perfectly unvitiated taste, she finds herself in the metropolis, burning with a very natural desire to see realized in their persons some of those great minds whose aspirations she had all but worshipped, when clothed in numbers which seduce, and in words which burn. Of course this fair and fascinating lady is surrounded by various characters, all of them, in their degree, masterpieces, to which we can but barely allude, and cannot possibly enumerate. They are the workers-out of the plot, and are, each in itself, worthy of study. We must now advert to the grand epoch, the unreal realization of the noble Constance's wish. She is introduced to one of these beings; and it is in this graphic manner the introduction is described:—

"From the age of fifteen, it had been the unceasing habit of his life to fall in love; but so admirably had he managed, that although he had made seven offers, and been six times accepted, not to mention some hundred or two of foolish fond expectations excited besides, he had never yet been caught out in acting dishonourably to anybody, nor did he, in his heart of hearts, believe he ever had done so. There was always some high moral reason for the change in his sentiments; and the sufferings he had endured from his various disappointments in this way, were rather a favourite theme with him in his conversation with agreeable young married women. It sufficed to awaken a gentle pity for him, without trenching in the slightest degree upon propriety; and permitted him with per-

fect safety to let the lambent flame of poetical tenderness flicker and gleam athwart his discourse, without bringing him more within reach of Doctors' Commons than if he had been talking for so many hours on the Corn Laws.

"At the time Miss Ridley met him, he had just got to the end of one of those heart-breaking affairs; and every feeling heart was yearning towards him with sympathy and compassion, on account of his having been beguiled into engaging himself to a woman who had actually been guilty of the incredible indelicacy of ordering her father's carriage (in which she was only accompanied by three of her sisters) to stop, when she met him on horseback in Hyde Park! Nothing, it was said, was ever more lovingly beautiful than the letters in which he pointed out to her how fatally the rude touch of indelicacy wounds the gossamer plumage of the classic emblem of the soul, the butterfly. Logic and poetry seemed to come forward, hand in hand, to confound her; but the unreasonable beauty took it so much amiss, that a quarrel ensued, which ended in a total rupture. But for this—unless something else had happened to prevent it—Henry Mortimer would have been a married man before Constance arrived in London; as it was, however, he was at perfect liberty to fall in love with her, which he did, before he had conversed with her for ten minutes.

"Penelope watched them both with her quickly observing eye, and perceived at once that the fascinating Henry Mortimer was again enslaved; and that Constance was touched, as by an enchanter's wand, and already felt herself on the confines of a new world.

"How subtile is the manner in which love—let it be of what quality it may—insinuates itself, when first it comes *en tiers* between two unsuspecting hearts! Nothing could be more light and airy than the tone of conversation carried on by Mr. Mortimer, Constance, and Penelope, for Miss Hartley bore, at the very least, an equal part in it; but by degrees the young man contrived to refer to the future, for answers to many pithy questions which either one or the other asked of him, so that it very speedily became evident that the acquaintance so accidentally begun must of necessity be carried on. Miss Hartley was quite aware that no man in London was better qualified than Henry Mortimer to supply all her own deficiencies in the task of explaining to Constance who was who, both in the fashionable and the literary world, and lost not the opportunity now afforded of asking various interesting questions on the subject. His manner of answering was all his own. In the first place, it was both accurate and explicit; in the next, it was poignant, lively, and anecdotal; and, lastly, it was liberal and kind.

"It was almost impossible that any enjoyment could be greater than that of Constance, while this conversation lasted. If she were already in love, of course she did not know it, and therefore no shadow of embarrassment clouded the happy animation of her spirits. One after another she pointed out the persons rendered most conspicuous by the homage paid to them, till she had heard named, and gazed at accordingly, many of the most celebrated persons at that time in London.

"'O what a store of portraits, with labels to them, shall I carry home with me to-night!' she exclaimed. 'But I have not finished my questionings yet, Mr. Mortimer. Who are those highly-dressed ladies, who look like sisters, and whom I have observed, ever since I have been here, moving about arm-in-arm, for ever in the wake of some great celebrity, and contriving from time to time to get a nod, or a word, graciously thrown to them?'

"'Upon the which they live,' replied Mortimer. 'You have asked a very pregnant question, Miss Ridley, and one which I would rather answer by describing the class to which they belong, than by sketching portraits of themselves.'

" ' A class?' replied Constance. ' In what way do they particularly belong to a class?'

" ' Had I time, I think I could explain myself—but now I will only name without describing it; we will call them, if you please, specimens of the Blue Belles of England; and perhaps, at some future opportunity —but alas! here comes Mrs. Hartley, with so decided an air of walking towards her carriage, that it is impossible to mistake it. I must not lose another moment, but fly in search of Lady Dort, that she may present me.'

" The young man slid away through the crowd as he spoke, and the two girls left their seats and joined the rest of their party, of which Sir James still made one.

" ' What the devil have you been about, Constance?' said her brother. ' I have looked round for you half a dozen times, but you were nowhere to be seen.'

" ' Ah! Sir James," said Mrs. Hartley, ' you should not have looked for her in vain, had I not perceived that Lady Dort was so particularly inclined to distinguish her, that I thought it would be positively spoiling this brilliant *début*, were I to interfere. Have you enjoyed yourself, my dear love?'

" ' Excessively,' replied Constance with energy.

" ' And whom have you been presented to, dearest? and who has been presented to you?'

" Before this question could be answered, Mr. Mortimer, his handsome face glowing with eagerness, and hastening, to the utmost of his power, the mincing steps of Lady Dort, who hung languishingly on his arm, drew near them, when her compliant ladyship performed the ceremony requested of her, by presenting him both to Mrs. Hartley and Sir James Ridley.

" This done, she addressed herself to the whole party, declaring that their presence had given her more pleasure than she had power to express; and then, particularly addressing Constance, she expressed a fervent hope that she should see an immense deal of her.

" She then glided away to bless others with the same charming affability, and Mrs. Hartley and her young ladies, assiduously attended by Sir James Ridley and Mr. Mortimer, made their way to the carriages which waited for them, and drove off."

From this moment commences the action of the severe moral. Poor Constance has deceived herself without knowing it, her fancy has decided for her, and, fatal error, not her heart. As to Mortimer, he is but an empty imaginator of vain brilliancies, lapped on the elysium of an ill-judged adulation, and pillowed by self-conceit. Slowly and painfully does this vision, that she once thought perfect, rise upon Constance in its true colours, and, the chains of her engagement still rivetted upon her, she looks upon the poet and the egotist with horror. All this is conceived in the deep-searching spirit of true genius, and elaborated with the skilful touch of the master-hand. Constance trembles over the hidden gulf which threatens to ruin her temporal, to endanger her eternal, happiness. But, the gay painted thing, though thus perilous from its venom, carries about him the antidote to his sting. The vanity that all but destroys also saves. We must not too fully anticipate the denouément. Indeed, it is hardly safe for us too much to dwell upon the sterling excellence and high moral qualities of this most engaging and most exciting fiction—a fiction that is only such in appearance, for a more vivid display of realities

was never before offered to the public. The whole of the three volumes are an assemblage of nature's truths, as exhibited in the different gradations of society as they now exist. Whether we laugh or mourn, on whatever scene, or with whatever character we sympathize, we feel that it is a reality that calls forth our emotions. Mrs. Trollope *may* write hereafter as good a novel as the "Blue Belles of England," excel it she cannot, for this simplest of reasons, that it is as perfect a production as we can expect of poor fallible humanity. By perfection, we mean that completeness and entirety that leaves us nothing either to wish added or taken away—that perfection which implies the absence of everything incongruous from the subject-matter and the high ends proposed by it. Cavillers may tell us that "Blue Belles" is not so sublime as the "Iliad," so sparkling as "the School for Scandal," or so sentimental as the "Man of Feeling." Granted, and yet, we still maintain that, as a novel of society, it is perfect.

Rhymes and Roundelays. By T. Noel.

These are short matters in verse, with which we do not think the most fastidious will quarrel, or the most lenient be inclined to over-extol. They are commenced by a rhapsody, entitled "The Storm Fiends," and this is the nature of its construction. A good spirit *descends* in a fine clear night, and melodiously enough sings that he likes it. Then a storm-fiend *ascends*, and says, contrariwise, he don't like it at all. There is nothing stirring; so he bids his brother-spirits to keep moving. They very obediently assure him that from the ends of the earth, from the heights of the sky, (the fiends, how got they there?) from the depths of the sea, to thy bidding we fly." The storm-fiend after this sings out for what Jack calls a regular shindy. Then his brothers, or rather subservient fiends, "go out and return," and tell him that all that he ordered is done, "for the winds are unchained, and the row is begun,"—no, we beg pardon, the storm. Among them, then, they contrive to wreck a ship, and having the usual success of those who do bad things, the villains mock the poor seamen just when they get the worst of it. One ill-natured saucer-eyed devil remarks that "some of the wretches are roaring drunk," which is a very unfriendly act, that of jeering at a man when he is overtaken. Another seaman, who is praying, is used no better. After which, horrors are accumulated upon horrors, and in describing which the author really exhibits much power. All this is, however, a little relieved by a song from "a Jack-tar jollily drunk." Jack's song is not bad, but he gets but shabbily paid for his civility, for the fiends mock him by thus replying to the last line of his stave, "Down to the bottom we go"—"A little bit lower than you think, in an element warmer than water you'll go;" which we take to be a most unhandsome reflection. After having done all this, and much more mischief, the good spirit again enters and sings a dirge over the dead bodies. This sketch of Mr. Noel's principal poem will give the reader a faint idea of the direction in which his taste rejoices. It is in the shadowy and the energetic, with an admixture of the burlesque,

and a touch of the humorous. He is a Göethe in a small way' None of his minor poems deserve censure, and none are excelling. Though his poems are seldom soul-stirring, they are generally graceful, and even when they fail in grace, there is something about them which always rescues them from downright nonsense and stupidity. The author writes very amiable verses.

The Death of Athaliah, a Scriptural Drama, founded on the "Athalie" of Racine, to which are added a few fugitive Pieces of Sacred Poetry. By the REVEREND W. TROLLOPE, M.A., of Pembroke College, Cambridge, formerly one of the Classical Masters of Christ's Hospital.

In this sacred poem we find much to applaud, still more to reverence, whilst, as a whole, it is calculated to elevate the soul to holy and sublime thought. We are of opinion, that these productions should be regarded as poems only, and should be considered with no reference whatever to the stage; and yet, if men's minds could be so properly regulated as to divest them of all profane thoughts, it is just such a drama as the present, with its awful scenery and spirit-stirring choruses, which we should delight to see represented. The action of this piece is simple, and the plot single; and so natural, that we should be inclined to look upon it as something too common, were it not for the vast and important ends to which it leads. The dignity of the versification is well sustained, yet the diction, though singularly pure, is not sufficiently exalted. In the grandeur of its imagery and the pomp of its sentences, it certainly does not equal Racine, yet in the more general graces it excels him. We recommend this sacred poem to the perusal of all serious persons, it will warm the heart with the chastest poetical fire, and, at the same time, shed upon it that devotional balm, the enjoyment of which is the greatest terrestial happiness. We will not injure the impression which the entire perusal will give the readers of this work, by a short extract, but refer at once to the minor poems published with Athalia. A selection from these will be as appropriate as it must be pleasing to our friends.

"Though threatening tempests gather round,
Obscuring life's meridian day;
And scarce one lingering hope is found
To gladden with its cheering ray:
Firm let me meet the rising storm,
And each repining murmur shun;
A league with faith and patience form,
And humbly say, 'Thy will be done!'

As the bright spark will upward rise,
Borne from the kindled flame on high;
So man, expelled from Paradise,
Was born from dust to misery:
Then mindful still of mercies past,
And ills escaped since life begun;
Though sorrow's cup is filling fast,
Resigned I say, 'Thy will be done!'

There is not in this vale of tears,
  Through which our heavenward journey lies,
A path beset with toils and fears
  So dire as man's iniquities;
While then I weigh the load which God
  Laid on his dear and sinless Son,
And scan the path my Saviour trod,
  Grateful I say, 'Thy will be done!'

When baffled conscience vainly calls,
  And grace in vain the Spirit sheds,
The bolt at length uplifted falls
  In vengeance on rebellious heads;
God wills not that a soul be lost
  Which Christ's atoning blood had won;
And counting thus Redemption's cost,
  I sadly say, 'Thy will be done!'

Then let the fearful billows roll,
  And rudely swell life's troubled sea;
Hope shall the anchor of my soul,
  And Faith my sovereign pilot be;
Till, sped by Charity's fair gale,
  The voyage of my life is run,
In Heaven's blest port I furl my sail,
  And joyous say, 'Thy will be done!' "

If the press produced more works of a description similar to those contained in this little volume, the public taste would be greatly improved, and a much better direction given to the studies of our youthful population. We much want men's ideas and inclinations led to the feet of the throne of God, by cultivating the best aspirations of their souls in sublimating and refining them by eloquence and poetry, not by distracting them by the vain and trifling distinctions of sects and dogmas. We believe that the true Christian may be both a gentleman and a poet.

Peace, Permanent and Universal; its Practicability, Value, and Consistency with Divine Revelation. A Prize Essay. By H. T. J. MACNAMARA.

The committee of "the Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace" offering a prize of one hundred guineas for the best essay, "to show that war under all circumstances is inconsistent with the precepts of the Gospel and the spirit of the Christian dispensation," the work before us is the result, having been adjudged the first prize. In calling the public attention to this beautiful address to all that is pure, and good, and holy in our feelings, we must not permit Mr. Macnamara to be regarded merely as a literary gladiator, who has descended into the arena of debate, for the sake merely of achieving a splendid victory over numerous competitors, but as the apostle and prophet of the cause which he has undertaken,

being convinced of its justice, fully entering into all its views, and labouring heart and soul in order to promote its glorious and sublime ends. The subject is more than surrounded, it is actually crushed, with difficulties. We scarcely know how to notice the work without flying exactly into the face of the ruling powers, and without seeming to condemn the basis of all our institutions, and demanding a fresh modelling of the very frame-work of society. All the principles of our government and of our social policy are military. From our gentle Queen, who covers herself with military orders, and appears in public with the badges upon her of institutions purely military, down to the humblest recruit who has just been cajoled into enlisting, are all one vast system of the sword, and all, according to the doctrines promulgated in this book, in a state of sin, and in open rebellion to the laws of Jesus Christ. And yet, in the depth of solitude, in the hour of humiliation and prayer, with gospel before his eyes, and its divine precepts warm in his heart, who will dare to say that the advocates for universal peace and utter non-resistance are wrong, and if they are the right, the baton of the field-marshal should be broken, the statues of manslaying-conquerors overthrown in our public places, and the sackcloth of repentance should displace those gorgeous uniforms, and the gilding and tinsels with which legal homicides are so proud to deck themselves. The case is full of dilemmas. We will give no opinion upon it. We dare not question the authorities of man and incur the guilt of rebellion for a subject as yet so speculative, and still less would we damn our immortal souls by despising the commands of God. But of the able, the triumphant manner in which the author has supported his dogmas, there can be but one opinion. All that eloquence, a conviction of right, deep research, and profound learning, profane as well as sacred, could bring to bear upon this subject, has been employed in a manner as judicious as it is captivating. Of the propriety of the principles of this work there can be no doubt—of their expediency in the present state of mankind a great deal—of their practicability there can be no doubt at all, for they are impossible, and then it becomes a serious matter of reflection whether it be not better to suffer the world to improve itself under a gradual and slow melioration, than to plunge at once into extreme measures. By instinct, of all the animal world, man is, perhaps, the most pugnacious; he not only wars upon all the animal race in common with many other animals, but, in common with no other animal we know of, he wars *systematically* with his fellow-man. This natural instinct is to be overcome, and overcome it may partially be, by civilization and good laws—totally by the gospel; but here lies the difficulty—of the nations of the world, how few profess the gospel-law! and of those who profess, how few act up to it! We are counselled not to resist invasion, to stand unarmed before the armies of the slayers, to bare the bosom to the spear. This never will do till all mankind are of the same mind, and that mind similar in its nature to the passive instincts of a flock of sheep. Were these doctrines faithfully to be followed out in this country, for example, they would entail upon us a mutiny in the army and navy, and directly after an invitation of the spoiler to be upon us. Let us suppose, that even

the twenty European nations, as the peace advocates propose, were to commence simultaneously the non-resistance principles, how are we to influence barbarians who never heard of, or at least regarded, the name of our Saviour? Are we, unresisting, to offer them our property and our persons, letting them possess wholly the one, and make slaves of the other? The thing is too visionary. If a few bad arm, the many good must do so too, or they will be the prey and the slaves of the bad. Let it be fully understood, in all this we are considering only the practicability of the measure; and that which is not practicable to do, is seldom expedient to attempt. Of the principle we are the warmest advocates. We firmly believe that those principles will gradually work their way, but this glorious consummation will not succeed by endeavouring to put down war in the first instance, but war will be gradually put down as a consequence of the spread of christian principles. Perhaps we may be wrong. We request our readers attentively to consider the eighth chapter of this work, in which it is endeavoured to prove that the christian religion forbids defensive war, and enforces complete non-resistance to aggression. It is the most important part of the whole essay; and if this be right, everything follows of course, and we must either renounce Christ, or totally remodel the whole system of our government. Paying again a sincere tribute to the zeal and ability displayed in this cause by the amiable author, we conclude by recommending his work universally. We hope fervently that his principles may prosper, and thus many swords be turned into pruning-hooks, and wars become not only more distasteful to mankind in general; but we despair that either wars can ever be abolished, or the profession of arms, by which they are waged AND PREVENTED.

Travels and Tales, in Verse.

These versified travels and tales display a very fair share of merit, and are really worth reading, if taken in small doses at the time. The author, having made a very extensive excursion through Wales, Scotland, and the north of England, has given birth to his feelings as they and the occasion called for them, in very tolerable verse. Of course, the subjects of his muse are varied and miscellaneous, to suit the tastes of all manner of readers, if they should happen to have any taste at all for matters of this kind. But perhaps some one or two of our friends might be curious to know how a tour reads when turned into verse; to this we reply, that this tour reads well when you can get through it; others may again ask, what sort of verse could be applicable to a tour. To this last query we shall reply—just such verse as that which is before us; a little warmth, a faint tint of poetical colouring, and very musical numbers, and all this we find in the work before us. Anything better would be misplaced; but the author is safe, for this fault he could not possibly commit. But we had better satisfy curiosity by extract. A view of Slanes Castle called forth from the author the following sonnet:—

"The rival regions of the Don and Dee,
Through sand and swamp, and over rut and rock,
Enduring many a nearly fatal shock,
We quit—o'erlooking such a troubled sea,
Until we reach the wished-for lovely shore;
Securely the fantastic crags descry
The chafing tides that beat against Dun Buy,
And, awestruck, listen their tremendous roar;
With which, when most severe dark hint molests,
Innumerable sea-birds clanging cries
With shrill accordant wailings harmonize,
Scar'd, wheeling round their vainly chosen nests.
Here, where upon thy tow'r-crown'd cliff, O Manes,
In tempests such terrific grandeur reigns.

We will now give a short specimen of this author's manner of versifying in more lengthened tales. The reader will find it extremely altisonant. It is from a poem of some one hundred and twenty lines, entitled the Templar.

"The Monarch and Statesman, the Soldier and Priest,
In their haunts, like a vulture, each scented afar,
With beak and with talons to pounce on the feast,
As they plotted and plann'd their plundering war.
The Pope to his packs to run us all down
The signal then gave, with his frown and each crown.
In their kennels their Master each Hound in his cowl
The signal obey'd, with his howl and his scowl—
With one noble exception, upon our doomed race,
For the wealth we had earn'd, that refus'd to set on,
For our coveted wealth, the dogs of the chase,
That spirit that reign'd o'er thee, Arragon!
With fire, and with rack, and with forged confessions,
As they lay'd their foul fangs on all our possessions,
Against us the fiends, who could only give birth
To such projects, then seem'd all let loose upon earth!

We have selected this page as one being neither remarkable for its beauty nor its blemishes, but as being a very fair mean of his stumbling upon both. The blemishes are apparent enough, the beauties are certainly more occult, but then the reader will have the more joy in discovering that which is not at all perceptible to the common eye. We speak in all honest sincerity when we assert that we have no objection to countless volumes of verse similar to this, or that we suppose any will read them beyond their author's immediate friends, but they foster various branches of very useful trades, and prove that those who produce them have a very fair proportion of talent, and still more nerve. May they be happy. The volume, by the bye, is beautifully got up as to printing and embellishments.

The Rhine, Italy, and Greece. In a series of drawings from nature, by COLONEL COCKBURN, MESSRS. BARTLETT, LEITCH, and WOLFENSENBERGER, with historical and legendary inscriptions. By the REV. G. N. WRIGHT, M. A., author of the Mediterranean Illustrated.

This splendid work is presented to the public in the form and at the price of an annual, and may certainly rival the best works of that class. Here are seventy-four highly finished and first rate engravings, each one an exquisite piece of art, and over the whole of which one may linger with pleasure and advantage for hours. To name any particular excellence among these numerous specimens would be hardly fair, for we seem always to like that engraving best which is actually before us. Many of the scenes presented are absolutely new to us, and perhaps to these the principal attention will be first directed. We cannot help remarking, that after an examination of the gorgeous plates, the scenes of our own quiet towns appear very tame and spiritless. The literary department is succinct and to the purpose, quite sufficiently long to excite and gratify the attention, but never so long as to weary the mind. The work, altogether, is highly creditable to the national taste.

Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book, 1842. *With Poetical Illustrations.* By MARY HOWITT.

We cannot give this annual the unqualified praise that the transcendent merits of the one which we have just noticed extorted from us. We find in it, however, much, very much, that deserves our commendation. The plates are various and generally good; consisting of a vast variety of subjects, not excluding even some portraits of eminent men. Some of these engravings are repetitions, and with one or two we are familiar on account of their age. That which we most dislike is Mary Howitt's practical illustrations—made to order, and like the staple of most verses, contracted for in this manner—that is, made carelessly, with several very bad fits. We wish it not to be understood, that among these productions there are not some of a very high order of merit, still there are enough wretched ones among them to give a very low literary tone to the whole, and to carry an impression to the reader that they are job concerns—mere contract goods, thus lowering her reputation by taking the measure of any subject for poetry at so much per yard. Why will she damage her justly acquired celebrity by verses like the following? Is it on account of too much haste, or too little lucre? Speaking of the plague, she says unmusically thus—

> "Through crowds the kind physicians press,
> Their healing balsams to dis*perse,*
> And fearless priests stoop down to bless
> Brows stricken with the pesti*lence.*"

Perhaps this is but a typographical mistake, for the word, "dis*ense.*" Be it so—yet is it a most ungainly one in a book printed

with so much pretension. But in the next verse but one we have this hobbling verse,

> " So much for me why hast thou done ?"
> Asked I, " for I am stranger here ;"
> " The pestilence hath ta'en my son !"
> Said she with many a tear.

We have no space to continue heaping proofs on proofs of the utter carelessness of this authoress. If she can get paid for it, no doubt she will continue to write by the foot measure ; yet in justice to her publishers she might condescend to measure her feet.

Reasons for a New Edition of Shakespeare's Works, containing Notices of the Defects of former Impressions, and pointing out the lately acquired means of Illustrating the Plays, Poems, and Biography of the Poet. By J. Payne, Collier, Esq., F.S.A., author of English Dramatic Poetry, and the Stage, &c.

This prospectus has already made a considerable sensation, not only among the literary world, but with the public at large. The reasons which Mr. Collier thinks justify him in hazarding one more to the numerous editions of Shakspeare, are the most obvious, and indeed the only to which the world would listen. Firstly, that we have no present edition so perfect as it ought to be; secondly, that we have a right to a much more perfect one ; and thirdly, that he is the person that can produce it. It does not require to dwell much upon his first reason. Every one with a pretension to call himself a scholar knows too well and bewails the faultiness of all the previous impressions—a faultiness not a little increased by the numerous new-edition-mongers and blundering annotators. Verily, we think that there is much to undo. From this it follows that we ought to expect something better ; and to prove that Mr. Collier can furnish us with that something, he emends various errors that are palpable, and which only require the exercise of the reasoning powers to detect ; and then he goes on to state that he has access to the most ancient and best copies now extant. Among those advantages which he enumerates, he says, upon this contemplated task " he has been employed many years," and " that, of late, I have enjoyed facilities for the purpose of going through the plays again, and of completing my undertaking, such as, I may confidently assert, no other editor ever possessed." Among those facilities, he mentions his access to the treasure of the Duke of Devonshire's library, and the assistance of Lord Francis Egerton's collection. We trust, now this design is made public, that other generous spirited persons will come forward to assist in a project so essentially national. We wish well to the projector, and trust that he will reflect that he has undertaken a most important task, to fail in which would cover him with ridicule, while his success would give his name an immortality lasting as that of the immortal bard. We also hope that Mr. Collier is still young, for the task before him is as tedious as it is onerous, and he may anticipate a great deal of opposition ; for already, we have observed that in some of his specimen emendations, there is much room for cavil.

Sporting Architecture. By GEO. TATTERSALL. R. Ackermann, London.

Every man, whether he build a castle or a cottage, has reason to be thankful to him who will keep him out of the hands of an architect. There is nothing more unsatisfactory than paying men for cutting out work for themselves, while the plans and specifications of a modern architect would almost build a good old-fashioned house. How many a man has been led on by degrees until, instead of a comfortable-sized house, he has found himself the owner of one that he cannot afford to inhabit! An architect, to be of real service, should have an intimate acquaintance with the wants of the party to inhabit the edifice he is called upon to erect. If a nobleman, the elegance and luxury of life should be studied; if a cottager, the comforts and habits of the industrious should be familiar to him. The detail, however, is seldom considered; so many rooms, so many feet, covering such a space and presenting such a front, are the main points attended to, and all the little refinements of convenience are left to chance, or expensive alteration, when the thing should be complete.

But of all puzzling commissions for a professional man, none can exceed that of erecting accommodation for animals employed in sporting purposes. The nature of the architect's professional avocations generally precludes the intimate acquaintance a person should have, who administers to the comforts of these valuable and expensive appendages to luxury and affluence.

Stables are manageable affairs, but how can an architect be expected to point out the many little trifles that constitute the difference between a handy and an inconvenient kennel? What huntsman would give a farthing for the finest architectural elevation, if the little inlets and outlets that constitute his comforts are neglected. "The first and best of all architectural beauties is fitness," says Mr. Tattersall, and hundreds will re-echo the sentiment.

The work before us supplies a vacuum that has long been felt, not less by architects themselves, than by the actual followers of field sports; and it is not a little singular, and omens well for its success, that it should be the production of a gentleman whose name, as connected with sporting, is known all over the world. The arrangement of the work is simple and clear. Part I. is devoted to the stud farm, soil boxes, fittings-up, fences, &c. Part II. treats of the stable for hack, hunter, and race-horse; Part III. of the kennel, and Part IV. of race-stands. The family breeding establishment at Willesden furnishes much of the information, and many of the designs relative to the stud farm; whilst Newmarket has been consulted respecting racing stables, and several of the most distinguished hunts in the kingdom have furnished plans and information as to their kennels and accommodation. Mr. Vyner (himself a practical man, having hunted several counties) supplies much sound doctrine, in a plain, sensible style, and the kennel department altogether is done in a very able and satisfactory manner. This is a most important acquisition, though we would suggest the expediency of a future edition com-

mencing with accommodation for a two days a-week pack, and then going on to a four days a week one. A neat design of this sort would do for a pack of harriers, or might be made available as a pointer-kennel.

We must not conclude without bearing testimony to the very superior manner in which the work is got up and illustrated. It is quite a drawing-room book, and the plates, designs, elevations, &c. are all in the first style of the art, bearing most honourable testimony to the artistic skill of Mr. Tattersall.

Poems written chiefly Abroad. BY M.

The elegant muse of M., without taking, or pretending to take, an exalted flight, has made a varied and most graceful one. She loves the earth, but attaches herself only to the greenest and most pleasant spots upon it. She has nothing to do with the stars, but nestled among, or lounging over flowers, to gaze upon them. To descend from our metaphor, the author of these poems never fails in that which he attempts, and he rarely attempts anything beyond the small yet felicitous triumph of the moment. He has filled his little volume with every species of verse, and with specimens of a vast variety of styles. His book opens with a short metrical romance, that strongly reminds us of the manner of Sir Walter Scott. It is really indicative of great things. The rest of the poems have been elicited at various places abroad on the spur of the moment, and, whilst they display the polish of the closet, have all the freshness of the impromptu. We extract the following at random, as a fair, but not as the best specimen of the author's style:

Years have pass'd on, since standing on thy shore,
I gazed my last on thee, thou glorious Sea!—
Again I watched thee rolling as before
Unchanged to all, or only changed to me,
Unchanged by what has pass'd upon thy form,
For wave which sunk like hope within thy breast,
For long long winter of the darkening storm,—
For sunned calm that look'd like endless rest.

Ask'd I not then a portion of thy strength,
As speeds it now thy flow swift deep and wide,
To bear me on to the flood-mark at length
In my mean life, and momentary tide?
Reaching and then receding from that height
Back whither tides and life have had their birth,
Like thee, I'd borne with me the proud delight
To master first, then flee the touch of earth—
Were that thy boon! I do restore it here
To thee, thou image of the tameless will,
Grant me this other—'tis to feel and fear,
No more for aye life's fever or its chill.

Thy heart lies deep beneath the tempest-shock,
Myriads of water-drops are folded there,
Which in the wave had rushed upon the rock
Smitten, recoil'd—then melted into air.

Thou giv'st them shelter—Has the heart no deep
For shelter of its feelings long self-tom?
Unsunn'd, unbreathed on, will they never sleep,
Even in the caverns which themselves have worn?

Thou dost not answer me—the surging spray
Onward, and on is rolling at my feet,—
Feels not my heart what these wild murmers say
That as thy wave so, too must be its beat?

Then be it so—the cavern and the sand
Both worn, both trace thy conflict still to be,
But not the less thou own'st one stern command
Thou ceaseless minister,—all glorious sea!"

The reader will perceive a good moral feeling in these verses, and as much poetical energy. We should also very much like to quote the whole of a drawing-room satire, called "The Paddles," but unfortunately, it is too long for the purpose. The humour of this production is acute as well as rich, and we think it a style of writing in which the author would eminently succeed. We do not wish to overpraise this work certainly, but we should be guilty of great injustice to its author if we did not say that it is a production of much merit, and giving promise of a great deal more. If we might presume to advise one who has already done so well, we should counsel him to court the comic vein—we do not mean in the broad style, but in the purer and more refined path of wit. After thus expressing ourselves, we need not say how cordially we recommend this work, for we do assure our readers, although it consists of poetry—and *modern* poetry—it will amply repay in pleasure and instruction the perusal of it.

Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon. Edited by HARRY LORREQUER, with Illustrations by PHIZ. 2 Vols.

What shall we say of this work, or how conscientiously give it that praise which the brilliancy of its style, and its various merits as a literary production, might seem imperatively to demand? But our admiration of its wit must not prevent us decidedly announcing to all, wherever our influence may extend, that, in a moral point of view, a more pernicious work was never published. Everything which can tend to make the hero effective is lavished upon him—and what is he in reality? A despiser of social order, a male jilt, and an inveterate duelist. Jack Sheppard, and the demoralizing stories on the same class—a disgrace to our literature, and a reproach to our age—are not half so bad in their destructive tendencies as is this same Charles O'Malley. The vulgar villainies of a Jack Sheppard can seduce only the uneducated, and those in the humble walks of life; but how many

a well-intentioned youth might be, and we fear is, totally ruined by the false glitter by which the author has surrounded the Irish Dragoon. What father would not tremble to have such a son; what mother would not shrink if she saw such an one approach her daughter. By the work the Irish character is degraded. Were its portraiture true, the higher classes of that high-spirited nation would be nothing better than half-educated savages, having no notions of glory beyond the duel, and making animal courage the primal virtue of humanity. There is in this novel, or whatever it may be called, a character held up to admiration, called the "Count," than whom a more blackguard assassin never existed. For everything that a man either does or fails to do that displeases him, he is shot. And then the preparations for the duel, the advice as to its successful termination, the gloating over and nursing of the instruments of death, all evince the fell spirit of the murderer. Whenever two men meet to fight a duel, under any circumstances, one of them must be an assassin, and the other a fool, if not an assassin also. Human ingenuity cannot conceive that, in all things, the two combatants can be exactly equal, and whenever one has the least advantage of the other, if a fatal termination ensues, there must be murder, even according to the absurd code of modern honour. In either a moral or a religious point of view, the very idea of the thing is execrable. The author has written his book with a moral blindness that is truly pitiable, and if his conscience should ever be awakened to what he owes to his God and to his fellowman, his repentance must be bitter, and we hope that it will be sincere and accepted. And now let us advert to those brilliant qualities which make this publication so injurious. The author possesses an imagination truly vivid, and delightfully Irish; his wit flows from him spontaneously, and is guided by a quality not so peculiarly Irish, an excellent judgment. He describes admirably what he has seen, and he has evidently seen much. His book is replete with novelty, and possesses a still more uncommon attribute—great originality. Many of the sketches are unique, all of them graphic. Over even his worst characters he throws a radiance, and so describes a rascality, that he makes it attractive. This is a heinous fault in morals, although a very first-rate virtue in book-making. In scenes of war, and on the field of slaughter, he writes at once like the soldier and the poet, although he gloats too fondly over carnage to please the philanthropist. When we view all his personages *en masse*, we cannot help admiring the talent that could have assembled such a group of engaging and pleasant rascals. The Irish Dragoon's faithful body-servant, one Michael Free, is a rascal to the backbone, yet our love and admiration is asked for him, because he is brave, loyal to his master, and an Irishman. All the "Dragoon's" intimates and friends are right merry fellows, but no better as men and christians than his servant. We cannot discover among them any character which we would desire to have imitated. Of course we except some brief outlines, struck with the hand of a master, of some of the first names of history—such as Wellington, Picton, and other men dear to English glory. To conclude, we certainly admire the multiform talent that the "Irish Dragoon" displays, but we will not recommend it for perusal—on the

contrary, we pronounce that the sooner that it disappears from our homes, and is found wanting at the circulating libraries, the better for the rising generation. We must not teach our sons that they may violate public order, and outrage decency, because the so doing furnishes excellent practical jokes, nor that they may take the life of their fellow-man, because it is so genteel and spirited to fight. Our daughters, also, should avoid the contamination of the practised male jilt and the duelist, even though he dresses well, and is an "Irish Dragoon."

The Pictorial History of England, (Knight's,) *and the History of the British Empire in India.* By EDWARD THORNTON, ESQ., author of "India, its State, and Present Prospects," &c.

England has reached its ninth milestone, and the history of British India its eleventh, and we notice them together because they are just now treating of exactly the same subjects, the rapid strides of British power and dominion in the East. The views of both works are nearly the same, yet this unanimity does not prevent each having a peculiar character of its own. Mr. Thornton is more simple and rapid in his narrative, whilst the author of the Pictorial History is more minute, and very much given to run into detail. Both ought to be read, which, if done, as much information will be gathered on the subject as the most curious could desire. This portion of history, perhaps more than any other with which we are acquainted, displays the utter selfishness and depravity of human nature; and when we regard the little villanies of Mr. Hastings's persecutors, his bold and straightforward peculations and robberies actually appear grand. In the prosecution, Pitt proved himself a scoundrel, Burke a blind and enthusiastic dupe, and the rest rogues all. Though all these pseudo-moralists joined in the cry of condemnation against Hastings, not a soul of them breathed the word restitution in behalf of the cheated Orientals. Truly the whole affair is a most pitiable display. And Sir Philip Francis, the stoically virtuous Junius, throughout these transactions, the term blackguard is the only epithet which we can apply to him. It was at this period that Sheridan made so much noise by his overpraised speech. The following seems to be a just opinion of this effort, for effort it really was.

"Sheridan, according to his own private confession, knew little or nothing about India and its affairs; but then there was Francis, who knew a great deal, locally and practically; there was Fox, who had acquired a fund of information by the pleasant medium of conversation; and there was Burke, who knew everything by reading and intense study; and by these gentlemen and others Sheridan was crammed for the great occasion. We mean no disrepect to the genius and eloquence of the most fascinating orator of his day, or probably of any day—we merely mean that Sheridan was idle and negligent, and did not enter upon the subject of the crimes of Hastings, or the sufferings of the Indians, with a solemn conviction like Burke's. He could give form, beauty, and life to the materials with which he was furnished by others; but this was art—con-

summate and high art aided by and springing out of a most felicitous natural genius—but it was nothing more, and could be nothing more in a man like Sheridan, and one who had gone to the task as he had done. Parts of the speech which he now delivered were as witty and sparkling as any passages in his own comedies; parts rose to the tone of the loftiest poetry; parts were filled with a pathos that went to the hearts even of those who knew that the orator was doing little more than playing a part; and some portions were considered as the very perfection of manly and lofty eloquence. We cannot judge of the effect produced upon the audience merely by a dry reading of imperfect fragments for the most part, it may be presumed, not very faithfully reported: but an immensity of concurrent evidence seems to prove that the impression produced was altogether wonderful. As a matter of course, Sheridan treated the whole matter merely as an orator, and never permitted facts, or doubts, or the delicate dread of going too far and saying too much against the party accused, to check one flight of his daring imagination. But, viewing this speech as a work of art—and no rational man will ever again consider it in any other light—and judging by the report, which was more likely to leave out than to put in, we should conceive that the display was injured and weakened by this excess of fanciful decoration; and both in the witty and the pathetic parts there were lamentable proofs of false, bad taste, and of a thorough artificiality, Still, however, as a whole, it must have been an extraordinary performance. Burke declared that it was the most astonishing effort of eloquence of which there was any record or tradition. Fox said that all that he had ever heard, all that he ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing; and Wyndham, another accomplished orator and most competent critic, spoke of it, many years after, in terms equally enthusiastic.

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"Of the imperfect fragments--the bits picked here and there—which seem to be all that remain in type or in pen-and-ink, of this marvellous performance, there is one particular passage which has been cited as being so strongly marked with the characteristics of Sheridan's talent, as to be entitled to be looked upon as a pretty faithful representation of what he spoke."

This is a part of this famous speech. Speaking of Hastings, he, Sheridan, says,

"He saw nothing great—nothing magnanimous—nothing open—nothing direct in his measures or in his mind. On the contrary, he had too often pursued the worst objects by the worst means. His course was an eternal deviation from rectitude. He either tyrannised or deceived; and was by turns a Dionysius and a Scapin. As well might the writhing obliquity of the serpent be compared to the swift directness of the arrow, as the duplicity of Mr. Hastings's ambition to the simple steadiness of genuine magnanimity. In his mind all was shuffling, ambiguous, dark, insidious, and little; nothing simple, nothing unmixed: all, affected plainness and actual dissimulation; a heterogeneous mass of contradictory qualities; with nothing great but his crimes, and even those contrasted by the littleness of his motives, which at once denoted both his baseness and meanness, and marked him for a traitor and a trickster. Nay, in his style and writing there was the same mixture of vicious contrarieties;—the most grovelling ideas were conveyed in the most inflated language, giving mock consequence to low cavils, and uttering quibbles in heroics: so that his compositions disgusted the mind's taste, as much as his actions excited the soul's abhorrence. Indeed, this mixture of character seemed, by some unaccountable but inherent quality, to be appropriated,

though in inferior degrees, to everything that concerned his employers. He remembered to have heard an honourable and learned gentleman (Mr. Dundas) remark that there was something in the first frame and constitution of the company which extended the sordid principles of their origin over all their successive operations; connecting with their civil policy, and even with their boldest achievements, the meanness of a pedler and the profligacy of pirates; alike in the political and the military line could be observed *auctioneering ambassadors* and *trading generals;* and thus we saw a revolution brought about by *affidavits;* an army employed in *executing an arrest;* a town besieged on *a note of hand;* a prince dethroned for the *balance of an account.* Thus it was they exhibited a government which united the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre and the little *traffic of a merchant's counting-house,* wielding a truncheon with one hand, and *picking a pocket with the other.* Against Sir Elijah Impey, Sheridan ran on still more riotously. He called him 'the Oriental Grotius,' and described him as "degrading the dignity of his high office, laying aside the character of a judge, and soiling the ermine by condescending to execute the functions of a pettifogging attorney; running up and down the country, ferreting out affidavits, and carrying them upon his shoulders in a bundle, like a pedler with his pack."

This is not the style of oratory which should have been displayed before an august assembly on a solemn question. We must conclude by stating, that both the works we have just been noticing demand, and we think will obtain, the public attention and patronage.

The Tower; its History, Armouries, and Antiquities, before and since the Fire. The Descriptions accompanied with an Essay on English Armour, Histories of Gunfounding, the Manufacture of Hand Fire-arms, Accounts of the Crown Jewels, &c. Compiled from Official Documents in the Tower: with numerous Illustrations. By J. HEWITT. Published, by authority of the Master General and Board of Ordnance at the Tower, by W. Spiers, 17, North Audley Street.

After the thousand and one romantic histories we have had of the late fire at the Tower, it is pleasant to get hold of something official on the subject, in which all the extra-terrific and the ultra-astounding is laid aside for the plain simple truth. Not content with burning down the grand Storehouse, some of our friends of the broad sheet made cinders of the White Tower, St. Peter's Chapel, the Jewel Office, the Ordnance Storehouses, the Powder Magazine, and a thousand other places. The moat itself they took strange liberties with, and we were in daily expectation that some of our wiseacres would at last set the Thames on fire. Our neighbours over the water went the length of writing elegies on "*les vingt-et-un rois,*" "*la salle du roi Jean,*" and many other places, known or unknown! It is pleasant, therefore, to learn that much of this valuable lamentation has been thrown away.

"The loss altogether," says Mr. Hewitt's book, "including arms, accoutrements, ornaments, and miscellaneous stores, with the building itself, may be estimated at about a quarter of a million (the news-

papers made it upwards of a million). The serviceable stores alluded to above formed the principal contents of the grand storehouse, the ancient armour and other rarities being chiefly deposited in the Horse Armoury and Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, both untouched by the fire.

The original design of the volume, however, was not to give an account of the fire alone, but to explain, by essays, interwoven with the descriptions, the various ancient armours, large and small, guns, and other antiquities contained in the Tower. There is also a sketch of the history of the Tower, another of the history of the Armouries, compiled from official papers, hitherto inaccessible to the publica and an historical notice and description of the regalia; the whole illustrated with numbers of original sketches, made expressly for this work.

To any one going to visit the Tower Armouries, we should recommend the previous purchase of this volume (it is only half-a-crown.) By conning it over at home, they would be enabled to understand clearly what they afterwards saw in the museums, a point of no small importance to all who are desirous of avoiding the disagreeable position of examining things they don't understand, and of coming away from a most interesting exhibition with no more knowledge than they went in with. We forgot to say that that the volume is done up in an illuminated cover, and, for "children of a larger growth," forms as useful and acceptable a Christmas present as can be found.

Addison's History of the Knights Templars, the Temple Church, and the Temple. London.

The history of the Knights Templars presents to us a subject of the most romantic and exciting interest. No order of men ever rose to such a pinnacle of power and wealth, and mighty pre-eminence, both in Europe and in Asia, as the Templars, and none ever experienced so melancholy and memorable a fall. These holy warriors, who curiously united in their own persons the monastic and the military character, sprung into existence immediately after the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders; they were originally established to protect the pilgrims on their journey from the sea-coast of Palestine to the Holy City, and afterwards undertook the general defence of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, and of all the holy places. They submitted themselves to a severe discipline, mortified their bodies, and spent their time in fighting, fasting, and praying. Their rules and regulations breathe a fervent spirit of piety and devotion, and if they acted up to them, (as Mr. Addison would have us believe that they did,) they must have been an order of saints and heroes. The wealth and the military resources of the Templars were mainly derived from the European provinces of the order, which furnished periodical supplies of men and money to Jerusalem. The Temple at London was the chief house of the order for Britain and Ireland, and was presided over by a provincial grand preceptor, who was styled "the Master of the Temple." For nearly two centuries the Knights Templars maintained their footing in Palestine, and warred with persevering energy

against the different Mussulman races of Asia. After the loss of the Holy Land they were fiercely persecuted: they were accused of heresy, and the most abominable crimes were laid to their charge. The last grand master, and many hundred of his knights, were burnt at the stake; the master of the Temple at London died in a dungeon in the Tower, and the chief officers of the order in this country were imprisoned and subjected to the most barbarous treatment. The restoration of the Temple Church, one of the most ancient and interesting of the ecclesiastical edifices of England, appears to have given rise to Mr. Addison's historical work. It is an elegant volume, containing fourteen chapters, ten of which are occupied with the history of the Templars, and the remaining four with an account of the Temple Church, and the modern history of the Temple.

The Warning. Translated from the German.

This pleasing little work, though written for the entertainment of children, is capable of amusing older and wiser persons. It is a true German tale, abounding in romance and robbers. The widowed Baroness Von Grünow has placed all her affections on her only remaining child, Melina, a pretty little girl, nine years of age. The next heir to the estate employs the captain of a band of outlaws to seize the child and place her in concealment for life, and for some time she is supposed to be drowned. The brother of the baroness, Major Von Berg, returns from the wars, is benighted in a forest, he and his attendant hussar being separated from the rest of the regiment. They are obliged to put up for the night in a suspicious looking house, inhabited by a villainous looking old woman, and her son, and a very pretty cherub grandchild. This grandchild, no other than poor Melina, manages to warn the major, by a slip of written paper, that he has fallen into a den of robbers. By an exertion of great tact and talent, the major and his faithful servant, first secure the man and woman, and then several of their companions who arrive shortly after, but are happily relieved from their painful situation by the appearance of their own troop of hussars. The major has the happiness of restoring his newly-found niece, to the arms of her mother, and the tale ends with a beautiful and instructive moral. We have merely given the outline of a plot, not very original certainly, but which is rendered interesting by the pleasing manner in which it is developed. The book is nicely got up and embellished, and forms altogether a very pretty little Christmas present.

George Cruikshank's Omnibus for December.

This witty relief to the dulness that will occasionally intrude upon us even at Christmas, goes on prospering, and its December number is the best that has yet appeared. It has an historical value of a very important description, which is much enhanced by the graphic pencil of the renowned George himself, consisting of two scenes of the breaking into the jewel-room in the Tower, during the lamentable

fire, which so much damaged that noble edifice, and destroyed so great a part of it. The full-length portrait of the present vocal wonder of the day, Miss Kemble, is a very beautiful production, and adds great value to this number. Besides those attractions, it has the usual pages of fun and frolic, well supported by clever authors, and plentifully illustrated by the great artist himself. Cruikshank, to our view, is not so much an Omnibus proprietor, as a landlord, providing all manner of good things for every body at the shortest notice—being therefore, in himself "a host." The pun is somewhat overworn, but it is still fresh enough to carry double upon occasion.

NEW MUSIC.

In the present stage of affairs, nothing appears so much to engross the public mind as the birth of a Prince of Wales. Every new production, no matter what it is, is either addressed to or prepared expressly for his Royal Highness. Our table is covered with his name, for, turn which way we will, some new book or piece meets our eyes, each outvying the other in the costliness of its embellishment. The first which comes under our notice are

The Prince of Wales's Own Quadrilles. By JULLIEN. D'ALMAINE and Co., Soho Square.

To say they are written in a style to please the present waltz and quadrille taste is no more than is correct, and no more than is due to the compilers of "Old Times." They are well put together, and merit a large share of public patronage, and the notoriety which this set must have obtained, from the fact of their having been performed at Buckingham Palace, Almacks', the Promenade Concerts, and by the composer, Jullien, on his Voyage Musicale, will ensure the publishers a large return. They have our best wishes.

The Prince of Wales. Fantasia on favourite Welsh Airs, arranged for the Pianoforte. By CHARLES CZERNY. Same Publishers.

An elegant *morceau*, and will doubtless afford his Royal Highness (when old enough to appreciate its beauties) as much pleasure as we have found in its perusal. No ladies' seminary or teacher should be without this chaste piece of music.

The Queen, the Prince, and the People. A National Song. By H. R. BISHOP, Mus. Bac., Oxon. Same Publishers.

The title of this song must enhance the satisfaction of all parties. We subjoin the words, and can only assure our readers that

the music is conceived in the same spirit, and possesses the same vigour of national character.

> " When Britain triumphantly broke on the day,
> And ages of darkness moulder'd away,
> To fix the world's wonder, Old Albion made known
> The brave race of Brunswick was call'd to the throne.
> Britannia, then, eager her joy to evince,
> Bid Fame sound the birth of a true British Prince;
> 'Twas done, and great Albion ordain'd a decree,
> That his health should be given by land and by sea,
> And the toast shall be England,
> The Queen, Prince, and People."

Our space will not admit of our inserting all the verses; enough will be seen in the one above to show the character of the song, which is spirited to a degree, and would arrange magnificently for a military band. Bishop has done his part well—he has grappled with his subject, and, like a skilful engineer, launched the vessel to the honour of himself and his countrymen.

God Bless the Prince of Wales. A National Ode. Words by DESMOND RYAN, Music by F. N. CROUCH. Same Publishers.

We are glad to see these two young men hand-in-hand, for whatever emanates from them is certain of success. The ode before us, arranged as solos, duets, and quartette, or as a song, is of a purely national character, and reflects great credit on both author and composer. The subject is in the old chant style, and just sufficiently harmonized to give effect to the words. without losing sight of their import. The change in the second part, after the pause, is peculiarly effective, and adds much to the fire of the rolling bass on the words

> "Shout, shout, till you roar the thunders down,
> God bless the Prince of Wales!"

as it returns to the original key. Mr. Crouch has succeeded beyond our anticipations; we did not expect him to step out of his own creations, those beautiful songs, " Echoes of the Lakes," and " Songs of Erin"—it only proves that talent, properly nurtured and appreciated, will often blaze forth where we had thought the fire of the soul had ceased to burn. This ode would also arrange well for the military bands, and, from its open key, D, prove exceedingly brilliant. It has our warmest commendation, and, like the former—Bishop's—will create a sensation long to be remembered, and must become a general favourite in all our national theatres.

The Royal Naval Quadrilles. By JULLIEN. Same publishers.

The illustrations of these, *set* alone, are worth all the price charged, as also *The Transatlantic Quadrilles*, by the same composer. As works of art they are unrivalled, and the artist, Brandard, deserves an undying wreath of fame for his designs—they are masterly in conception, and exquisitely drawn. Nor is the music, for the style, less

deserving our notice, though one proscribed from our vocabulary of taste as inimical to the steady advancement of genuine music, and we look on its beauties as on a fine picture. Who that had feasted on the pencillings of a Landseer and a Callcott would content themselves with merely looking at a daub?—for such we conceive is this kind of music, after the immortal Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c. &c.

First Air with Variations, for the Violincello and Pianoforte. Dedicated to ROBERT LINDLEY, Esq., by H. W. BONNER. HILL, 28, Regent Street, Picadilly.

A somewhat courageous attempt for a young author, and one that rarely comes under our notice—an original piece of music written for that prince of all instruments, the violincello. We, nevertheless, hail it with pleasure, as something distinct from the everlasting waltz and promenade rubbish. The piece before us commences with a short introduction, written in C—a key which at once proves the author knew the properties and capabilities of his instrument. In this movement he glides over the strings, showing the beautiful sostenuto effects of the bass in a strain clearly evincing the task he had undertaken was one of ease and pleasure to himself, after which it opens with an air, which, though savouring a little of some of the motives in Weber's Euryanthe, is well put together, and lies just in that rich part of the instrument which is the charm of all who either play or listen to it. We have then four clever variations, by no means easy, and the piece concludes with a polonaise, exceedingly well contrived, and, in the hands of the talented author, or the worthy veteran to whom Mr. Bonner has dedicated his work—"our glorious Lindley"—a musical treat of no ordinary merit might be expected. His first air argues well for future productions, and all who are lovers of this manly instrument, the bass, should provide themselves with a copy of this unassuming yet clever little piece. It and the author have our best wishes.

John Weippert's celebrated set of Galops, entitled Orpheus. Weippert, Soho Square.

A very brilliant set, and no less worthy the name of the talented author. We have heard them played by his own celebrated band, and the effect augmented by the fire of his own harp. To those who are looking forward for the return of happy Christmas, with *all* his "jocund feasts and merryment," will do well to secure copies of this choice set, for old and young must dance to their mirth-invigorating strains, for even 'we' of the studio at this festive season, are seen to vacate our library chairs, and steal to that hall, where our fathers, and those before us, quaffed the wassail-bowl, and tripped the merry dance under the misletoe-bough, the long night through." Alas! where are those halls now? where gone the giant-hearts that owned them?

> "All have wither'd, passed away,
> Not a shadow left behind."

I lived within a World of Dreams. A ballad. By PHILIP JEWELL. Simpson, 266, Regent Street.

The words of this modest little ballad are by Mr. Oswin, and though unknown to us as a lyrical writer, we cannot but admit their conception good, and the feeling in which they are written by no means common. Of Mr. Jewell's share in the creation of music to these words, we speak with pleasure; he has penned a melody in keeping with the subject, and made the voice pour forth its own tale. If we object to any part, it is a redundance of notes, and turns, as an instance, on the words "Noontide beams;" the effect would have been much enhanced, by simply writing three notes E on the word noon D on the tide, and C on the beams. It would also have changed the monotony of the motive, as the passage, each time it occurs, is the same; but these are errors of inexperience, and with a little attention will soon betray themselves. A correct ear, and good taste, if followed cautiously, will never mislead the possessor; two enviable qualities which Mr. Jewell has at command. The ballad is well calculated for teaching, and deserves a place in every lady's portfolio.

Kathleen Mavourneen, and Dermot Astore. Arranged as an impromptu sentimento for the Harp. By J. BALSIR CHATTERTON. D'Almaine, Soho Square.

Two beautiful melodies, and as elegantly arranged by our especial favourite Chatterton. This morçeau must be every way acceptable to all lovers of the harp, as it not only contains two of the most popular Irish ballads of the day—but put together in such a manner as to give an interest in the performer's progress. The passages are brilliant, still in keeping with Crouch's songs; and we need not add, that in their adaptation for *this* instrument, and in the hands of this distinguished harpist, their beauties have been enhanced. To the lovers of minstrel music we earnestly recommend Chatterton's arrangement of these Irish songs.

Song of the Blind, and The Old Mariner. Two Ballads. By J. P. KNIGHT. Ransford, Charles Street, Soho.

Two of those everyday kind of subjects, which rise and flit before us like a summer's dream, subjects bartered for a few pounds, which the publisher never sees return, and which the writer never hears mention of, after leaving the engraver's hands, who probably is the only man that ever looks into it, which he necessarily must do, to apportion the vapid creation a certain number of pages. When will musicians study their own interest? A few straggling gold pieces can never compensate an author for the loss of reputation—but some there are who value gain (however obtained) better than an honoured station and a resplendent name. There was a time the author "Of what is the Old Man thinking?" held an envied rank amidst the writers of the day—but who, to look on this picture and that, would say, Joseph Philip Knight, thou art the same?

" *The Child and the Dew-drop;*" " *Be merry to-night;*" *and* " *Church, State, and Queen.*"

Three songs by that clever and promising young musician, John L. Hopkins, of whom it has always afforded us pleasure to praise in the highest terms; he is one of those artistes, who look beyond the present hour, and, while marking out for himself an honourable course, never nears the winning-post, for fear of having to retrace his steps. All that he has done has been executed well, and whether he write more, or leave off where he has begun, he has left nothing behind him to regret, and nothing but what the genuine musician will peruse with pleasure. To such as Mr. Hopkins, our banner be ever unfurled, and for those who desire the possession of good music we recommend the songs above named.

MUSICAL PORTRAITS.

We have before us another of those clever fac-similes of nature from the pencil of Mr. T. Lewis, in the portrait of the talented pianist, Mr. Edward Schultz, and a more decided likeness we never saw; it is not only the man, but the very character; we could almost persuade ourselves that we were talking to him; and for collectors of autographs and portraits, the works of Mr. Lewis must be invaluable, and for those who have talent and station in the world, to warrant the publication of a portrait, confident are we, that no pencil could record their features more truly than this talented painter, whose eye, true to nature, depicts what he sees, and flatters not to court a patron, at the risk of crushing his highly-gifted art, and rising reputation. The portrait we allude to is executed on stone, and though coarsely done, is still a clever lithography—the fault has been in selecting a badly grained stone.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Schloss's Bijou Almanac, 1842. 1*s.* 6*d.*
" Neander's Church History." Translated by J. E. Ryland. 14*s.*
The Lady of the Manor. By Mrs. Sherwood. Vol. VI. 12mo. 5*s.*
Frederic the Great and his Times. Edited by Thomas Campbell, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s.*
The Ancestry of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. By G. R. French. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Satan, or Intellect without God, a Poem. By R. Montgomery. 12*s.*
The Prince of the Mountains, a Syrian Romance. 12mo. 6*s.*
The Veterans of Chelsea Hospital. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Old Forest Ranger, or Wild Sports of India. By Captain Walter Campbell. 1 vol. Royal 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Florist's Journal for 1841. 1 vol. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Fathers and Sons. By Theodore Hook. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
The Glory and Shame of England. By an American. 2 vols. post. 8vo. 21*s.*
The Jacquerie, or the Lady and the Page. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Tytler's History of Scotland. Vol. V. Post 8vo. 6*s*.
Scott's (John Lee) Recent Imprisonment in China. Fcap. 6*s*.
Old St. Paul's, a Tale of the Plague and the Fire. By W. H. Ainsworth, Esq. 3 vols. Post 8vo., with illustrations. 31*s*. 6*d*.
The Young Islanders. By Jefferys Taylor. Eight Illustrations. Fcap. 7*s*.
A Blue-Coat Boy's Recollection of Hartford School. By George Wickham. 12mo. 4*s*. 6*d*.
Hours with the Muses. By J. C. Prince. New Edition. 12mo. 6*s*.
The Blue Belles of England. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 31*s*. 6*d*.
The Queen's Boudoir, a Musical Annual for 1842. 4to. 15*s*.
Rambles in Ceylon. By Lieut. de Butts. Post 8vo. 10*s*.
Hours in Norway. Poems. By R. M. Laing. 12mo. 5*s*. 6*d*.
Lockhart's Life of Scott. 1 vol. 8vo. 20*s*.
The Godmother's Tales. By Mrs. Hofland. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Master Humphrey's Clock. Vol. III. Imp. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
The Old Curiosity Shop. Imp. 8vo. 13*s*.
Barnaby Rudge. Imp. 8vo. 13*s*.
The History of the Republic of Texas. By R. D. Mallard. 8vo. 15*s*.
Notes of a Half-Pay in search of Health, or Russia, Circassia, and the Crimea in 1839-40. By Captain W. Jesse. 2 vols. post 8vo. 24*s*.
Monaldi, a Tale. 1 vol. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Narrative of the late Expedition to Syria, under Admiral the Hon. Sir Robert Stopford. By Pattison Hunter, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s*.
Memorials of the Great Civil War in England, 1646-1652. By the Rev. Henry Cary, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s*.
Hall's Sketches of Irish Character. 1 vol. Imp. 8vo. 25*s*.
The Maiden of Moscow. A Poem. Part II. 8vo. 5*s*.
Alphonso Algarves. A Drama. 8vo. 5*s*.
Lillia Bianca. A Tale of Italy. By Lady E. S. Wortley, 12mo. 4*s*.
Bulwer's Leila, or the Siege of Granada. Royal 8vo. 16*s*.
James's (G.P.R.) Book of the Passions. Royal 8vo. 16*s*.

LITERARY NEWS—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

We have much pleasure in announcing that Sir E. L. Bulwer has in the press a new work, differing, we understand, from anything he has yet written. It is a romance, the scene of which is laid abroad, and the title, ZANONI, OR THE SECRET ORDER. It is expected to be ready about the end of January.

Mr. Cuninghame's new poetical work, entitled WANDERINGS, is now on the eve of publication. This work, which contains reflections arising from a tour made some time since in Switzerland, has been delayed some months, in consequence of a severe domestic affliction in the author's family.

Mr. Garston's new work, GREECE REVISITED, is in considerable forwardness. It is to be embellished with drawings in Mr. Hullmandel's new mode of tinting, for which he has taken a patent.

The late excellent Mr. Scott, of Gala, who visited the field of Waterloo with Sir Walter Scott, having kept a journal of that excursion, was recently induced to consent to its being made public. The printing was in progress at the time of his decease, but was then necessarily suspended. We have, however, great pleasure to find it has been resumed, and that the publication may be looked for in the approaching spring.

A new poetical work, of a promising character, from the pen of

a lady, entitled The Lady Alice, a ballad romance, is preparing for immediate pnblication.

We have elsewhere spoken of Mrs. Trollope's BLUE BELLES OF ENGLAND, with which our readers have for some months been entertained in our pages. We have no doubt its publication in a separate form will greatly extend its popularity.

POEMS, WRITTEN CHIEFLY ABROAD, BY M., is the title of a little work which has just appeared, and which we happen to know to be the production of a gentleman of high literary talent and connexion.

THE HAND BOOK OF TURNING, which we lately mentioned, has suffered some delay, in consequence of the accuracy necessary in the engravings. We understand it will now be speedily completed.

The Castles and Abbeys of England, including Royal Palaces, Baronial Halls, Manor Houses, &c. Ancient and Modern, with numerous Illustrations from Original Drawings; together with Historical Details—Family Records and Genealogies—Public Services, Civil, Military, and Ecclesiastical — Heroic Achievements — Biographical Sketches — Traits of Character — Classical Associations — Local Scenery—Anecdotes—Legends—Traditions, &c. &c. &c. By William Beattie, M.D. Grad. of Edin., Memb. of the Royal Coll. of Physicians, Lond., Memb. Hist. Instit. of France, Instit. D'Afrique, Author of 'Switzerland,' 'Scotland,' 'The Waldenses,' 'Residence at the Courts of Germany,' &c. To be published in parts.

Nearly ready, The Hand-Book for Life Insurers, for 1842.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The distress now prevalent in the midland, northern, and, indeed, in all the manufacturing counties, but too plainly indicates that we are still far from any revival of our trading interests. This last month, certainly, in a few branches of our manufacture, there has been a little more spirit; but they seem but as the sparks that are excited from dying embers. The nation at large is becoming more and more alive to the enormity of our provision laws, and even the most bigoted of the monopolists now see that they must give way, and that some relaxation of the corn-laws must take place. Our shipping interests barely hold their own, even if they do that. It appears that much fraud is being daily practised upon the revenue in the sugar duties, whilst that article continues to maintain its exorbitant prices. The principal imports continue to fetch high prices, and yet tea is by no means so dear as, from our commercial relations with China, we might be led to expect. We trust that this new year, which promises to be a most eventful one, will commence under better auspices, and that we shall soon be restored to that degree of prosperity that English capital, enterprise, and intelligence, have a right to lead us to expect. An unshackled trade is British preservation.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 28th of December.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Three per Cents. reduced, 89 quarter—Consols for opening, Jan. 14, 88 seven-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent. Red. Anns. 98 seven-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 1000*l.*, 2½*d.*, *f* 2*s.* 1*4s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, 32 seven-eighths.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 52.—Spanish Acct. 24.—Dutch 5 per Cents. 97 one half.

MONEY MARKET.—Our Money Market has continued, all through the late month, tolerably firm; and public attention is still strongly fixed upon the Exchequer Bill forgeries. The winding up of this most curious, yet momentous affair, will involve many questions of most serious import, and which, we fear, will only meet a due consideration through parliamentary agency. In America, the monetary matters are in a dreadful state of confusion, most of the banks in that part of the world being in a state of insolvency; (we write on the Eve of Christmas Day;) and the English Funds are looking up, though but very little business was doing. Speculation seems to be a little less in vogue than formerly, and much distress that they continually created lessened. There have been numerous and most important failures, and we much fear that they will be followed by others. Notwithstanding the reduction of the French army and other more popular measures, people do not seem to place very great reliance upon the stability of the French funds. They are in a very uneasy state, and their prices do not ascend. To speak of foreign securities would be all but superfluous. Those of the old legitimate governments are anything but in good repute, of the others, the less that they are meddled with the better.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1841.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Nov.					
23	44-30	29,65-29,56	S.	,055	Morning clear, otherwise overcast.
24	42-28	29,81-29,77	W.		Clear.
25	39-26	29,81-29,70	N.W.		Generally clear. [with rain.
26	39-22	29,79-29,73	N.E.		Thick fog in the morn., aft. and even. cloudy
27	51-31	29,64-29,56	S.	,02	General overcast, and foggy, rain in the even.
28	50-40	29,57-29,44	S.W.	,075	Generally clear, except the even. when rain fell.
29	56-43	29,16-28,95	S.W.	,61	Overcast, frequent rain and wind during the day.
30	53 49	29,15-28,84	S.	,495	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, wind and rain.
Dec.					
1	49-41	29,31-29,30	S.E.	,05	Cloudy, rain in the aft. and even.
2	50-40	29,39-29,20	S.S.E.	,09	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
3	54-46	28,99 28,94	S.E.	,07	Cloudy, raining frequently during the day.
4	50 40	29,40 29,15	S.W.		Morning and even. clear, aft. cloudy with rain.
5	49-39	29,95-29,81	S.	,39	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
6	52-36	29,65-29,52	S.W.		Evening clear, otherwise overcast, with rain.
7	46-33	29,74-29,79	S.W.	,415	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in even.
8	52-45	29,43-29,34	S.W.	,085	Generally clear, rain in the morn. and aft.
9	45-31	29,80-29,43	W.	,115	Afternoon and evening cloudy, with rain.
10	53-46	29,44-29,22	W.	,1	Alternately clear and cloudy, with frequent
11	43-35	29,83-29,69	S.W.	,08	Generally clear. [showers.
12	50-36	29,58-29,47	S.W.		General overcast, small rain during the day.
13	51-47	29,32-29,22	S.W.	,37	Evening clear, otherwise overcast, with rain.
14	41-36	29,89-29,38	N.W.	0,55	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
15	49-26	29,78-29,48	S.	,00½	Morning foggy, aftern. and even. overcast.
16	43-35	29,35-29,23	S.W.	,17	Generally clear, raining heavily during night.
17	37-27	29,48-29,39	W.		Clear.
18	29-17	29,50-29,38	N.W.		Morning very foggy, otherwise generally clear.
19	32-17·5	29,22-29,14	N.W.		Generally cloudy.
20	33 25	29,29-29,13	N.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
21	32-19	29,59-29,49	W.		Clear.
22	35-23	29,65-29,75	W.		Morning clear, otherwise overcast, snow fell at [1 A.M. and between 8 and 9 P.M.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

From November 19 to December 17, 1841, inclusive.

Nov. 23.—W. B. Overton, Howford-buildings, Fenchurch-street, ship and insurance-broker.—R. P. Vicat, Nelson-place, Old Kent-road, linen and woollen draper.—H. Heap, Leeds, silk dyer.—C. Gatehouse, Bristol, surgeon.—C. Gatehouse, Bristol, surgeon.—R. Holding, jun, Blackburn, coal merchant.—B. Read, Worcester, wine and spirit merchant.—J. Jervis, Wells, Somersetshire, draper.—G. A. Rayner, Halesworth, Suffolk, linendraper.—J. Lindsay and J. W. Lindsay, North Shields, grocers.—P. Williams and C. Mottram, Wood-street, City, Manchester warehousemen.—J. King, Bristol, dealer in ships' stores.—S. Gillot, jun., Sheffield, hatter.—J. Hawarden, R. Myerscough and J. Jackson, Little Bolton, Lancashire, manufacturers of cotton cloth by power.—W. Reynolds, Breightmet, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—S. E. Chancellor, jun., Margate, baker.

Nov. 26.—R. H. Hunt and E. O. Smith, Old Broad-street, City, merchants.—L. Schwabacher, North American Coffee-house, City, wine-merchant.—H. T. C. Kerr, J. H. Baughan, and T. T. Haines, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall, army agents.—W. Barnes, St. Paul's Churchyard, milliner.—C. Richardson, Bramley, Surrey, builder.—J. Hey, jun., New Pellon, Ovendon, Yorkshire, carpenter.—S. Evans, Read, Somersetshire, clothier.—J. H. Bazley, Manchester, warehouseman.—T. Lyster, Manchester, corn-factor.—H. Greves, Kenilworth, timber-merchant.—J. Brown, Birmingham, victualler.—T. Nock, Oldfield, Shropshire, coal-master.—J. Wood, Manchester, lace-dealer.—S. Higginbottom, Dukinfield, Cheshire, shopkeeper.—E. Leech, Cinderhill-within-Pilkington, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—W. Pennington, Pollington, Cheshire, grocer.—J. Griffin, Dudley, upholsterer.

Nov. 30.—W. Blatch and W. Lampert, Grove-place, Brompton, printers.—T. Giles, St. John's-lane, Clerkenwell, wire worker.—J. Buckle, Terrace, Kensington, grocer.—E. Adams, Blenheim-street, New Bond-street, livery stablekeeper.—J. Marshall, Birchin-lane, City, merchant.—B. Oliver and W. Goodwin, High Wycombe, Berkshire, drapers.—T. Pilbeam, Parker-street, Drury-lane, smith.—R. H. Goddard, Wood-street, City, fringe maker.—E. M. Morgan, Welchpool, barytes manufacturer.—R. Goolden, Welchpool, carrier.—S. Algar, Reading, common brewer.—T. Wainman, Leeds, dyer.—R. Pritchard, Bangor, druggist.—J. Smethurst, Manchester, smallware manufacturer.—J. H. Loundes, Manchester, wine merchant.—H. Carey, Nottingham, and G. D. Carey, Basford, Nottinghamshire, hat manufacturers.—A. Cook, Manchester, commission agent.—R. C. Walker, Newboldmoor, Derbyshire, earthenware manufacturer.—J. Unsworth, Liverpool, joiner.—B. Berrill, Liverpool, merchant.—W. Burton, Nuneaton, Warwickshire, tanner.—W. Miles, and J. Dawkins, Southampton, bootmakers.

Dec. 2.—M. Danks, Hatton-garden, carpet-warehouseman.—G. Winder, Hackney-road, jeweller.—J. G. Rowley, Hatton-garden, St. Andrew's, Holborn, bookbinder.—A. Lawrier, and J. Lock, Wood-street, importers of foreign goods.—R. J. Makins, Blandford-street, Manchester-square, grocer.—C. Schofield, Kingston-upon-Thames, timber merchant.—J. Palmer, Upper Whitecross-street, carpenter.—J. B. Parlour, Alfred-street, Stepney, victualler.—J. Simpson, Goswell-street, currier.—B. Paice, New Windsor, victualler.—S. Birtwisle, Northwich, flour dealer.—J. Siddons, J. M. Wathew, and J. Siddons, jun., Nuneaton, coal masters.—T. Bickerton, New Town, Montgomeryshire, linen and woollen draper.—J. Wright, Birmingham, matchet manufacturer.—R. Ouston, Kingston-upon-Hull, sawyer.—J. Rees, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, woollen draper.——W. Ridge, C. Ridge, and W. Newland, Chichester, bankers.—J. P. Yapp, Weebley, Herefordshire, grocer.—S. Evans, Read, Somersetshire, clothier.—I. Jones, Worcester, victualler.—T. W. Brighton, Cheltenham, general agent.—W. Parker, Hockley, Northamptonshire, grocer.

Dec. 7.—J. and T. Brook, Stourbridge, drapers.—H. C. Hunt, Hamburgh, merchant.—J. Ruston and J. Jackson, St. Paul's Churchyard, commission agents.—J. C. Adams, Basinghall-street, City, woollen warehouseman.—J. Graham, Hackney, grocer.—R. Skinner, Bermondsey, stone merchant.—P. W. Carter and J. Jackson, Brewer-street, Golden-square, woollen drapers.—T. Bate, Compton, Staffordshire, farmer.—W. Wallace and R. Byers, Blackburn, power loom cloth manufacturers.—J. Hopkins and J. Drewitt, Arundel, bankers.—D. Hughes, Welshpool, Montgomeryshire, lime burner.—R. Jaques and R. Wilson, Leeds, flax spinners.—G. Hairsine, York, linen draper.—G. Harriott, Ormskirk, Lancashire, beer brewer.—J. Rose, Monkwearmouth Shore, Durham, grocer.—S. Prosser, Portsea, merchant.—J. Johnson, Nantwich, druggist.—W. Dunn, Southampton, merchant.

Dec. 10.—P. Axmann and J. G. Christ, Mark-lane, City, foreign and general merchants. R. Rendell, Newton Abbott, Devonshire, draper.—A. Lafargue, Great St. Helen's, City, merchant.—T. Morten, sen., Hillingdon, Middlesex, builder.—R. Richardson, Woburn-buildings, New-road, cowkeeper.—P. Williams and C. Mottram, Wood-street, Manchester warehousemen.—J. Taylor, Liverpool, oil and colour dealer.—D. Buglass, Sunderland, victualler.—J. J. H. and T. Stuttard, Manchester, cotton manufacturers.—J. Anderson, Liverpool, oil merchant—W. E. Oldham, Manchester, commission agent.—S. Partridge, Birmingham, victualler.—J. Railton and J. Pavey, Manchester, manufacturers of mouseline-de-laines.—D. Matthews and A. Gardner, Cheltenham, grocers.—J. Monteith, Totness, mercer.—T. Ward, Nottingham, victualler.—. Hadland, Castle Dykes, Farthingston, Northampton, farmer.—G. Hudson, St. Peter the Apostle, Isle of Thanet, Kent, victualler.—T. Saunders, Northampton; linendraper.—R. Powell, Brighton, linendraper.—T. Charlton and E. Thompson, South Shields, winedealers.

Dec. 14.—W. M'Evoy and J. Johnson, Harrow-road, stonemasons.—W. Keep, Northumberland-street, Strand, tailor.—H. Castle, Lucas-street, Rotherhithe, shipowner.—W. M. Potts, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer.—G. Shaw, Wakefield, grocer.—R. Haslam, Little Bolton, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—W. Ballinger, Swnsea, baker.—B. Fisher, Walsall, ironmonger.—J. Trubshaw, jun., Stafford, iron-founder.—J. Weldon, Kidderminster, feather

merchant.—W. S. Batson, J. Wilson, and J. Langhorn, Berwick-upon-Tweed, bankers.—R. Drake, Narrow Wine-street, Bristol, engraver.—T. P. Pearson, Liverpool, grocer.—R. Sands, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.—R. Williams, Pellheli, Carnarvonshire, linendraper.—T. Taylor and U. Taylor, Almondbury, Yorkshire, clothiers.

Dec. 17.—J. Walker, Wardour-street, Oxford-street, appraiser.—J. Griffiths, Quadrant, Regent-street, milliner.—W. Amos, Wallbrook, City, sponge merchant.—C. Danieli, Oxford-street, jeweller.—A. F. Hemming, Chiswell-street, Finsbury, elastic surgical instrument maker.—J. W. Horend, Paradise-street, Lambeth, builder.—R. Bacon and R. Wayman, Barbican, wireworkers.—W. Blain, St. Andrew's-road, Southwark, draper.—R. Scott, W. Fairlie, and J. Hare, Union-court, City, merchants.—J. Colinett, Pier Hotel, Gravesend, hotel-keeper.—E. Wilson, King-street, St. Giles, stationer.—E. H. Hughes, Wrexham, licensed victualler.—T. Bourne, Liverpool, cotton broker.—J. Rogers, Shrewsbury, hop dealer.—A. W. Pollock, Liverpool, commission merchant.—J. Righton, Jarrow, Durham, brewer.—T. Eskrigge, Warrington, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer.—J. Peel, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, picture dealer.—J. Ingham, Halifax, stone mason.—C. Carr, Stockport, cotton manufacturer.—R. Coleman, Manchester, mercer.—M. Potter and J. Lever, Manchester, commission agents.

NEW PATENTS.

W. Golden, of Huddersfield, Gun Maker, and J. Hanson, of the same place, Lead Pipe Manufacturer, for certain improvements in fire-arms, and in the brillets and other projectiles to be used therewith. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

T. Macaulay, of Curtain Road, Upholsterer, for certain improvements in bedsteps, which are convertible into other useful forms or articles of furniture. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

R. Logan, of Blackheath, Esq., for improvements in obtaining and preparing the fibres and other products of the cocoa-nut and its husk. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

R. Holt, of Manchester, Cotton Spinner, and R. Jackson, of the same place, Engineer, for certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus for the production of rotary motion for obtaining mechanical power, which said improvements are also applicable for raising and impelling fluids. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery used in the manufacture of bobbin-net or twist lace. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

H. Kirk, of Tavistock Square, Gentleman, for a substitute for ice for skating and sliding purposes. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

W. Brunton, of Neath, Glamorgan, Engineer. for an improved method or means of dressing ores and separating metals or minerals from other substances. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

J. Bynner, of Birmingham, Lamp Maker, for improvements in gas burners. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

E. R. Simmons, of Croydon, Esq., for improvements in apparatus for preventing splashing in walking. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

H. King, of Webber Row, Westminster Road, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engine and boilers. Nov. 4th, 6 months.

J. Lejeune, of North Place, Cumberland Market, Manufacturing Chemist, for a means of condensing and collecting the sulphurous and metallic vapours, which are evolved in the treatment by heat of all kinds of ores. Nov. 4th, 6 months.

J. Cutler, of Lady Pool Lane, Birmingham, Gentleman, for improvements in the construction of the tubular flues of steam-boilers. Nov. 6th, 6 months.

J. Carr, of North Shields, Earthenware Manufacturer, and A. Ryles, of the same place, Agent, for an improved mode of operating in certain processes for ornamenting glass. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

J. Ross, of Leicester, Manufacturer, for a new woolcombining apparatus. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

H. Davies, of Birmingham, Engineer, for certain improved machinery suitable for applying power to communicate locomotion to bodies requiring to be moved on land or water. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

J. Smith of Wolverhampton, Lock Maker, for improvements in the construction of locks and latches applicable for doors and other purposes. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Engineer, for certain improvements in the

production of ammonia. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

W. Palmer, of Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of candles. Communicated partly by a foreigner residing abroad. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

J. Garnett, of Liverpool, Merchant, and J. Williams, of the same place, Manufacturing Chemist, for an improved method of manufacturing salt from brine. 6 months.

J. Burnell, the younger, of Whitechapel, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of leaves or sheets of horn, commonly called lantern leaves, and in the construction of horn lanterns. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

J. Edwards, of Cow Cross Street, Gentleman, for an improved strap or band for driving machinery, and for other purposes. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

J. Stewart, of Osnaburgh Street, St. Pancras, Piano Forte Maker, for certain improvements in the action of horizontal pianofortes. Nov. 11th, 6 months.

G. Allarton, of West Bromwich, Stafford, Surgeon, for certain improvements in the method of balling and blooming iron. Nov. 11th, 6 months.

J. P. Booth, of Hatton Garden, Feather Merchant, for certain improvements in the manufacture of a substance or compound fabric which will be applicable to the making of quilts, coverlets, and wadding, for purposes of clothing or furniture. Nov. 11th, 6 months.

I. Davis, of New Bond Street, Optician, for improvements in the manufacture of sealing wax, which compounds are applicable to other useful purposes. Nov. 11th, 6 months.

E. J. F. Duclos de Boussois, of Clyne Wood Mettallurgical Works, near Swansea Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of copper. Nov. 11th, 6 months.

J. Onions, of Field Lane, Darlaston, Stafford, Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of certain descriptions of nails, screws, and chains. Nov. 11th, 6 months.

J. Young, of Newton-le-Willows, Lancaster, Chemist, for certain improvements in the manufacture of ammonia, and the salts of ammonia, and in apparatus for combining ammonia, carbonic acids, and other gases with liquids. Nov. 11th, 6 months.

I. Dodds, of Sheffield, Engineer, for certain improvements in the modes or methods of supplying gas for the purposes of illuminating towers and other places. Nov. 13th, 6 months.

H. Mortimer, of Frith Street, Soho, Gentleman, for improvements in covering ways, and other surfaces, and in constructing arches. Nov. 16th, 6 months.

J. Squire, of Albany Place, Regent's Park, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of steam-boilers or generators. Nov. 16th, 6 months.

R. S. Newall, of Gateshead, Wire Rope Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of flat-bands. Nov. 16th, 6 months.

J. Venables, of Burslem, Stafford, Earthenware Manufacturer. and J. Tunnicliff, of the same place, Bricklayer, for a new and improved method of building and constructing ovens used by potters and china manufacturers, in the firing of their wares. Nov. 20th, 6 months.

W. Manwaring, of York Street, Lambeth, Engineer, for certain improvemens in the manufacture of sugar. Nov. 23rd, 6 months.

R. Gurney, of Trewinnion House, Cornwall, Esq., for a method of cutting wood and incrustating the same, in order to present a sure footing for horses and other purposes. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

FEBRUARY, 1842.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The History of the Republic of Texas, from the Discovery of the Country to the present time, and the cause of her separation from the Republic of Mexico. By N. DORAN MAILLARD, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, of Texas.

The feeling of this work is certainly opposed to emigration to Texas, and it is filled with a sort of counter-Kennedy spirit; that elogist and our author being at issue throughout. All that relates to Texas is given on personal authority; that which has reference to Mexico, on derived information. Mr. Maillard avows his indignation warmly on the conduct of our home cabinet in recognising the independency of Texas, the dismemberment of which from Mexico he considers as a parallel with the rebellion of our own Canadian provinces. That England should have followed the example of the United States, Holland, Belgium, and France, thus sanctioning the rending away of a large section from the dominions of an ally, seems to him an act of national injustice, which he energetically deprecates. The work commences with a clear and lucid history of Texas, the state of its original inhabitants, their manners, customs, and religion, and their final disappearance, followed by the first settlement; after this succeeds a tissue of anarchy, conspiracy, and revolution, rebellion repeated over and over again, and measure upon measure taken for its suppression, until the final assertion of its right of existence as a nation, and the recognition of its claims by ourselves, as well as other powers. This portion of the work, which may be called annals of war, is clearly narrated, and is of course matter of history. Our author then enters on a view of its present aspect both commercially and politically, describes the revolting injuries heaped upon the native Indians, anticipating their final extinction as the only natural result of the positions of the two parties. The heir-born proprietors on the

one hand, still retaining possession of large tracts of their native country, coveted on the other by a people of whom Mr. Maillard gives the following description:

"But it is almost impossible to believe that these, and they are but the first elements of civilization, will ever find their way to, and be cherished in, Texas, a country filled with habitual liars, drunkards, blasphemers, and slanderers; sanguinary gamesters and cold-blooded assassins; with idleness and sluggish indolence (two vices for which the Texans are already proverbial); with pride engendered by ignorance and supported by fraud, the art of which, though of modern construction, is so well defined and generally practised, that it retards even the developement of the spontaneous resources of the country."

This brief extract will show how warmly our author feels upon this subject. We know from past experience how much too likely is that result of native extermination, since it has always followed on the path of white aggression; while, in complete and disfavouring comparison, he gives us such a description of the sons of the soil as must needs excite our admiration and sympathy, serving, as it does, to bring back to the mind the well-remembered likenesses of Montezuma and his people of sun-worshippers in the days of Cortez.

"There is not a more interesting branch of the great human family, still in its primitive state, than the Indians of Texas, who, notwithstanding the murderous depredations of their Christian brethren, are still free, and whose institutions are not tainted with modern corruption. * * When an European first beholds an Indian warrior or hunter, a thousand erroneous conjectures take possession of his mind; but on a second view he detects a perfect model of human symmetry, a brow, bold and unfraught with expressions of care, though most expressively marked with intellectual power, whilst the decision with which the simplest motion of his beautifully-rounded limbs is performed, shows the vigour of his nature, and the marvellous and almost unconquerable energy of the unvitiated man. Add to this the primitive freedom and simplicity of the Indian character, which have been preserved by unremitting vigilance and valour through all ages, and the European sees in this wandering child a true portrait, embracing at once the accomplishments and characteristics of his own primitive forefathers; hence the Indian becomes an interesting object of contemplation, and being thus associated, he cannot fail to draw forth the warmest sympathy of his civilized brethren.

"The wants of man in his primitive state are but few, particularly in Texas, a country where game abounds, such as the buffalo and deer; with the skin of the latter the Indians clothe themselves, while the robe of the buffalo supplies them with a bed; and the flesh of both a nutritious repast. What is the property of one Indian is the property of the whole tribe to which he belongs; therefore, stealing from each other is a vice unknown among them, while the exercise of their simplest virtues is neither checked by a prospect of future want, nor by the introduction of rigid laws, (too common among civilized men,) for the suppression of vice.

"Hospitality is the inmate of every Indian's bosom; he neither asks nor cares whence those who seek it come; what his hut or tent contains he holds as the right of those who seek relief; and without suspicion, which too often suggests the use of a mask, he gives all, even to the last morsel. Freedom is the basis, and justice the text, of their every social compact."

Mr. Maillard might well say, " Look on this picture—and on this !" and though the comparison may possibly be a little overdrawn, enough remains to make civilized, and, as he ought to be, Christian man, blush for the contrast; and when it is remembered that there are as many as eighty thousand of this native family still wandering in the western, northern, and eastern parts of Texas, we can scarcely think that our author's sympathies are too warmly excited in their behalf. We have dwelt the longer on this point, because it appears to us the primary one which has occupied his mind in the work, and because we do justice to its humanity. Second to this, we conceive that Mr. Maillard has had at heart to discourage emigration to this country. In summing up the early prospects of those who may be inclined to emigrate from Europe to Texas, he tells us that the climate is precarious, often affecting the productiveness of the soil—that the periodical inundations render the lands so wet in spring, and that they afterwards become so dry in summer, as materially to militate against the agriculturist; that, in addition to the other hardships which he has to contend against in all new countries, in Texas he is exposed to the grossest impositions of speculators, such as the " being induced to buy land still in possession of some hostile tribe, or on the frontier, where life and property would be endangered every hour, and, after all, perhaps, at the end of five years, the victim would find out that somebody else had a better title than himself to the fee-simple of his purchased estate :" that " in order to hold land, the emigrant must become a citizen of Texas, in which capacity he is liable to be called upon at any moment to take the field as a soldier against the Mexicans, who can at any moment bring fifty thousand men into the field ;" that " there is not such a thing to be seen throughout the country as a silver dollar." The absence of specie being supplied by promissory notes of the Texan government, which are at a discount of seventy-five and eighty-five per cent., these notes being scarcely recognizable in Texas, much less out of the country; therefore if the emigrant attempts to increase his little property by taking out merchandize to Texas, he will find it a dead loss, eventually being obliged to sell his goods by auction, in which he will find the auctioneer and purchaser linked together to plunder him; that to dispose of goods in barter is quite impossible, for all cotton, which is the only article they have for export, must, as already stated, go to New Orleans to pay for the labour that raised it.' These are serious considerations, and we have thought it better to point the attention of our readers to them, rather than to other of those more amusing and interesting subjects, with which the work abounds: such as descriptions of the various tribes; the odd dislocations of English with which the Texans salute each other—an amusing sketch of a popular United States' preacher holding forth at Texas—a sketch of the inventor of the bowee-knife of infamous memory—rather deterring accounts of the superfluous dirt of the hotels and boarding-houses, in which the sojourners do penance, their appetites being mortified, and their purses mulcted, and themselves kept in a state of general mortification. The rudeness and uncouthness of house and furniture, our author thus describes :

"The ordinary furniture of the houses in Texas is of the rudest construction. The tables are made of boards cut from the trunk of a tree with a common axe, and pegged or nailed to cross-pieces, so as to keep them together. The chairs are formed with round sticks and cross-pieces, and then covered with the raw hide or deer skin, to form the seat; and a great many of the bedsteads are also covered in the same way. On this hide, which becomes as hard and as tight as the head of a drum when dry, without covering of any kind, or even a mattress, the traveller is frequently obliged to lay his weary bones; but at some places you find mattresses made of Spanish moss, corn husks, or coarse prairie grass; but as for feather-beds, they are not to be found in Texas, where they would be by no means a contemptible creature-comfort of a winter's night."

Before leaving this work, which is agreeable from its variety, and estimable from its honesty, we must advert to that manly feeling of energetic abhorrence which frequently breaks out in just indignation against that most iniquitous traffic the Slave-trade; lamenting with honest warmth, that, while Mexico was among the first to shake off the disgrace of its perpetration, England, whose withdrawal from the base commerce cost her twenty millions of money, should yet coalesce and combine with Mexico's revolted province, which is perpetuating in all its enormity. If there needed any arguments to confirm our horror of this plague-spot of society, we might easily find them in the instances of base inhumanity perpetrated against the negro population by the slave-holders of Texas: as, however, our detestation of this crime of nations, as well as individuals, is scarcely capable of aggravation, we merely adduce this feature in the work as an additional ground for commendation.

Can anything be more expressive of the condition of a country than the following—anything appeal more strongly to the feelings of liberty-giving Englishmen?

"The slaves (as I have before stated publicly) have been imported from the United States by dealers, labour-masters, (men who hire slaves in the States and let them out again in Texas,) and insolvent planters, who carry their slaves to Texas in order to evade their creditors. From fifteen hundred to two thousand slaves are annually imported into the country by such persons; and it will scarcely be believed that they are imported from the United States across the Gulf of Mexico, *i. e.* from the Mississippi to Texas, a distance of four hundred miles, in the steam-packets which run between those two places, in the face of every treaty and law now in force for the suppression of slavery! I happened to be at the city of Galveston, Texas, in February, 1840, when the steam-packet 'Columbia' arrived in Galveston harbour from New Orleans, with no less than thirty or forty slaves on her deck; and again in May of the same year, while I was at Galveston a second time, the 'Columbia' boat arrived with twenty slaves. Thus the traffic is carried on."

The descriptions which follow are too revolting to be transferred to our pages—we pass on to the following, with which we conclude.

"The next outrage that came under my own immediate notice, was the trial of a man named Vince, at the spring term of the second Judicial District Court, held at the city of Richmond, Texas, in the first week in April last. An action was brought against Vince by a planter, to recover the value of a negro whom Vince had shot. The defendant openly acknowledged that he shot the negro, which was not deemed murder, the

action being brought merely to recover the value of the man. The jury, after hearing counsel on both sides, gave a verdict for the plaintiff, and the murderer of the negro was allowed to leave this court of justice without a reprimand. But any man, in fact, may go out and shoot any number of slaves in Texas, provided he is able to pay for them; and, indeed, if he cannot pay for them, he has only to make an affidavit to that effect, and all remedy at law is at an end.

"Soon after this, a whole family was offered for sale, at public auction, by the sheriff of Fort Bend County, under execution. The family consisted of a man, his wife, and two children; the eldest, a boy about four years old; the youngest, an infant at the breast. The sheriff, after describing (to a host of spectators) the capabilities of each member of the family, who stood before him weeping at their degradation, and seeming to be fully impressed with the injustice and cruelty of their fate, he opened the sale, which was soon brought to a conclusion, as the slaves happened to be the property of an alien, who was absent, and the terms of sale twelve months' credit. However, the result of the sale was,—the man was bought by a planter who resides about thirty miles below; and his wife, with the infant at her breast, by a man who lives sixty miles above; while the boy was bought by a third party, who carried him away some thirty or forty miles west of the place of sale. Thus the holiest of ties—the strongest bonds of civilization—were torn asunder, and the purest affections of the human heart grossly outraged! The man or woman whose skin is as white as the snow from heaven, could not press each other more affectionately to their bosoms, or weep more bitterly, than this poor man and woman did when parting from each other and their children, in all probability, for ever."

The Book of Sonnets. Edited by A. MONTAGU WOODFORD.

This is a happily-conceived and worthily-executed plan. The Sonnet is a beautiful form of poetry, emanating in an impulse, like some single flash of light, perfect in itself, and requiring none of the labour of second thoughts and after study. The happiest effort of nearly every poet has been the sonnet, and they well deserved collection and publication. The volume before us is rich in exquisite samples; it includes the choicest specimens from the earliest to the latest poets; to the names of many of whom there is affixed a short and judicious memoir, by way of refreshment for the memory. The minds of Wyat, Surrey, Sidney, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, Montgomery, Petrarch, Tasso, and numerous others, have all contributed from their riches to the wealth of this volume; they have given from the best of their imaginations, their hearts, their intellects, and rich must the treasure be into which these gems have been paid. Such is this most attractive volume.

We transcribe a gem of Petrochi's, translated by Rogers.

> "I SAID to Time, 'This venerable pile,
> Its floor the earth, its roof the firmament,
> Whose was it once?' He answered not, but fled
> Fast as before. I turned to Fame, and asked.
> 'Names such as his, to thee they must be known.
> Speak!' But she answered only with a sigh,
> And, musing mournfully, looked on the ground.

Then to Oblivion I addressed myself,
A dismal phantom, sitting at the gate;
And with a voice as from the grave she cried,
'Whose it was once I care not; now 'tis mine.'"

And another as bright, though perhaps of less sterling value, by Buondelmonte.

"Love, under Friendship's vesture white,
Laughs, his little limbs concealing;
And oft in sport, and oft in spite,
Like Pity meets the dazzled sight,
Smiles through his tears revealing.
But now as Rage the God appears!
He frowns, and tempests shake his frame!—
Frowning, or smiling, or in tears,
'Tis love; and Love is still the same."

England in the Nineteenth Century. Northern Division; Part I., Lancashire. Southern Division; Part I., Cornwall.

We are much pleased with the proposed subject-matter of this work, of which we have now before us the two first numbers. The plan of the editor, Mr. Redding, is to divide England into two portions, northern and southern, and to publish monthly and simultaneously a number devoted to each. The counties of these two divisions which have been first selected are Lancashire and Cornwall. We say again that we are much pleased with the plan proposed, which is to present us with a picture of England as it is, giving a topographical history of its counties in succession, described from personal observation, and illustrated from drawings made in their own localities, and executed on steel and wood. The editor proposes to notice the old halls, battle-fields, and places remarkable from being the site of actions which have become national history; all local customs, legends, and singularities; cathedrals, churches, palaces, and municipal edifices; to give descriptions of natural scenery, as well as of the habitations of man; and to devote particular attention to the manufactures peculiar to each county. It is thus that he proposes to give us a view of England in its present aspect and condition, which may not only supply us with a means of referring to its present state, but give to progressing society a measure from which to mark its future changes. Mr. Redding tells us that the manufacturing districts of Lancashire are to be described by W. C. Taylor, LL.D., and the remaining portion of that county, together with Cornwall, by himself. We shall have pleasure in noticing the progress of this work.

We give an extract from Dr. Taylor's portion of the work, in which he agreeably marks the powerful impression the first aspect of a manufacturing district makes upon the mind, with the importance of its political and social tendencies.

"A tourist in Lancashire has to search for objects of interest, different from those which excited his attention in other lands: he has to contemplate stupendous triumphs of science and art, instead of the wondrous works of nature; he has to deal with the present and the future, scarcely finding time to bestow inquiry or reflection on the past. Whatever it may

nave been, Lancashire is now the home of a system of manufactures which has revolutionized the trade of the entire world, baffled the calculations of the wisest, falsified the predictions of the most far-sighted, and both in its good and in its evil consequences evolved results which contradict almost every principle received as an aphorism in a past generation. He who visits a manufacturing district for the first time, must prepare himself to meet a social system absolutely new—not merely in its phases, but its elements—to which his past experience furnishes no guide, and history offers no analogy.

"The steam-engine had no precedent; locomotives are equally destitute of a parentage and an infancy; the rude machines which are doubtfully exhibited as parents of the power-loom and the mule-spinner, are at best but dwarfs that became the parents of giants. A commander in William's army at the battle of Hastings, would be as well qualified to manœuvre the household brigade of Queen Victoria, or superintend the arrangement of a park of artillery, as an agriculturist or even a merchant to understand at the first glance the economy of mills and manufactories. 'The Factory System,' as it is generally called, is not only new in itself, but it is the prolific parent of many other novelties which have not yet received their full developement; no person can contemplate the vast interval which separates the rising generation of operatives from that beginning to disappear from the stage, without perceiving that the factory population is in a state of transition, and that there is a steady progress towards further changes, the nature of which will probably be undiscovered until they have attained their maturity.

"It will be well for the traveller, as he is hurried onwards by the railroad to those districts where brass and iron are apparently opposed to the thews and sinews of man, but where in reality they work together in increasing harmony, to prepare himself by reflection for the novelties he is about to encounter. Let him remember that he is about to see a new state of society establishing itself in an old nation. The factory system suddenly developed itself in a land already crowded to excess with forms and institutions: its rapidity was incalculable, its energies resistless—pushing aside everything which was likely to impede its securing for itself a place in social existence, and it did not always exhibit delicacy or tenderness in thrusting out and removing its opponents. From the very beginning it did not, nor does it yet wholly, harmonize with all the ancient and hereditary institutions of the land; it has therefore incommoded and inconvenienced many whose positions were fixed by that system, and has received annoyances from them in turn; it resembles 'the big man forcing his way through a crowd,' elbowing, jostling, and thrusting aside his weaker neighbours, and receiving many a sly pinch in revenge.

"The factory system is established, but not yet accommodated; its existence is recognised, but its relations to all that was previously existing have not been settled: they are indeed in the process of arrangement, but such weighty interests are involved in the terms of agreement, that the negotiations are not likely to be terminated by legislation or diplomacy, but will wait the resistless current of events.

"From these considerations, the traveller will see that the factory system is in a greater or less degree intertwined with every political question which engages public attention in the present day: and if he be weary of the contests and struggles of parties, he will act wisely if he adopt a firm resolution to confine his attention entirely to facts, and to leave the opinions which will be offered to him by thousands in the quiet possession of their natural owners. He is about to investigate a subject of the deepest and yet of increasing importance, not merely to England but to the civilized world; there can be no doubt that the system of society about to be offered to his view, will be the agent most potent in modifying the course and progress of the next and many succeeding generations, and guiding their destinies, whether for good or evil."

Lays and Lyrics. By Charles Gray, Captain Royal Marines, F. A. S. E.

Another of that numerous class of literature, published at the request of friends, and therefore scarcely amenable to the court of criticism; or if not capable of pleading entire exemption from its rule, at least having a claim to courteous treatment and gentle judgment. It is always a pleasure to us to see the leisure of a gentleman employed in elegant literature; even if not successful in its efforts, it argues a refinement of taste which in a great measure rewards itself. Several of Captain Gray's Lays and Lyrics are feeling and tender, some of them anacreontic, some of them avowed imitations of Burns, for whom he feels great enthusiasm, and a few of them facetious; but through all their variety it is high praise to say that the sentiments are pure, and that they are undefaced by a sullying line, and that we neither wonder that the publication should have been sought for by a round robin of friends, or that the author should have acceded to their wishes. A copy of this curious requisition, encircled by autographs, is given in the work, together with a portrait of the author, and a pretty vignette of his birth-place,—the two last produced by the electrotype process.

Memorials of Cluha; or Pencillings on the Clyde. By Elvira Anna Prince.

We should suppose the authoress of this somewhat slight volume to be—and most cordially do we, for her sake, hope ourselves right—a very happy lady. That she is full of life, full of ardour, full of energy; in some favour with herself, and in great favour with her friends, we gather from her writings; and far be it from us to wish to diminish one jot of her enjoyment. It is a reflected pleasure to see others pleased, and in this sense our authoress will please, for she is in a very glow of delight from page 1 to page 107, the alpha and omega of her book; setting off in her journey to Scotland both literally and figuratively, at rail-road speed, and with some very trumpet-toned promises of enjoyment both to herself and her readers, which promises are certainly kept to herself, while luxuriating in the fine scenery of Scotland, and if not fulfilled to the letter to the reader, it must be either our own fault, or because she has led us among scenes which have been often and often described before, and now, without a seasoning of novelty, our appetites will pall. Nevertheless there is a freshness of feeling and liveliness of style about this lady, that would render it a pleasure to us to meet again upon some well-considered and well-chosen subject.

Outline of a Method of Model Mapping. By John Barrow, Surveyor.

The object of this pamphlet is to show, by an application of the art of levelling to that of area surveying, the advantage of a section of

elevations and depressions to the uses of a mass of superficial contents.

The author observes, on the utility of his plan, that "the landowner will be enabled, by an inspection of the model map, to judge of the feasibility of any proposed improvements upon his estate, especially draining, irrigating, road-making, and planting," the model map representing "in relief the actual surface of the land and ground, thus rendering it to the eye of the observer a miniature emblem of an estate, and an interesting union of effect, combining the useful and the pictorial."

We have suffered Mr. Denton to speak for himself, because we think his plans available for useful purposes, and we are glad to see that his little work has reached a second edition.

The Playfellow. The Crofton Boys. A Tale. By HARRIET MARTINEAU.

We have read the easy unaffected preface of this little volume with real regret, because we find in it that it is to be the last Playfellow, at least for a time, that we may hope to receive; and, if sorry for the effect, we likewise regret the cause—namely, the ill-health of the authoress. Miss Martineau's simplicity of diction, her power of identifying herself with the condition of childhood, and her ability of throwing her own feelings into the same scale with their hopes and fears, all make her a most able contributor to juvenile literature—and a most valuable branch of literature we hold this to be. Still we must make a little protest against the chief incident of this narrative. Miss Martineau has chosen an extreme case, and one revolting and horrible, with which to elucidate her tale; and though we would go all lengths with her in endeavouring to inculcate firmness of character, yet we do not admire the illustration which she has brought for the support of her theory. We speak of a child under nine years of age having to undergo amputation. Having made this one drawback, both on the score of taste and feeling into which Miss Martineau has been led in her zeal to carry out her principle to its utmost limits, we must repeat that for liveliness, simplicity, and pure morality, this last is a most estimable as well as most agreeable "Playfellow."

Hours with the Muses. By JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

It is with pleasure that we welcome a second edition of these poems. Poesy is something like religion in the free bestowal of her riches, shedding a halo round the head of poverty as readily as over coroneted brows. That spark of poetry must indeed have been divine which, engendered in the midst of toil, suffering, hardship, privations, wanderings, and almost starvation, could yet survive the crushing weight

of all, and germinate with healthful life. If our readers have forgotten Mr. Prince, we beg to recall him to their recollection as the son of a poor reedmaker for weavers, with but the scanty education of a charity school for his infant days, and compelled, while yet a child of nine years of age, to work with his father for sixteen hours a day. This rough discipline of the child was but the prelude to greater hardships in the manhood. Steeped in trouble, a husband, a father, and yet wholly destitute, our author found his way through France and Germany, vainly seeking to better his condition, and returning to find his wife and children in the lowest and saddest condition of existence. Through such a childhood, such a youth, and such an adultness, during days of despair without food, and nights passed either in the open air, in barns, or in workhouses, has the author of this volume pursued his poetic spirit. The first edition of his works was published in the hope of alleviating the condition of his family, and it is on this account we rejoice to see it in a second, and in the hope of promoting the object we have thus recapitulated.

We have seldom read a more simple, yet sufficiently full or interest, conveying a sentiment—even that of the passion of earthly love being changed into that of an angelic affection, purified, enlarged, and ennobled by the ardour of our corporeal affections, and of beautiful actions of heroic self-immolation, save and except by that genuine piety which ever must return into the bosom from which it is not forcibly torn, and it is not surly moral after lesson, and it is a beautiful the manner of a medieval romance, like a pleasant light, made visible by its own mild beams. The romance is written in the ballad style, easy flowing, metrical, and just such as, when a reader has opened the book at random, tempts him to go on with its smooth stream to the end, and then to begin the story another striking merit, and one in which it is not deficient; the very cadence changes with the scene; as the spirit changes its notes, into more human passions and utterance in words. We give an instance of one of these outbreaks, in which the style, after having indulged in a mourning lament,

"The pathos of moral light explored,
Pierce the human heart's disguise,
And track its motives to the core;
Observe its wonders, search its laws,
Look on the vast harmonious plan,
And learn to love the Eternal Cause;
Let Truth illume thy darkened soul—
There is no wisdom in the bowl.

Man of Toil, wouldst thou be blest,
Give thy purest feelings play;
Bring all that's noble to thy breast,
Let all that's worthless pass away,
Let generous deeds bid sorrow cease,
Let gentless words thy lips employ,
Scatter the seeds of love and peace,
And reap a harvest full of joy
Let Truth make glad thy harassed soul—
There are no blessings in the bowl.

There is folly in the Drunkard's glee—
There's madness in the midnight brawl;
The ribald jest, the vulgar song,
May give a keener sting to care;
The riot of a reckless throng
May lead to ruin and despair;
Let truth unloose thy fettered soul—
There is no freedom in the bowl.

Man of Toil, wouldst thou be free,
Lend thine ear to Reason's call;
Man all the
Let Truth illume thy darkened soul—
There is no wisdom in the bowl.

Man of Toil, wouldst thou be blest,
Give thy purest feelings play;
Bring all that's noble to thy breast,
Let all that's worthless pass away,
Let generous deeds bid sorrow cease,
Let gentless words thy lips employ,
Scatter the seeds of love and peace,
And reap a harvest full of joy
Let Truth make glad thy harassed soul—
There are no blessings in the bowl.

Lady Alice; a Ballad Romance. In Seven Parts. By D. T——l.

The playful spirit and the candour apparent in the preface of this volume predisposed us in favour of its contents. The cheery prose prepared us to expect agreeable poetry. We did not find a single word about the kind compulsion of overpersuading friends to publish, seasoned with modest disavowals of all idea of self-merit, and apologies for incapacity, and so on; but, on the very contrary, the author volunteers an avowal that of his friends the very few who were consulted advised him *not to publish it*, and he further goes on to tell us, with that feeling of honest pride which is the best justification for publishing, that he knows the romance to have many faults, but he believes it to have many redeeming qualities also, in the half of which opinion we must protest to disagree, for we really have not been able to find out these many faults; on the contrary, we have seldom read a poem of this length disfigured by so few blemishes—we might almost say defaced by none. There is a tale, simple, yet sufficiently full of interest, conveying a pure and beautiful sentiment—even that of the passion of earthly love being changed into that of an angelic nature, and after its purification from all the dross of our corporeal state, rising up again in a resurrection of beatitude, purified, enlarged, enduring, manifesting its divine vitality by actions of heroic self-immolation, unselfish and unrequited, save and except by that general diffusion of happiness which ever must return into the bosom from which it emanates. This is a beautiful lesson, and it is not forced upon us in the shape of a surly moral after the manner of a medicine, but rather beams upon us like a pleasant light, made visible by its own mild lustre. The romance is written in the ballad style, easy, flowing, metrical, and just such as, when a reader has opened the book, is likely to make him glide on with its smooth stream to the end. The composition has also another striking merit, and one in which good poets are often deficient; the very cadence changes with the feeling—the *sound* harmonizes with the *sense;* as the spirit changes, so does its expression. The calm flowing descriptions of nature break into energy when human passions find utterance in words. We give an instance of one of these outbreaks, in which the syllables run into a sort of revelry, after having indulged in a moaning lament.

"The plaintive strain in shrilling notes
The vaulted echoes woke;
A pause,—and airy, joyous, gay
All changed, those echoes spoke:—

'Merrily, merrily, bells are ringing,
Merrily Monks are Masses singing,
Merrily Sewers are dishes bringing,
For the welcome guests a banquet rare;
Merrily speed the Vassal's feet,
Onward rushing their Lord to greet;
Braced and belted a Messenger rides,
Cover'd with foam are his courser's sides:
Giddy with speed the Messenger reels,
His Lord is hard at his courser's heels!

And where is his Lady,—where, oh, where?—
Who sorrow'd and pined full many a year!
Array'd is she in her costly gear,
And decking herself in her jewels rare
Comes with her Maids from her tiring room
To welcome her noble Warrior home;
Bright is her eye, and merrily speak
Dimples that dance on her rosy cheek!
Now in the balcony merrily cries,
I hear his trumpet, his Banner flies;
Swift, oh! swiftly, the destrier scours,
That bears him back to his long-left towers.
Holy Mary! his face is scarred!—
His beauty, which made me so proud, is marred,
Yet, blessed Mother! all thanks to Thee,
That I in safety my Warrior see,—
That we meet again, not again to part,
He's return'd from the wars—the lov'd Lord of my Heart!"

Our poet has too a pretty way of opening his sections by sketchings of nature in her varying aspects, sometimes in her winter garb, sometimes in her summer beauty; as an example of this we give the following.

"Winter is past! the snow-clad hills
Once more are green, and the icebound rills
Again in murmuring currents stray,
Rippling along their pebbly way;
Laden with hail, and rain, and snow,
The stormy blasts no longer blow;
Hoary Winter, chill and drear,
Rules no more the circling year,
Reigns no more o'er Earth forlorn;
Spring-tide gay, and the Spring is born!
Nature quits her solemn gloom,
Rising from her wintry tomb,
Gone its dark and sullen night;
All is joy, and life, and light!
Leafless boughs again are seen
In their first, fresh, early green;
Birds once more, with carol sweet
Warble from their gay retreat;
Humming bees arrest their flight,
On the hedge with blossoms dight.
O'er the mountains and the plains
May, sweet May, in beauty reigns!
The forest tree, by winter wreck'd,
Anew in all its glory deck'd,
Rears its proud head again on high,
In all its verdant panoply."

We can only add our hope that the merits of this poem may be as widely and as fully appreciated as it deserves.

The Comic Almanack for 1842: an Emblem in Jest and Earnest, containing all Things Fitting for such a Work. By Rigdum Funnidos, Gent. Adorned with numerous humorous Illustrations, and a dozen of Righte Merrie Gits, pertaining to the Months. By George Cruikshank.

"*The Comic Almanack!*" There is something incongruous in the union of the two words. It is a sort of unholy alliance. How can there be anything "comic" in these measurements of time—these measurements of life? The oral expression, "*Almanack*," has always a dirge-like sound to us. Can there be a word found in all the dictionaries of all the languages that can awaken in every heart as many troublous feelings, and bring to every mind so many harassing thoughts? Who can open an Almanack without the sorrowful remembrance occurring, "on such a day, in such a month, such a thing happened to me—the bitterest grief of my life; on such another——" Ah, we could sentimentalize and moralize on the title-page of this little book, and who could not! But Messrs. Rigdum Funnidos and Cruikshank have determined that dull thoughts shall give place to merry ones, and that the year shall begin with mirth to all who choose to purchase their prescription, and we have no doubt that there will be little lack of customers. We do not feel called upon to speak very critically of the literature, since it was meant to be *light*, and we think it would be superfluous cruelty to break butterflies on the wheel. And of the illustrations it is enough to say that the hand of George Cruikshank is in them all.

Wanderings. By Robert Cunninghame, Esq., author of "Mora."

A vein of pure morality, and a right true feeling runs through every page of these "Wanderings." Mr. Cuninghame's taste is pure, and his poetic feeling sterling. His muse is not a lady decked out in meretricious ornaments, but one, the simple dignity of whose attire proclaims her contempt of adventitious aid. The scenes on which the poet has expatiated are many of them those which Childe Harold in his pilgrimages had before discoursed upon; they are here represented rich in the memories of departed greatness, while their natural beauties are painted with simple energy. The taste and feeling of Mr. Cuninghame as a poet belong to the first class.

There is a striking moral beauty in the following:—

"Oh! what a dream is human life,—how true
The gospel speaks of the poor state of man!
There is enough to-day for him to rue,
No need the dark futurity to scan.
But with the present let us be content,—
Who knows, or who can tell what eve may bring?—
The heart which leaps with joy may then be rent,
The mind which springs with life with deepest pain may ring.

Say, who can view unruffled such a scene,
And calmly gaze upon the wreck which lies,
Nor pause upon those hours which once have been,
Nor feel how fleeting is the life that flies!
Approach and see,—here meditate and learn,
How short and insecure the life we prize,
Ye, whose poor minds for earth's base treasures yearn,
Look! how the Lawen's wreath your wit and toil defies!"

The Classical Pronunciation of Proper Names, established by Citations from the Greek and Latin Poets, Greek Historians, Geographers, and Scholiasts, and including a Terminational Synopsis of Analogy, Etymology, &c.; with an Appendix of Scripture Proper Names carefully Accented. By THOMAS SWINBURNE CARR, King's College School, London.

The object of this useful little volume is to furnish a reference for classical pronunciation. It has been gathered from extensive reading, and rests its authority on metrical quotations, orthography, and etymology; where these fail, analogy has been brought in, and in some cases references been made to Lobbe. Small as is this volume, it contains the essence of great research, and we look upon its value to be commensurate. In schools such a work is indispensable, to public speakers of no little value, and in private reading highly useful. The old author said well, "If he be ignorant, who would not wish to enlarge his knowledge? If he is knowing, who would not willingly refresh his memory?"

The Prince of the Mountains. A Syrian Romance.

This little volume, a tale after Scott's prose, told in the style of Scott's poetry, is a sort of romance of the time of the Crusades, its actors being Cœur-de-Lion, and others of that illustrious dramatis personæ who have figured in the pages of "the Talisman," almost as conspicuously as in the real page of life. Its author tells us that it was "neither for the philosopher nor the statesman, the schoolmaster, nor the pedant, *still less for the critic*, that the following pages were written; it is from the fair sex alone that he anticipates a liberal perusal of his poem;" such being the case, any compliment that we might have paid him must remain confined within our own critical bosoms—he is out of our province—he has appealed unto Cæsar.

The Songs of Charles Dibdin, Chronologically arranged, with Notes, Historical, Biographical, and Critical; and the Music of the Last Popular Melodies, with new Piano-Forte Accompaniments.

The present is the fifth number of the collection, and as rich in humour and sentiment as any of its predecessors. Of Dibdin's

merits it would be superfluous now to speak; they have already been too long established to require any confirmation from us. The work is very neatly got up, and will, when completed, form a handsome volume of some of the most humourous and graceful versifications to be found in our language.

London. Part X.

This number is a highly interesting one, as its subject might well enable it to be. The Tower has been the scene of too many heart-burnings, and body sufferings, and mental torturings—the theatre on which too many of the dark tragedies of our history have been acted out, not to be a spot rich in associations, and melancholy in memories. The Tower is the subject of the present number of London, and is, what might have been expected, interesting in a high degree. This work originated in one of those happy thoughts which seem to excite a sort of wonder in us how it could possibly happen that they were so late in coming, and is as good in its execution as in its conception. We like the illustrations, because they tell us at a glance what might still have been dark to us after many words, and are likewise the most agreeable of all modes of description, pleasing as well as explaining. We wish the spirited publisher may go on and prosper with all our heart.

As England is now reposing under the dominion of a Queen, our extract from the work shall refer to the ascension of another of happy memory, Queen Elizabeth.

"Lady Jane Grey's sovereignty, if sovereignty it may be called, was too brief even for the performance of the coronation ceremonies; so we pass on to those of Mary, the first Queen of England, crowned in her own right. With pious and sisterly affection, Mary delayed that ceremony till her brother's funeral, who was buried in Henry VIIth's chapel, Westminster, according to the forms of the Protestant Church, Mary contenting herself for the present by the very significant intimation of her religious views exhibited in the performance of *mass*, to celebrate the obsequies of her brother, in the Tower Chapel. During this period, and whilst the preparations for her coronation were in progress, Mary held her court in the Tower, formed her council, and prepared her measures for the subversion of the new faith. The coronation procession took place on the 30th of September, 1553. The Queen rode in a chariot covered with cloth of gold, and after her, in another chariot, Henry's fourth wife, Anne of Cleves, who, not having enjoyed the luxury of a coronation in her own case, seemed by her smiling face quite contented to enjoy it now in another's. A circlet of gold, beset with precious stones had been provided for the Queen, which during the ceremony proved so massy and ponderous, that she was fain to bear up her head with her hand; this same crown her sister Elizabeth carried in the procession, and complained to Noailles, as we have elsewhere noticed, of its weight. 'Be patient,' was the adroit answer; 'it will seem lighter when on your own head.' The Princess had little reason to be impatient, for five years only elapsed before she found herself again passing along through that line of crowded streets, herself the 'cynosure of all eyes;' and, as she was sure to have remarked, the object of a more heartfelt welcome than had been accorded to her sister. All that ingenuity or wealth could do in the preparation of

stately pageants, sumptuous shows, and cunning devices, 'was done; the figures of the Queen's ancestors, including, with a delightful forgetfulness of the past, Henry and Anne Boleyn (her mother), walking most affectionately together, were represented on stages at the street corners—prophecies and poems were showered upon her; here Time led forth his daughter Truth, who presented a Bible to her Majesty, which she took, reverently pressing it to her bosom; there Gog and Magog, having left Guildhall for Temple Bar, spread before her eyes a tablet of Latin verse, expounding the mysteries hidden beneath the recondite pageants she had beheld. But the day had its pleasanter, because more genuine, evidence of the popular joy, which for once proved to be well founded. Holinshed deserves our gratitude for recording the following charming passage:—'How many nosegays did her grace receive at poor women's hands!—how often stayed she her chariot when she saw any single body offer to speak to her grace! A bunch of rosemary given her grace, with a supplication by a poor woman about Fleet Bridge, was seen in her chariot till her grace came to Westminster.' Better feelings, and higher thoughts too, than gratified vanity could originate, were evidently at work in Elizabeth's mind: 'Be ye well assured.' said she at one part of her progress, 'I shall stand your good Queen;' nor did her reign on the whole belie this earnest and solemn promise."

Fox's Book of Martys. Edited by the Rev. John Cumming, M.A.

We have now before us the tenth number of this old author in his new edition, enriched with a really fine print of Bishop Hooper in his canonicals, and illustrated by various wood engravings, telling their tale of horror only too forcibly. The work is got up in a respectability of style, highly creditable both to the editor and publisher. We like these staple looking books, which look as if they were designed to be creditable companions rather than ephemeral fancies. We look upon the present mode of publishing in numbers one of the fashions which may plead utilitarianism in its excuse; by its means, our libraries are furnished by instalments, and works that were formerly unattainable are now taking their place on every ordinary bookshelf. The work in question is one of those which makes us rejoice in the fashion.

Tales for the Young. Translated from the German.

Our notices of works intended for youth are exceptions to our rule, and not the rule itself; yet are we tempted by the preface which precedes this little volume, as well as by the pretty morality of its "Tales," to depart from our usual custom in its favour. The translator understood his task of rendering these selections from German juvenile literature into English, and presenting them to the world, in the hope of realizing a sum sufficient to place the son of "a father born in the higher ranks of life," and "a mother brought down by illness and want," in some respectable business, and thus to put him in a

fair way of obtaining his own livelihood. This object is so laudable, and might so easily be accomplished on the simple terms of every parent who may become acquainted with the circumstances, purchasing an entertaining book for his child, that we can scarcely doubt its success, at all events, it has our cordial good wishes.

Fugitive Verses. By JOANNA BAILLIE, Author of "Dramas on the Passions," &c.

The merit of diffusing literature freely and cheaply, so that it may be within the reach of all, is one that peculiarly belongs to our own day. Many of our standard authors were formerly, to all intents and purposes, locked up from even the gaze of men of moderate means; but now, through the medium of cheap editions, this exclusiveness is wholly and for ever abolished. The riches that can never be diminished by participation are at present open to all. The present publication is one of these, and neat as well as economical.

Canadian Scenery Illustrated. From Drawings by W. H. BARTLETT; the Literary Department by H. P. WILLIS, Esq., Author of "Pencillings by the Way," "Inklings of Adventure," &c.

Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland. From Drawings by W. H. BARTLETT; the Literary Department by H. P. WILLIS, Esq.

These twin publications continue to present us with views of nature in her loveliness, executed with a delicacy and beauty worthy of their subjects. The first in the number before us of Canadian Scenery is "Canoe-building at Pepper's Island," in which the busy occupation of the foreground is finely contrasted with the serene repose of the outspreading view beyond of the Ottawa river. The second is a rugged and powerful scene of the opposition of rock and cataract, "Les Marches Naturelles," near Quebec. The third, a paradise of rest, in which mountains, lake, and ether, seem sleeping in smiling happiness,—"Lake Memphremagog, near Georgeville;" while the fourth, "Copps Ferry," likewise in the neighbourhood of Georgeville, presents us with a picture of beautiful nature darking with a frown. Mr. Willis's part consists of the extremities into which two enterprising men were led by too zealously following out a bear-chase. The horrors of fatigue, hardship, starvation, and despair, are vividly told, as well as their final restoration after thirteen days of exquisite suffering. The number on our sister country, Ireland, opens with a view of the handiwork of man, a splendid "Interior of a Room at Malahide Castle, Dublin." The second shows us the natural magnificence of a "Scene on the Giant's Causeway." The third, the wild locality of "A Round Tower, &c. Glendalough." The fourth, the low deep dingle, and the lofty far-off mountainous ridge of "Powerscourt from

the Dargle." These admirable productions are followed by some amusing tracings of the far-famed footings of the fairies by Mr. Willis, with which the number closes.

Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home. By MISS SEDGWICK, author of "Hope Leslie," "Poor Rich Man," &c. &c.

This American lady's lively and agreeable style of writing, her cheerfulness of temper, and the amusing light in which she contrives to see things, with her talent at describing them, are sure to lead to the honours of many editions, and we are not at all surprised to find that she has here entered on another of the stages of promotion. Passing through new editions is to an author like graduating to a Cantab or Oxonian—happiest they who can show most honours.

A New Map of the Routes in India, with Tables of Distances, &c. &c.

This very neat and commodious pocket map will be found a most serviceable and most worthy companion to all travellers in the country and persons interested in it, containing, as it does, tables of distances to the principal towns and military stations, and post and travelling routes in India, and answering the purposes of a perfect road-book: and not only will it prove valuable to persons travelling through India, but it will also be highly useful as a companion to the numerous works on that country which have lately emanated from the press.

Precedency of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, King-Consort, de jure, of Great Britain and Ireland.

This pamphlet is intended as a sort of smoother of the way along the right-royal road to the throne of England, in which much pains has been taken to prove that the Queen has a right to please herself in conferring the title of "Majesty" on her illustrious consort. The author has rested his case on a precedent—that of Mary Queen of Scots—which he seems to think conclusive. For our own part, we fully feel that the Prince can never stand higher in the affections of the people under any other name than that which he already bears.

The Social Historian's Table Book, &c. &c. By M. A. RICHARDSON.

This work has now reached its twelfth number. Those who are in any degree interested in the counties of Northumberland and Durham, will find a store of interesting gossip and useful information accumulating in its pages, which, being local, must of necessity prove interesting to the residents of their respective neighbourhoods, as well as being found useful in illustrating and enriching topographical history.

A New English Grammar, with very copious Exercises, &c. &c. By ALEXANDER ALLEN, Ph. D., and JAMES CORNWELL.

We are glad to see this clever little grammar in a new edition, since that is the best proof that its usefulness is appreciated.

The History of the British Empire in India. By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq., author of "India, its State and Prospects," &c. &c.

Cyclopædia of Commerce, Mercantile Law, Finance, and Commercial Geography. By WILLIAM WATERSON, Accountant, author of "Almanack of Commerce."

These two publications are progressing worthily on. The first promises to prove, when complete, an interesting and satisfactory history of British India; the second a highly useful, as it has been a much-needed, book of commercial reference.

The Illustrated Shakspeare.

The thirty-third Part of this admirable edition of our great dramatist brings us into Coriolanus. The great merit of this publication consists in the rich quaintness and the unfailing imaginativeness of the designs of Mr. Kenny Meadows. There is genuine genius and a never-ending originality in the developements of this artist's wild and fitful fancy, which seem to point him out as marked by nature for the illustrator of Shakspeare.

NEW MUSIC.

Recitative, by the Waters of Babylon, and Cantabile, Remember the Children of Edom. Composed by ARTHUR W. TORRENS, Lieut.-Colonel Royal Welsh Fusiliers, late of the Grenadier Guards.

It is always with pleasure that we welcome amateurs into the field of the arts, and more especially when their efforts are as successful as the one before us. There is nothing light or meretricious in this composition; the deep and tender pathos of the opening words, "By the Waters of Babylon we sat down and Wept," are given in a fine recitative, and conduct to a Cantabile in which the composer has proved himself to possess a rich imagination, and to be a skilful harmonist.

They bid me renounce Thee. A Ballad. The words by P. H. EDLIN, Esq. Composed by P. D. GUGLIELMO.

There is a pretty tenderness in these lines, though they are made to express feelings which have been felt and will be felt from the beginning to the end of time, and therefore have more of truth than

novelty to boast of, and the composition is in happy keeping with the sentiment. A sweet melody with an easy but not unmeaning accompaniment. The subject is graceful, and the words are expressed with feeling.

A Practical Guide to Modern Pianoforte Playing, upon the most easy principles, drawn from Personal Experience in Teaching, and Illustrated by Lessons calculated to form the Hand. Written for his Children, by FERDINAND PELGER.

The road to the most delightful of the arts is perhaps of all roads the roughest, and those who can in any way macadamize the path, or invent a right royal way to learning, ought to receive the truest acknowledgments, both from those who teach and those who learn. Music, breathing most of heaven of all the sciences of earth, is of all others that which most taxes the novice, and compels the severest drudgery; and we rejoice when a mode is displayed by which the cares of childhood may be lightened—for childhood has its cares, among which the acquisition of music is one of the most grievous—and we welcome the publication before us, because we think it may relieve the little hearts, and help the little hands, that may be fagging the up-hill task. The work is intended as purely elementary, conducting to the instruction-books of Hummel, Kalkbrenner, Czerny, and Moscheles. The plan of teaching is here much simplified, and every care taken to facilitate the young learner's progress in a science which it has become agreed to consider indispensable in modern education. We can only add that this book of instruction will be found highly valuable in its way.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Book of the Poets. Modern Poets, with Forty-five Illustrations. 8vo. 21*s.*
Florigraphia Britannica. By Richard Deakin, M.D. Vol I., Chap. I. to V. 8vo. 2*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* coloured, 30*s.* plain.
Our Grandmamma's Clock. By Robert Heuish. 18mo. 2*s.*
The Tower, its History, Armories, and Antiquities. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Original Anecdotes of British Quadrupeds. 18mo. 3*s.*
Smith's Souvenir Classics. Rokeby. Fcap. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Pilgrimage to Auvergne. By Louisa Stuart Costello. 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s.*
Laing's Notes of a Traveller in France, Prussia, &c. 8vo. 16*s.*
Sherwood's Fairchild Family. Vol. II. 12mo. 5*s.*
The Country Parson's Wife. Fcap. 2*s.* 6*d.*
The Playfellow. 4 vols. square, 16*s.*
Sporting Sketch-book. Edited by J. W. Carleton. Post 8vo. 16*s.*
Madden's Martyrs of Provence. Fcap. 5*s.* 6*d.*
The Old Basket. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Anne Boleyn. An Historical Romance. By Mrs. A. T. Thomson. 3 vols. 12mo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
The Martyr of Erromanza. By the Rev. John Campbell. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Golden Gift. A Choice Selection in Prose and Verse. 32mo. 1*s.*

The Daisy, or Cautionary Stories in Verse. 18mo. 1*s.*
The Writing Desk. By Thomas Griffiths. 18mo. 2*s.*
Renfrewshire Annual, 1842. Edited by Mrs. Maxwell. 12mo. 5*s.*
My Boy's Second Book. By M. Fraser Tytler. Square 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Burnley's Present Condition of the Island of Trinidad. 8vo. 5*s.*
Sinclair's Holiday House. Coloured Plates. 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*
De Montfort, or the Old English Nobleman. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Memoir of Captain E. P. Brenton. By Sir J. Brenton, Bart. 8vo. 7*s.*
Maund's Botanic Garden, or Magazine of Hardy Flowering Plants. Part XVII. Small, 13*s.*; large, 19*s.*
Manual of Veterinary Science. By W. Dick. (From Encyclopædia Britannica.) Post 8vo. 3*s.*
Greek Poetry for Schools. Edited by P. Smith, B.A. 12mo. 4*s.*
Cæsar de Bello Gallico, with a Geographical Index. Edited by P. Smith, B.A. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
The History of the Jews, from the Taking of Jerusalem, by Titus, to the Present Time. By James A. Huie. Second Edition. 12mo. 4*s.*
Beau Ogleby. Fifty-two large Plates. Oblong 8vo. 6*s.*
Bishop Mant's Primitive Christianity. 8vo. 12*s.*
Bentall's Lectures on the Liturgy. Crown 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
Higgins' Book of Geology. Coloured Plates. Fcap. 8vo 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Law of Legacies. 18mo. 2*s.*
Cooper's (Sir A.) Lectures. Fcap. 7*s.*
School for Wives. A Novel. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

LITERARY NEWS—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Sir E. L. Bulwer's New Work, to which we last month alluded, entitled ZANONI, will be published about the middle of this Month. The great success which attended Sir Edward's last work, NIGHT AND MORNING, will doubtless cause the present to be looked for with increased expectation. We understand it is a work of very peculiar and intense interest.

Major Michel, whose "Henry of Monmouth" was so successful last year, has in the press a new novel of a somewhat kindred character, entitled TREVOR HASTINGS, OR THE BATTLE OF TEWKESBURY. On the Major's former work we remarked that it was "soldierly and scholarly written," and we cannot have a better guarantee for that which is about to appear than the talent there displayed.

Mr. Scott's JOURNAL OF HIS VISIT TO WATERLOO in company with Sir Walter Scott, is now nearly completed. It will doubtless be read with feelings of very peculiar interest.

The author of ELPHINSTONE, a book of great ability, published a few months since, has in the press a new Novel, we believe the first of a series, entitled, THE HERBERTS, OR THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

A lady of Dublin, whose talents are well known and appreciated in a large circle, has just committed to the press a new Novel, entitled, THE IRISH COQUETTE.

Mr. Garston's GREECE REVISITED is now nearly completed; its details, we are assured, are of a highly interesting character.

The HAND BOOK OF TURNING is nearly ready for publication.

The author of "IX. Poems by V.," whose extraordinary talent called forth the high praise of the "Quarterly Review," has in the press a new Poem, which will, we doubt not, be welcomed by our poetical readers.

The new poem, LADY ALICE, a Ballad Romance, is now published.

A Fourth Edition of that useful little work, THE AUTHOR'S PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSISTANT, is on the eve of appearing. The continued demand for this little Hand-Book is a proof of its having been regarded as a desideratum.

A second edition, enlarged, particularly in the Geological Chapter of Mr. Morison's "Religious History of Man," is in the press, and is expected in the course of the month.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

But little alteration has taken place in the commercial aspect of our affairs during the past month. A sort of expectation, and even of hope, is prevailing that on the meeting of Parliament the new ministers will bring forward new measures which may be the means of producing some alleviation to the distress of the country. The depression in Manchester goods has become deeper after a partial rallying, the feebleness of the market arising from a want of sustaining strength in the manufacturers, who feel the slightest check in the demand, and are constrained to sell at an immediate reduction of price. Until a revival of credit and confidence takes place, we fear that no substantial or durable improvement can be looked for. The sale of wools and flannels continue stagnant. The supply of Bengal sugar is increased from last year, and the stock from the Mauritius diminished. The delivery of other East India sugars has increased. In Teas there is little variation. Still, though we are labouring under present depression, we see no real cause for despair. The returns of the Revenue show an increase in every branch, with the single exception of the Excise, which, as it is attributable to the operation of the tee-total system, and is therefore symptomatic of moral renovation in the people, we are scarcely authorized in regretting.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Thursday, 27th of January.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 167 three-fourths.—Three per Cents. reduced, 89 three-fourths.—Consols 89 three-fourths.—Three and a Half per Cent. Red. Anns. 99 five-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 1000*l.*, 2½*d.*, 19*s.* 17*s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Five per Cent. 33 one-half.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 51 one-half.—Spanish, Acct., 24.—Dutch 5 per Cents. 101 one-eighth.—Mexican, Acct., 29 three-fourths.

MONEY MARKET.—The money market has shown but little fluctuation through the past month, with a slight emendation towards its close. The Bank broker has been selling Consols to the great amount of 250,000*l.*, but there was a sufficient demand to prevent this from producing any effect upon the market; in fact, there was an anxiety to obtain stock, and there were some extremely large purchases made. The question of the Exchequer Bills, in which the well-being of life of so many ill-used and anxious individuals is involved, remains as little understood as ever, and so must rest until the commission appointed to inquire into the matter

arrives at some conclusion, and Parliament assembles, when it will be seen whether or not common justice shall be done to the credulous men whose confidence in the national credit has involved them in the perils of possible poverty. Meanwhile the holders of the discredited bills are awaiting the result before they proceed to the urgent pressing of their claims, and Rapallo has withdrawn to Paris to be out of the way of mischief. We trust that ministers will feel the honour of the country to be their own.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37 32″ N. Longitude 3′51 West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing bout four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and hermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each from eight the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1841.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Dec.					
23	45-39	29,76-29,69	S.	,01	Cloudy, raining nearly all the aftern. and even.
24	48-28	29,93-29,84	S.W.		General overcast, small rain fell nearly all day.
25	49-39	29,67-29,56	S.W.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
26	37-24	29,85-29,65	N.W.	,26	Morning overcast, otherwise clear.
27	33-22	30,02-29,99	S.W.		Foggy.
28	43-27	29,98-29,95	W.		Morning overcast, aftern. clear, even. cloudy.
29	43-35	29,98-29,97	W.	,05	Morning foggy, with small rain, otherwise cloudy
30	40-29	30,05-29,98	N.E.		Generally clear.
31	39-26	30,11-30,10	N.E.		Morning clear, otherwise overcast.
Jan.					
1842 1	37-28	30,10-30,08	N.E.	,055	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
2	37-25	30,06-29,98	N.E.		Overcast, a little snow in the morning.
3	32-26	29,91-29,86	N.E.		Generally clear. [evening clear.
4	31-18	29,89-29,81	N.		Morning overcast, aftern. cloudy with snow,
5	35-25	29,95-29,91	N.		General overcast. [morn. rain in the even.
6	36-28	30,19-30,03	N.	,005	Noon clear, otherwise cloudy, snow in the
7	33-19	30,33-30,30	N.		Evening cloudy, with snow, otherwise clear.
8	32-25	30,33-30,26	N.		Cloudy.
9	30-23	30,15-30,15	N.E.		Cloudy, snow falling occasionally.
10	30-23	30,02-29,94	S.W.		Cloudy.
11	34-24	29,92-29 87	S.W.		Cloudy, snow fell during the night.
12	34-27	29,95-29,93	S.W.		Cloudy, snow in the morning.
13	33-5-23	29,81-29,65	S.E.		Cloudy, snowing fast all the day. [about 9 A. M.
14	35-25	29,57-29,44	S.W.		Aftern. clear, otherwise cloudy, a little rain
15	37-22	29,85-29,78	S.W.		Morning clear, afternoon cloudy, evening clear.
16	39-17	29,78-29,61	S.W.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in morn.
17	39-28	30,10-29,91	W.	,31	Generally clear. [and evening.
18	33-20	30,30-30,20	W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
19	33-27	30,32-30,24	S.W.		A thick fog all the day.
20	35-22	30,05-29,92	N.E.		Generally cloudy.
21	35-25	29,95-29,93	N.E.		General cloud.
22	35-28	29,81-29,21	S.E.		General cloud, snow at noon, rain in the even.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM DECEMBER 28, 1841, TO JANUARY 21, 1842, INCLUSIVE.

Dec. 28.—T. F. Balls, Vassall-road, Brixton, coach proprietor.—J. Stevens, James-street, Limehouse, brickmaker.—J. Gardiner, Bristol, brewer.—M. Marshall, Chew Magna, Somerset, money scrivener. S. Shingler, Liverpool, linendraper.—J. Close, Worcester, glove manufacturer.—A. and R. Proctor, Kingston-upon-Hull, coach proprietors.—E. Whitney, Liverpool, soap-boiler.—J. Bedford, Hunslet Moorside, Leeds, cudbear manufacturer.

Dec. 31.—W. Biddle, Holborn-hill, fishmonger.—J. Newstead and J. Hextall, Regent-street, lacemen.—T. Humphrey, jun., Great Stanmore, bricklayer.—J. Stephens and R. H. W. Drummond, Mile-end, road contractors.—C. H. Weigall, Conduit-street, Regent-street,

tailor.—G. Carpenter, Chelmsford, chemist.—W. E. Ponten, Ludgate-hill, chemist.—J. Thompson, Blackburn, power-loom cloth manufacturer.—C. Hilton, Manchester, cotton manufacturer.—W. Goodwin, Dronfield, Derbyshire, maltster.—W. Swift and R. Crampton, Manchester, drapers.—S. Shingler and S. T. James, Liverpool, linen drapers.—J. Fisher and E. Fisher, Meghtill, Lancashire, wine and spirit merchants.—J. Lock, Northampton, tea-dealer.

Jan. 4.—R. Collinson and W. Brown, Oxford-street, upholsterers.—T. H. Ford, Rochford, Essex, victualler.—G. D. Clark, Strand, newspaper vender.—J. J. Schenck, Addle-street, City, merchant.—J. Bisshop, Westburton, Sussex, market gardener.—J. Luscombe, Plymouth, maltster.—W. Williams, Cowarne, Hertfordshire, corndealer.—W. Gibb, Alnwick, Northumberland, currier.—W. Swift, Manchester, mercer.—G. Gillard, Plymouth, teadealer.

Jan. 7.—W. Barnfield, jun., Mark-lane, wine merchant.—M. Parkes, Golden-square, printseller.—G. Smith, Manchester, tailor.—W. Williams, Bristol, builder.—T. Wood, jun., Saddleworth, Yorkshire, merchant.—S. Tarbottom, Leeds, Chemist.—W. Durrant, Southwick and Brighton, wharfinger.—J. Shand, Liverpool, victualler.

Jan. 11.—T. Kitchener, Arundel street, Coventry-street, engraver.—J. Goodwin, George Hotel, Bishop's Stortford, innkeeper.—S. Moore, King William-street, London-bridge, draper.—D. Stevenson, sen., Compton-street, Brunswick-square, patent safety papermaker.—T. Bartram, Sevenoaks, linen-draper.—W. Nicholls, Adam's-mews, Edgware-road, livery stable keeper.—J. F. Buisson, Brabant-court, Philpot-lane, merchant.—A. Strachan, Friday-street, warehouseman.—D. B. Smith and J. W. Smith, Alton, Staffordshire, paper-manufacturers.—R. Turner, Northampton, shoe manufacturer.—D. Davies, jun., Glanchywedog, Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire, flannel manufacturer.—W. Roberts, Rawmarsh, Yorkshire, grocer.—J. Stephens, Menhenoit, Cornwall, ironfounder.—G. Howarth, Todmorden, Lancashire, corndealer.

Jan. 14.—W. H. Apsey, Rotherhithe, ship breaker.—B. Ward, Charlotte-terrace, New-cut, Lambeth, boot and shoe manufacturer.—G. Novra, Red Lion-square, Middlesex, importer of foreign goods.—J. Denniss, sen., and J. Denniss, jun., Tooley-street, Surrey, linendrapers.—E. Evans and A. Evans, Birmingham, painters.—A. Spoor, sen., and A. Spoor, jun., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builders.—J. Ellison, Leeds, nail manufacturer.—W. Povey, Ashton-under-Lyne, grocer.—J. Lane, sen., Stockport, cotton manufacturer.—H. Tugwell, Fawley, Hampshire, farmer.—W. Carpenter, Chippenham, innkeeper.—J. Sutcliffe, Halifax, grocer.—S. Clough and W. T. Clough, Eccleston, Lancashire, alkali manufacturers.—R. Wilcock, Lower Allethwaite, Lancashire, banker.

Jan. 18.—G. Bishop, St. Mary-axe, merchant.—J. Burnie, Tokenhouse yard, merchant.—C. G. English, St. James's street, Pall-mall, hotelkeeper.—B. Bradshaw and G. Richardson, Wortley-lane, Yorkshire, canvas manufacturers.—R. Clough and B. M. Galan, Poulton-cum-Seacombe, Cheshire, alkali manufacturers.—F. W. Hartley, Halifax, chemist.—T. Buckle, Barnard Castle, Durham, draper.—T. Gidden, Farringdon, Berkshire, licensed victualler.—R. P. Busk, Hunslet, Yorkshire, machine-maker.—J. E. Hall and H. Toone, Nottingham, lace-manufacturers.—H. Sunderland and G. Wrigge, Huddersfield, dealers in cotton warps.—G. Chadwick, Heywood, Lancashire, publican.—J. H. Robberds and S. Doy, Norwich, paper makers.

Jan. 21.—J. Maidlow, Fetter-lane, builder.—J. Scott and H. Coker, Wood-street, Cheapside, woollen warehousemen.—C. S. Evans, Cornhill, master mariner.—C. Dodd and H. Bent, Richescourt, Lime-street, shipbrokers.—W. Young, Godalming, Surrey, nurseryman.—M. Fothergill and M. Fothergill, Upper Thames-street, drysalters.—R. Nursey, Whitehall-place, Kentish-town, tallow chandler.—J. S. Needham, Ullesthorpe, Leicestershire.—P. Leicester, Longsight, Lancashire, slate merchant.—G. O. Brown, Sheffield, timber merchant.—C. Sanderson, Sheffield, file and fork manufacturer.

NEW PATENTS.

R. Wilson, of Sowerby Bridge, Halifax, Currier and Tanner, for improvements in the manufacture of leather. Dec. 2nd, 6 months.

W. Irving, of Princes Street, Rotherhithe, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of bricks and tiles. Dec. 7th, 6 months.

J. Colman, of Stoke Holy Cross, Norfolk, Starch Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of Starch. Dec. 9th, 6 months.

W. H. Fox Talbot, of Lacock Abbey, Wilts, Esquire, for improvements in coating or covering metals with other metals, and in colouring metallic surfaces. Dec. 9th, 6 months.

J. Hall, of Breezes Hill, Ratcliff Highway, Sugar Refiner, for improvements in the construction of boilers for generating steam, and in the application of steam to mechanical power. Dec. 9th, 6 months.

A. Templeton, of Lancaster, Silk Spinner, for a new or improved method of preparing for spinning silk and other fibrous subtances. Dec. 9th, 6 months.

J. G. Dashwood, of Ryde, Isle of Wight, Plumber, for improvements in the construction of cocks and taps. Dec. 9th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in the construction of masts for ships and vessels, and in applying the shrouds. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Dec. 9th, 6 months.

J. Taylor, of Birmingham, Brass Founder, for improvements in the construction of lamps. Dec. 9th, 6 months.

R. Henderson, of Birmingham, China Dealer and Glass Stainer, for certain improvements in apparatus for heating and lighting apartments, and for other like purposes. Dec. 9th, 6 months.

H. Wilkinson, of Pall Mall, Gun Maker, for improvements in machinery to be used in constructing buildings and in raising and lowering weights and materials. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Dec. 9th, 6 months.

J. Edwards, of Shoreditch, Warehouseman, for improvements in giving signals on railways. Dec. 9th, 6 months.

W. G. H. Taunton, of Liverpool, Engineer, for improvements in machinery for raising weights. Dec. 9th, 6 months.

W. W. Richards, of Birmingham, Gun Maker, for improvements in the construction of gun and pistol-locks and primers for the discharge of fire-arms. Dec. 14th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in printing or delineating patterns and printed cloths for floor-cloths, covers, and other uses. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Dec. 9th, 6 months.

F. Mark, of 81, Eaton Square, Esq., for certain improvements in the construction of ships or other vessels, and the method of propelling them. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Dec. 16th, 6 months.

W. Neilson, Builder, D. Lyon, Builder, and P. M'Onie, Engineer, all of Glasgow, for a mode or modes of, or an improvement or improvements in, cutting, dressing, preparing, and polishing stones, marble, and other substances, and also in forming flat or round mouldings and other figures thereon. Dec. 16th, 6 months.

C. E. Austin, of Fulham, Engineer, for an apparatus for what is commonly called changing the line on railways. Dec. 16th, 6 months.

J. Stewart, of Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park, Pianoforte Maker, for an improvement in the construction of casters. Dec. 16th, 6 months.

W. Prowett, of Northamptonshire, Victualler, for improvements in giving signals on railways. Dec. 16th, 6 months.

H. Booth, of Liverpool, Esq., for improvements in the method of propelling vessels through water. Dec. 16th, 6 months.

J. Norton, of the Junior United Service Club, Regent Street, Esquire, for improvements in sheating ships and other vessels. Dec. 16th, 6 months.

Antoine Mertens, of the London Coffee House, Publisher, for improvements in the manufacture of plaited fabrics. Dec. 16th, 6 months.

W. Church, of Birmingham, Civil Engineer, and J. Harlow, of the same place, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the mode of manufacturing metallic tubes, or in the mode of joining them, or other tubes or pieces for various useful purposes. Dec. 16th, 6 months.

T. Starkey, of Birmingham, Copper Cap Manufacturer, for improvements in percussion caps for discharging fire-arms. Dec. 16th, 6 months.

J. A. Fanshawe, of Hatfield Street, Christ Church, Gentleman, for an improved manufacture of waterproof fabric, applicable to the purposes of covering and packing bodies, buildings, and goods exposed to water and damp. Dec. 16th, 6 months.

W. Buckwell, of Trinity Street, Borough, Civil Engineer, for improvements in scaffolding or framework for building purposes. Dec. 16th, 6 months.

C. Loosey, of Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, Civil Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines, and which improvements are also applicable in raising or forcing water and propelling vessels. Dec. 16th, 6 months.

J. Bould, of Ovenden, Halifax, Cotton Spinner, for an improvement or improvements in condensing steam-engines. Dec. 16th, 6 months.

A. J. F. Claudet, of High Holborn, Glass Merchant, for certain improvements in the process or means of, and apparatus for, obtaining images or representations of nature or art. Dec. 18th, 6 months.

H. H. Watson, of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancaster, Consulting Chemist, for certain improvements in dressing, stiffening, and finishing cotton and other fibrous substances, and textile and other fabrics, part or parts of which improvements are applicable to the manufacture of paper, and also to some of the processes or operations connected with printing calicoes and other goods. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in lamps and burners, and in the means of supplying air and heat thereto for the sup-

port of combustion. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in cleansing wool and facilitating the operation of dyeing, and also in washing and bleaching cotton, yarn, or fabrics. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

O. Topham, of Whitecross Street, Engineer, for improvements in engines, machines, apparatus, or means for extinguishing or stopping the progress of fire in any room or part of different buildings which may have become ignited, such as noblemen or gentlemen's mansions, houses, factories, store and warehouses, and consequently preserving them from destruction and preventing the loss of life. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

G. P. Henry, of Peckham, Chemist, for improvements in apparatus to be applied to the glass-chimneys of gas-burners. December 21st, 6 months.

J. Cox, of Gongie Mills, Edinburgh, Tanner and Glue Maker, for certain improved processes of tanning. December 21st, 6 months.

J. O. York, of Upper Cokehill Street, Eaton Square, Engineer, for improvements in the construction of railway axles and wheels. December 21st, 6 months.

W. Carron, of Birmingham, Lathe Maker, for improvements in the construction of clogs and pattens. December 21st, 6 months.

W. H. Smith, of Finsbury Chambers, Bloomfield Street, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction and manufacture of connectors or fastenings, applicable to garments and other uses. December 21st, 6 months.

A. Fourment, of Museum Street, Engineer, for improvements in castors for cabinet furniture and other purposes. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

T. Wright, of Church Lane, Chelsea, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and A. Bain, of Percival Street, Clerkenwell, Mechanist, for improvements in applying electricity to control railway engines and carriages, to mark time, to give signals and print intelligence at distant places. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

H. A. B. Bouveiron, of Trevor Square, Merchant, for improvements in axle-trees. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

W. Burge, of Bristol, Sign Painter, for improvements in propelling vessels. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

W. C. Thornton, of Cleckheaton, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making cards, for carding cotton, and other fibrous substances. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

J. Watson, of Chorley, Lancaster, Gentleman, for improvements in the construction of filters used in the manufacture of sugar. Dec. 23rd, 6 months.

W. Baillieu, of Gloucester Street, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, Musician, for improvements and apparatus to expand the human chest. Dec. 23rd, 6 months.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

The Two Sicilies.—The following paper "On the Two Sicilies," by J. Goodwin, Esq., Consul for Sicily, was read at the Statistical Society, Jan. 17. "At the accession of the reigning sovereign in 1830, the population was 7,782,214, in 1840 it amounted to 8,127,598. The Neapolitan territory is thus divided:—

	Square Miles.
Corn Lands	12,000
Vineyards	1,000
Woods and Olive Grounds	3,000
Gardens and Orchards	500
Pastures and Sheep-walks	6,500
Wastes	2,000
Total Area	30,000

The chief products of husbandry are corn, wine, oil, cotton, flax, hemp, liquorice, wool. The average crop of wheat is five and a half millions of imperial

quarters, and the yearly consumption about five millions, being at the rate of about four-fifths of a quarter for each inhabitant. In abundant harvests, the crop often amounts to near ten millions of quarters. The annual produce of Indian corn is about half a million of imperial quarters. The yearly production of wine averages 400,000 pipes, the greater part of which is consumed at home. About 13,000 pipes are made into brandy, and about 250 tons of argol and cream of tartar are prepared for foreign markets. About 70,000 tons of olive oil are expressed yearly, half of which is consumed at home: of the quantity exported, the greater part is produced in Apulia and Calabria; and the former province supplies England, Holland, and the north of Europe with clarified oils for the use of the woollen manufactures. The annual cotton crop is about 10,000 tons, and the yearly production of raw silk about one million of pounds, of which about one half is consumed at home. The woollen factories produce yearly about 6,000 pieces of fine cloth for the markets of Naples and Palermo, and from 60,000 to 80,000 pieces of coarse cloth for the use of the peasantry and fishermen. The tanneries render yearly 8,000 bales of leather, the quality of which is much deteriorated by the use of myrtle leaves, which renders the leather spongy and rotten. About 1,500 tons of malleable, and 500 tons of pig iron, are made yearly in the realm. The author states that the inland trade of Naples has become very active since carriage roads have been construct d, and the trade of the capital much increased by the establishment of a National Bank. The latter acts also in the capacity of a large pawnbroking establishment, advancing money upon plate, jewels, silks, and woollens. It also discounts merchants' bills at six months date, with three signatures, at three and a half per cent. Foreign goods are imported into Naples from England, France, Spain, and Sicily, and about two-thirds of the domestic produce is exported under the national flag; the building of merchant ships, promoted by the abundance of materials, and the cheapness of workmanship, and encouraged by the granting of bounties for Baltic and Indian voyages, has made great progress. The population of Sicily amounted, in 1836, to 1,936,033 souls; and deducting 136,033 for the victims to the cholera in 1837, the present population may be taken at 1,800,000. The greater portion of the island belongs to the nobility and gentry, the smaller to the crown, the Church, and the corporate towns, in unequal shares, of which that of the towns is the largest and richest. Most of the landlords reside in Palermo; none live on their estates throughout the year. The agricultural population consists of three great classes,—the Bergesi, or yeomanry; the luquilini, or small farmers; and the Contini, or peasantry. The latter are divided by the names of Bergesi, or "hats," and Vellani, or "caps." The daily provisions of men and boys in common, hired yearly, consists of three pounds and a half of coarse bread, and a half a pint of oil. The men receive, in addition, a quart of wine all the year round, which allowance is only given to the lads during summer. In May the allowance is larger than usual, and in June, July, and August, which are the harvest months, the labourers eat and drink without restriction. The monthly servant differs from the yearly in receiving a certain quantity of wheat instead of bread, and their wages are somewhat lower than those who are hired by the year. The day-labourer earns, in general, about one shilling a day, receiving fourpence in money, and the value of eightpence in food. The peasantry dwell in dark and filthy hovels, the floors of which are strewed with green rushes, the walls plastered with mud, and the rafters hung round with cobwebs. A mattress, two or three clumsy chairs, a small table, and some earthen pots and pans, constitute the household furniture of a Sicilian labourer. The dress of the peasantry is as dismal as their dwellings, being gloomy black or dark brown. The men wear a nightcap and a hooded cloak over a round jacket, knee-breeches, cloth leggings, and heavy shoes. The women muffled up in short cloaks, wear a scanty gown and petticoat, and shuffle about in slippers, usually down at heels. Farm houses being scarce, the labourers live in villages, whence they go forth at sunrise, and return at sunset. When the labouring-place is distant, they ride thither on the Monday morning, and come home on Saturday evening, sleeping during the week in a straw hut, or natural grotto. From April until June the hours of labour are from four in the morning until eight A.M., from nine till noon, and from three until sunset. After dinner the labourer usually indulges in a siesta. During the harvest months of July and August, the hours of labour are about twelve daily, and from September until April from sunrise to sunset. All kinds of field work are done in a slovenly manner; grain sown in the broadcast, or dropped into dibble-made holes. The rudest implements of husbandry are used, and the *zappa*, or hoe, substituted for the spade. Two bushels

of wheat sown to an acre, yields from sixteen to twenty-five bushels; but the author conceives, from his experience, that twenty bushels may be regarded as the fair average. The principal crops are those of wheat, barley, rice, beans, pulse, and seeds; the secondary are those of barilla, cotton, flax, bemp, shumack, and tobacco. A good crop of corn may be reckoned at two millions of quarters of wheat, and 100,000 of barley. Of the wheat, about 1,800,000 quarters are consumed at home, being at the rate of one quarter a head for each inhabitant; the rest is exported to Malta and Greece. The most esteemed wines are those of Marsala and the eastern coast, of which about 20,000 pipes are exported yearly. The entire exportation of wine from Sicily in 1838, amounted to nearly 50,000 pipes. The broad-leafed olive yields about 7,500 tuns of oil, of which, 5,000 are consumed at home, and 2,500 sent to France. The Sicilian oil is equal to the common Neapolitan, but inferior to the clarified oil of Gallipoli. The citron, under which name oranges and lemons are included, is grown in abundance. The choice fruit is sent abroad, the common sort sold in the market, and the refuse serves for the purposes of the chemist. The silkworms produce yearly about 460,000 lbs. of raw silk, of which 360,000 lbs. are exported. Mining industry may be said to be confined to the excavation of brimstone or sulphur, the extraction of salt or alum being too small to be noticed in a general view of mining operations. Sulphur is found within the limits of a geographical line, which commences at the river Maccasoli, in the valley of Girgenti, runs northward as far as Lucara, in the valley of Palermo, turns eastward to Centorbi, and westerly to Terra Nova, containing an area of about 2,600 square miles. The sulphur district being destitute of timber, and diversified only by fruit trees in the immediate vicinity of the villages, has few charms for the stranger, beyond the fantastic shape of its cliffs and mountains. The formation is tertiary, and presents successive strata of shell limestone, white and blue marl interspersed with beds of gypsum. The sulphur is found imbedded in the lowest stratum of blue marl, which is distinguished from the upper one by the entire absence of shells. The district contains 150 mines, which yield from 50,000 to 80,000 tons of sulphur annually. The richest mines are those of Gallizzi, Semmatino, and Tavaro. The visitor to a sulphur mine usually descends by a series of steps to the first level, where he finds the half naked miner picking sulphur from the rocks, and boys collecting the lumps and carrying them up to the surface. The same operation is repeated at the lower levels. The hardy and healthy look of the miners is very remarkable, and form a striking contrast to the lean and sickly aspect of the southern population. The hours of labour are six daily, and a miner rarely works more than 250 days in the year. His wages are from sixteen to twenty pence a day. The burners who extract the sulphur, by fusing the ore in kilns made of gypsum and stone, and sometimes in close vessels and furnaces, usually earn about a shilling per day. The number of persons regularly employed in the sulphur mines, is 4,400, (1,300 pickmen, 2,600 boys, 300 burners, and 200 clerks and others); besides these, the mines give employment to 2,600 carriers and 1,000 wharfingers, thus making a total amount of 8,000 persons. A small portion of the sulphur carried down to Girgenti, serves for the use of a royal refinery, whence it is exported to France and Austria, in powder and rolls. Previous to the sulphur contract, the great mass was sent in cakes to England, France, Holland, Russia, and the United States of America, in the following proportions: 3-6ths to England, 2-6ths to France, and the rest to other countries. Formerly, when the use of sulphur was confined to medicinal purposes and the manufacture of gunpowder, the exportation was small; but as soon as the mineral was applied to the making of carbonate of soda, the amount became considerable. The exportation in the years 1832 to 1838 inclusive, was 374,312 tons, being at the rate of 56,857 tons per annum. In 1838, a monopoly of the sulphur trade was established under the name of a privileged company, and Mr. Goodwin gives an account of its origin, progress, and recent abolishment. The principal manufactures are those of leather, cotton, and silk: the produce of the former is valued at 120,000*l.* per annum. The wages of weavers is about fourpence a day. Little more silk is produced than is necessary for home use. The fisheries employ a number of individuals. The general fishery employs 3,600 men and boys, and yields a produce valued at 22,000*l.* per annum. The Tunny fisheries are twenty in number, and give employment to 280 to 300 boats, and 600 men and boys. The captain of each boat receives from eight-pence to ten-pence a day, the other men about three-pence. The mercantile marine, in 1835, amounted to 167 square-rigged vessels, of 21,672 tons, and 1,891 lateen-rigged vessels of 20,128

tons. The regular clergy consist of twenty-three orders, whose united members amount to nearly 8,000. The secular body comprises about 10,000. All the bishops are appointed by the king, and ratified by the pope. There are 5,000 nuns in Sicily, of whom 1,500 reside in Palermo. They inhabit convents well endowed by founders and testators. Their large estates are managed by priests and lawyers, under the control of a visitor or guardian. The society is answerable to no superior for the disposal of its property; but the prioress is strictly accountable to the bishop of the diocese for the maintenance of order and discipline. The periodical press is very inferior, and the journals, which appear weekly, are entirely made up by compilations from foreign papers.—*Athenæum.*

Gresham's Ring.—Among the compliments paid on laying the foundation of the new Royal Exchange, and the splendid banquet at the Mansion House in honour of the day, the most appropriate that could be conceived, was the presentation to the Lord Mayor, by Mr. Newman of the Bridge-house, of a gold ring in his possession, found in the bed of the Thames when London Bridge was built, and on good grounds believed to be that of the patriotic and liberal Sir Thomas Gresham. We have seen this relic several years ago: it is of plain and very fine gold, with a signet engraved T. G. No hand could be better entitled to wear it, than the present Lord Mayor's, whose accession to office was marked by the birth of a Prince of Wales, and whose career, as yet only of two months' continuance, has been marked by such another memorable event. It seems destined for one of the most brilliant in the civic annals since the age of Gresham, and the occupant of the chair determined to prove himself not unworthy of the epoch.—*Lit. Gazette.*

Electrotint.—A new application of the electrotype; instead of the metal being thrown down from the solution upon a metallic plate previously engraved, and thereby a copy in relief being produced to serve as a mould for further deposition thereon for the reproduction of the engraved plate, or rather its fac-simile, for copper-plate printing, the copper (or any metal) is deposited on the surface of German silver or plated copper, prepared by the artist with a composition resembling black paint. This drawn picture (as it were) being in relief, the new electro-plate will be in intaglio, or with indentations corresponding with the projections of the composition, and ready for the printing-ink and transfer of the design to paper. In this way, without the touch of the graver, may the fac-simile of the peculiar handling of artists be obtained, and the spirit of their original paintings be preserved and multiplied *ad infinitum.* Specimens have been forwarded to us, but with a request for every allowance, as they are first attempts. The head of a dog, requiring fine work, is rather harsh, 'tis true. But the fisherman, sketched from life, in electrotint, by T. Sampson, is very fine; the stern and honest, rugged and rude, man and implements are admirably given. The electrotint holds forth high promise in skilful hands.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Bridge Building.—The French papers mention that M. Fèvre, the Inspector General of Ponts et Chaussées, has just made his report of an experiment on the system of bridge building, the invention of Mr. Neville, an English engineer. The experiment was made on a small bridge, six mètres sixty centimètres in length and one in width, in the factory of Messrs. Bouttevillain and Brunet. Each end of this bridge, which weighs 700 kilogrammes, was placed on a beam, without being secured by masonry, or any other means. A weight of 6,000 kilogrammes, which was about 1,000 kilogrammes per superficial mètre, having been placed upon the bridge, it only yielded 9 millimètres at the ends, and a kind of cart heavily laden was drawn over it, without producing the slightest effect upon its solidity. These trials having been made, M. Fèvre, with the concurrence of several distinguished men of science who were present, pronounced them to be conclusive of the superiority of Mr. Neville's system.

Temperature.—It appears from barometrical and thermometrical observations made at Cherbourg in 1838, 1839, and 1840, that the mean temperature there of all the year was 11·2 above zero of the Centigrade scale, or 54·16 Fahrenheit. The mean temperature at Paris is 10·8 C., or 51·45 F. At Cherbourg, the mean temperature of the winter (December, January, and February) was 5·7 C., or 42·26 F.; while at Paris it was 3·6 C., or 38·48 F. The mean temperature of the summer (June, July, and August) was 16·5 C., or 61·71 F.; while at Paris it was 18 C., or 64·4 F.

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.

The august Ceremonial of the inauguration of our infant, Prince of Wales, born of a long line of Kings, and with Kingdoms for his Heirlooms, into the Church militant, has most naturally occupied the attention of the Country from the first note of preparation up to the present moment, when the echoes of its rejoicings are still vibrating among us.

This all-important and imposing Ceremony has been the means of bringing us an illustrious visitor, in the person of our right Royal and honoured ally, the King of Prussia. It is a matter of rejoicing that national amity should be cemented by personal friendship, and it is well that the sponsorship of an infant born to fill the Protestant Throne of England should be vested in the person of the greatest of the continental Protestant Sovereigns. Among the Potentates of the World, there could not have been made a more fitting selection, and we are among those who would most cheerfully accord in acknowledging the courtesy of his taking upon himself an office which seems to guarantee his friendship to our Throne and Country more securely even than before. We heartily welcome the King of Prussia to our shores, and we scarcely remember an event marked by feelings of more innate satisfaction than those which accompanied his disembarkation at the steps of our Palace-hospital at Greenwich on Saturday, the 22nd of January. The heart of an Englishman may well swell high within him when he is able to give a King a welcome on such a spot—the dwelling of Princes inhabited by the maimed, the wounded, the old, the war-beaten, who have gathered their scars and their laurels not in rebellious strife, but in loyal warfare in support of a throne which they revered, and a country which was their own. We say that it is with a pride of which we are proud, that we pause over the landing of the King of Prussia on the stately steps of our Greenwich Hospital, and fancy that we see again the gallant Prince who has become naturalized in our affections, and the time-honoured hero of a hundred fields, together with a train of rank and station, receiving the foreign Potentate, amid the ringing cheers of this band of brave veterans.

But from the reception of the Royal Sponsor we pass to the oldest residence of our Kings, Windsor Castle, and the splendid Ceremonial enacted there.

The morning of Tuesday, the 25th of January, was ushered in by one universal peal of joy, rung out from every Church-steeple in the land; while in Windsor, that envied and favoured spot, there was that sort of under-bustle of preparation and expectation which is the sure prelude of coming events. Soon after nine o'clock, a battalion of the Grenadier Guards, with Colonel Ferguson at their head, marched into Windsor, preceded by a Military Band, to assume their posts of duty; and a large body of Police were also in attendance. The Eton boys were among the privileged, the parapet of the Round Tower overlooking the Grand Quadrangle, where the Royal Carriages were required to be in attendance, being allotted to them. From ten o'clock to twelve, the illustrious company arrived, the carriages entering at St. George's Gate, and passing through the Quadrangle to a side entrance of the Castle. Among these, where all was splendid, the City dignitaries were conspicuous for magnificence; and as the day progressed, the air of jubilee waxed on; the Highlanders making the air musical with their National Airs, the Grenadiers, with their gay accoutrements, the Military music of the band of the Blues, and the gallop-

ing hither and thither of Orderlies of different Regiments on their gaily-caparisoned chargers, the ringing of the horses' hoofs, the booming of the Artillery, the gay dresses and the joyful tone of all, proclaimed that this was an occasion of national joy. In the midst of this excitement, the Royal Procession began to form. At a little beyond half-past twelve, five of the State Carriages left the corner of the quadrangle nearest to the private apartments of the Queen: in the third of these was the hero of the day, for whom the gorgeous pageantry was all displayed, in the arms of an illustrious nurse, we believe the Duchess of Buccleuch, who (how little actions express innate character!) showed her kindly desire of diffusing pleasure by holding the infant Prince so that as many as possible might be gratified with the sight of him, for which, in the name of the Public, we tender thanks. The fifth of this section of the Procession contained her Majesty and Prince Albert, who were welcomed with cheers, and to whom the Military presented Arms; in one of another line of three Carriages came the King of Prussia, drawn by the Queen's Cream-coloured steeds, who seemed so proud of their part in the show of the day, as to prance and plume themselves in rather a too riotous joy; their mettle, however, did no damage, and his Prussian majesty was received with plaudits from the people, and Military honours from the Soldiery.

The gorgeous company being assembled in Wolsey's Hall, which had been carefully prepared for the occasion, the floor being covered with cocoa-nut matting, and again with crimson drugget, embellished with the white plumes of the badge of the young Prince, and thoroughly warmed by flues, proceeded to pass through the passage which communicates from that hall to St. George's Chapel. Here the dominion of good taste had preserved the time-sanctified spot from all miscalled improvement. Nothing had been done excepting in the way of cleaning, renovation, or provision for comfort. The windows, through which the sunshine of so many years had streamed, and the rays of a wintry sun were now beaming, had been cleaned, and the pavement on which so many proud and kingly feet had trodden, was comfortably carpeted with a purple fabric, in which was woven the Shield of St. George, and the star of the Order of the Garter. The elaborate and delicate tracery of the altar-screens, the carved work of the stalls, together with like parts, had all undergone a renewing process, and were restored almost to their pristine beauty. In front of the Communion-table a platform had been erected to raise the flooring to a level with that around the Altar, carpeted like the rest. On this dais, diverging on either hand to the north and south, were placed Six Chairs of State, covered with Velvet of Royal Purple, richly carved, and resplendent with Gold, and bearing on the back and cushion the star of the Order of the Garter, and in front of each of which stood a scarlet-covered faldstool. In the centre of this distinguished arena stood an Ottoman draperied correspondently with the Chairs of State which surrounded it, bearing the magnificent Baptismal Font, a piece of exquisite and costly workmanship of chased gold, worthy of Cellini. On the Altar the Communion services of St. James's Chapel Royal were united with those of St. George, consisting of large flagons, salvers, and other vessels of smaller size, making a display worthy of the Church's most palmy days of pomp and glory. It would be difficult to imagine a scene of more intense interest than that which now opened on the eye and touched the heart. In the kingly dwelling of him whose chivalric gallantry first founded the Order of the Garter, and in the place of prayer, where over every one of its Knights Companions the banner, the sword, and arms of each were suspended, with the full band of the Nobility assembled each in the station where the Armorial Shield of his progenitors and his own Knightly badge were hanging, dressed in the complete costume of their Order, with the sun gleaming in as a glorious witness through the emblazoned windows, came the Royal Parents of a future

to bring another English Edward to be enrolled within the pale of the Church militant. Such another scene can never gladden our eyes. The ministers of state, the ambassadors, the Lord Chancellor, and not a numerous but a most select and magnificently-attired company, took their places. The royal procession left Wolsey's Hall a quarter before one, and so passed on to the Chapel, the Queen and her attendants entering by the north door to the right, the King of Prussia and his suite on the south to the left: his Majesty, attired in a field-marshal's uniform, led in her royal highness the Duchess of Kent, who stood as proxy for her royal highness the Duchess of Saxe Cobourg: then followed his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge, her royal highness the Duchess of Cambridge, proxy for her royal highness the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha; her royal highness the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, proxy for her royal highness the Princess Sophia; and his serene highness the Prince Ferdinand of Saxe Cobourg. After a short interval, the Queen entered, attired in the robes of Sovereign of the Order of the Garter, wearing a circlet and emblazonry of diamonds of almost invaluable price, supported by his royal highness Prince Albert, wearing the costume of the Order of the Garter, and conducted by the Lord Chamberlain, and Master of the Household. The Archbishop of Canterbury, together with the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Norwich, had already taken their places on the platform, while the Bishops of Winchester and Oxford, the one as Prelate, and the other as Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, stood on either side of the altar, wearing their mantles and badges of office: some other of the privileged clergy were also ranged within the communion inclosure.

At the entrance of the Queen all rose and stood, whilst the band played the march from Joseph. Her Majesty took her place on the platform, his royal highness Prince Albert being on her left hand, the Duke of Sussex, Prince George of Cambridge, and the Princes Ferdinand and Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, being ranged beyond him. The Duke of Wellington, supporting the sword of state, stood behind the chair of the Queen, and ever and anon during the ceremony, as the royal train became entangled or deranged in the movements of the occasion, performed the duty of adjusting it, like a preux chevalier of old: there was something inexpressibly touching in the contrast between our fair young Queen and our well-tried old warrior-duke.

The venerable Archbishop read the simple and impressive service, according to his wont, solemnly, while the royal godfather's voice was clear, sonorous, and intelligible in the responses. The Duchess of Buccleuch bore the royal infant to the Archbishop, in whose venerable arms the regal purple velvet of the Prince, mingling with the spotless lawn of the Primate, the heir-apparent to the throne of this kingdom receiving the names of Albert Edward, was made a Christian.

The impressive service finished with the Hallelujah Chorus, given with the finest effect, and then the hallowed ceremonial ended; the splendid procession defiled from the chapel, and the gorgeous pageantry passed away.

May the life that has begun under such a combination of auspicious circumstances be passed so that its end may prove happier still! May the head which seems destined to wear a crown never ache with sorrow! May the heart which all things appear ready to gladden, never sigh with remorse: and may the eyes which have opened on splendour, be at last closed in peace! So prays a nation for the Prince of Wales!

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LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Ecclesiastica; or, the Church, her Schools, and her Clergy. By Edward Mahon Roose, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn.

At seasons such as the present, when the Church of England may indeed emphatically exclaim, "Without are fightings, within are fears!" when oppositions without her pale, and schisms within it, make the question doubtful from which the greatest danger is to be apprehended, the rallying round her of those who have grown up under her maternal care, and would fain return for her fosterings the duty of children, is in every way a subject of satisfaction. Mr. Roose has been actuated by this feeling in the composition of his work; his object being to bring before us a simple history of the church of our country from the time of her reformation; to display the seminaries of learning which are open for the reception of her children, and their instruction in her creeds; and to uphold the bright examples of those illustrious men who have thrown their all, of time, of talent, of devotion, of labour, of love, into her service. Of the first part of this threefold plan, our author has judged it best to give but an outline: the history of the church from the Reformation to the Revolution is rapidly told; almost too rapidly to form its competent part in the whole: the second division of the work supplies us with an excellent account of the public schools of England—Winchester School, Eton College, the Charter House School, St. Paul's, Merchant Tailor's, Harrow, Rugby School, the Universities, &c. &c. This part of the work supplies us with an admirable book of reference, useful in no slight degree; and succeeded by an account of the great church societies, whose operations are so widely extensive, and whose exertions have assumed so much importance in the condition of the

country: then follows the episcopacy in England, with a list of the archbishops and bishops since the Reformation, their rank, their privileges, power, and manner of election, and an account of the successive dignitaries who have filled the various sees. After these comes a noble list of men and martyrs, the greatest theologians of their day, together with a host of distinguished literary and scientific divines, forming a perfect "cloud of witnesses," when thus congregated together; and these are succeeded by a brief biography of some of those bishops and divines, who while they live are objects of interest and attention to society from their talents and their zeal. As a reading book, the latter half of this work will be found highly interesting, forming as it does a sort of clerical gallery of the most distinguished of our clergy, well and ably executed: as a work of reference the whole book has a high value; it contains great information, so condensed as to prove available for the one subject which it has been intended to illustrate, and has a worthiness of purpose which commands our respect.

The following extract will both give a sample of our author's style, and show how great an effect a single circumstance may have upon the whole life of a man. We might almost fancy that the purposes of some of us stood upon a pivot to be veered by a touch. It is thus that we are told of Paley.

"During the first years of his academical career his application was neither regular nor intense; but the latter part of his under-graduateship was devoted unintermittedly to the university studies. In the course of a conversation on the subject, he gave the following very interesting account of the early part of his academical life. 'I spent the first two years of my under-graduateship happily but unprofitably. I was constantly in society, where we were not immoral, but idle, and rather expensive. At the commencement of my third year, however, after having left the usual party at rather a late hour in the evening, I was awakened at five in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my bedside, and said, 'I have been thinking what a fool you are, Paley. I could do nothing, probably, were I to try, and can afford the life I lead: you could do every thing, and cannot afford it. I have had no sleep during the whole night, on account of these reflections, and am now solemnly come to inform you, that if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society.' I was so struck with the visit and the visitor, that I lay in bed great part of the day, and I formed my plan. I ordered my bed-maker to prepare my fire every evening, in order that it might be lighted by myself. I arose at five, read during the whole of the day, except such hours as chapel and hall required, allotting to each portion of time its peculiar portion of study; and just before the closing of the gates, (nine o'clock,) I went to a neighbouring coffee-house, where I constantly regaled upon a mutton chop and a dose of milk punch.'"

An example of absence of mind in Bishop Burnet.

"He was proverbially absent. He asked, earnestly asked, to dine with Prince Eugene when entertained by Marlborough. 'Bishop,' said the duke, 'you know how absent you are; will you be accurate?' 'Your grace may depend upon it,' replied Burnet. The prince, observing a dignified ecclesiastic at the table, inquired of the bishop whether 'he ever was at Paris.' 'Yes,' answered Burnet, 'I was there when the Princess of Soissons was arrested on suspicion of poisoning her husband.' Now

this lady was the mother of the prince: recollecting the affinity when too late, he retired, covered with confusion. The reply of South on being asked, 'What is the character of Bishop Burnet on the Articles,' is more witty than just:—'He has served the Church of England just as the Jews did St. Paul,—given her forty stripes save one.'"

And here we see that even a reproof need not necessarily be ungracious.

"We were fourteen at table; amongst us was Atterbury. During the dinner there was a jocular dispute concerning short prayers. Sir William Wyndham told us that the shortest prayer he had ever heard was the prayer of a common soldier just before the battle of Blenheim: 'O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul.' This was followed by a general laugh. I immediately reflected that such a treatment of the subject was too ludicrous, at least very improper, where a learned and religious prelate was of the company. But I had soon an opportunity of making a different reflection. Atterbury, seeming to join in the conversation, and applying himself to Sir William Wyndham, said, 'Your prayer, Sir William, is indeed very short, but I remember another as short, and much better offered up, likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances: 'O God, if in the day of battle I forget thee, do thou not forget me.' This, as Atterbury pronounced it with his usual grace and dignity, was a very gentle and polite reproof, and was immediately felt by the whole company; and the conversation was turned to another subject."

These samples will show the quality of the reading portion of the work, and with a cordial "so be it," we leave the author to close in his own words.

"The Church, whose history we have briefly portrayed, still exists—the record of her progress is before us—the mighty past we can comprehend, and the unseen future we can anticipate. That past gives cause for triumph—that future occasion for hope—hope that its bounds may be enlarged—that those by whom her blessings are now unfelt, will yet worship in her courts, and adore in her sanctuary. It should be our object to hasten the time of her final victory, when we may become in great essentials one people, when—minor differences forgotten, and past sources of separation overlooked—the English church may be truly the church of England, and all Christians, united in the bonds of brotherhood, may co-operate in forwarding the mighty work—the end of which will be, that 'knowledge shall cover the earth, even as the waters cover the sea!'"

The Daughters of England, their Position in Society, Character, and Responsibilities. By MRS. ELLIS, author of "Women of England," &c.

Amidst the throng of authors jostling, and pushing, and elbowing their way in the various highroads to popularity and notoriety, determined to attain their object, either by fair means or foul, pandering to the evil passions of our nature rather than nurturing the good, sometimes advancing themselves on the way by the baseness of scandal, sometimes helped on by some little stream of public caprice, striving after novelty however coarse, after sentiment however pernicious;—amidst all these, we say, it is refreshing and exhilarating to see this lady author steadily pursuing the "even tenor of her way,"

having before her eyes a high and moral purpose, and firmly bent on its attainment. Singularly feminine in all the attributes of her mind, she thus furnishes us with a beautiful instance of the lofty purposes to which they may be applied, without for one moment forgetting the gentleness and gracefulness of her sex—alas! how often violated and misapplied! Mrs. Ellis shows us how powerful the faculties of a woman's mind may be, without in the least degree outstepping the limits of that charmed circle by which she is surrounded, and which she can never overpass without losing something of the purity and loveliness of her own character. They who have done this have paid the peril of their temerity; for this environing round is like the magic ring of the enchanter,—within may be safety, but without are ravings, and ragings, and ravenings.

In the pure and legitimate use of her own faculties, Mrs. Ellis has obtained what others, in unfairly striving for, have missed—she has reached a high reputation; and this position enables her to diffuse her lessons more extensively, and display the example by which they are enforced from a higher and more commanding eminence. Amiable and holy are these lessons, calculated to elevate and purify the young hearts into which they may be received, and to carry those best blessings of love and peace into many a family. Mrs. Ellis is not a stern moralist who frightens with her severity, but a winning instructress to whom it is sweet to listen; and though the volume before us is avowedly one of teaching and preaching, it will be read with pleasure, recommended by its taste, its sentiment, and its refinement, even by those whom it may reprove; and this we think is saying much, for censure is seldom acceptable, and it is a rare thing for the medicine which gives health to give pleasure too.

Mrs. Ellis commences her office at the moment when one of "The Daughters of England" having left the school where she has been receiving her education, finds herself in the new position of entering on that world, which we all seem to find stranger every day we live, with new duties to fulfil, and a new place in society to occupy. Thus, standing on the threshold, Mrs. Ellis supposes the young neophyte to ask herself "What am I? how am I to act? and what are my capabilities of action? what is my position in society? what do I aim at? and what means do I intend to employ for the accomplishment of my purpose?" And in answer to these questions, she answers, "It is to assist any of the daughters of England who may be making these inquiries in sincerity of heart, that I would ask their attention to the following pages; just as an experienced traveller, who had himself often stepped out from the safe path, and found the difficulty of returning, would be anxious to leave directions for others who might follow, in order that they might avoid the dangers with which he had already become acquainted, and pursue their course with greater certainty of attaining the end desired." Such, then, is the avowed purpose of the work, and having thus entered on her errand, Mrs. Ellis commences a little category, followed by a summing up which we give our readers.

"I must now take it for granted, that the youthful reader of these pages has reflected seriously upon her position in society as a woman, has

acknowledged her inferiority to man, has examined her own nature, and found there a capability of feeling, a quickness of perception, and a facility of adaptation, beyond what he possesses, and which, consequently, fit her for a distinct and separate sphere: and I would also gladly persuade myself, that the same individual, as a Christian woman, has made her decision not to live for herself, so much as for others; but, above all, not to live for this world, so much as for eternity. The question then arises—What means are to be adopted in the pursuit of this most desirable end? Some of my young readers will perhaps be disposed to exclaim, 'Why, this is but the old story of giving up the world and all its pleasures!' But let them not be too hasty in their conclusions. It is not a system of giving up which I am about to recommend to them, so much as one of attaining. My advice is rather to advance than to retreat, yet to be sure that you advance in the right way. Instead, therefore, of depreciating the value of their advantages and acquirements, it is my intention to point out, so far as I am able, how all these advantages may be made conducive to the great end I have already supposed them to have in view—that of living for others, rather than for themselves—of living for eternity, rather than for time."

"Such, then, is your position in life; a Christian woman, and therefore one whose first duty is to ascertain her proper place—a sensitive and intelligent being, more quick to feel than to understand, and therefore more under the necessity of learning to feel rightly—a responsible being, with numberless talents to be accounted for, and believing that no talent was ever given in vain, but that all, however apparently trifling in themselves, are capable of being so used as to promote the great end of our being—the happiness of our fellow-creatures, and the glory of our Creator."

And now for the motive for the performance of these lofty duties. Mrs. Ellis has referred it to a principle higher than hopes and fears, of rewards and punishments—to the *law of love*. That law which emanated from a greater than Moses, that eleventh commandment, which should indeed be the actuating impulse for the fulfilment of all the rest.

"Women almost universally consider themselves, and wish to be considered by others, as extremely affectionate; scarcely can a more severe libel be pronounced upon a woman than to say that she is not so. Now the whole law of woman's life is a law of love. I propose, therefore, to treat the subject in this light—to try whether the neglect of their peculiar duties does not imply an absence of love, and whether the principle of love, thoroughly carried out, would not so influence their conduct and feelings as to render them all which their best friends could desire.

"Let us, however, clearly understand each other at the outset. To love is a very different thing from a desire to be beloved. To love, is woman's nature—to be beloved, is the consequence of her having properly exercised and controlled that nature. To love, is woman's duty—to be beloved, is her reward.

"Does the subject, when considered in this point of view, appear less attractive? 'No,' you reply, 'it constitutes the happiness of every generous soul, to love; and if that be the secret of our duty, the whole life of woman must be a pleasant journey on a path of flowers.'"

The well-known tenderness of woman's heart, which so often unhappily degenerates into imbecility, is here snatched from the side of her weaknesses, and beautifully restored to that of her virtues,—being, in fact, a divinely-inspired impulse of her nature. We could

almost say that the duties of Christianity are attempted from higher motives on the part of woman than man, when her obedience springs from love, and his from reason. That impulses unreasoned upon are dangerous things, Mrs. Ellis draws our attention to, it being very far from her doctrine to rely upon them; and she well says, that

"There is, perhaps, no subject on which young women are apt to make so many and such fatal mistakes, as in the regulation of their emotions of attraction and repulsion; and chiefly for this reason—because there is a popular notion prevailing amongst them, that it is exceedingly becoming to act from the impulse of the moment, to be what they call 'the creatures of feeling;' or, in other words, to exclude the high attribute of reason from those very emotions which are given them, especially, to serve the most exalted purposes. 'It is a cold philosophy,' they say, 'to calculate before you feel;' and thus they choose to act from impulse rather than from principle.

"The unnatural mother does this when she singles out a favourite child as the recipient of all her endearments, leaving the neglected one to pine away its little life. The foolish mother does this when she withholds, from imagined tenderness, the wholesome discipline which infancy requires—choosing for her unconscious offspring a succession of momentary indulgences which are sure to entail upon them years of suffering in after life. The fickle friend does this, when she conceives a sudden distaste for the companion she has professed to love. The unfaithful wife does this, when she allows her thoughts to wander from her rightful lord. All women have done this, who have committed those frightful crimes which stain the page of history—all have acted from impulse, and by far the greater number have acted under the influence of misplaced affection. It is, indeed, appalling to contemplate the extent of ruin and of wretchedness to which woman may be carried by the force of her own impetuous and unregulated feelings. Her faults are not those of selfish calculation: she makes no stipulation for her own, or others' safety; when once she renounces principle, therefore, and gives herself up to act as the mere creature of impulse, there is no hope for her, except that experience, by its painful chastisements, may bring her back to wisdom and to peace."

Having thus proclaimed her mission, Mrs. Ellis enters on the consideration of all those various duties which ought to occupy the time, and the regulation of those feelings which are requisite to be brought under subjection in her system of self-government, of woman desirous of pursuing her path of christian duty. Economy of time, cleverness, learning, knowledge, music, painting, poetry, taste, tact, observation, beauty, health, temper, society, fashion, love of distinction, gratitude, affection, flirtation, love, courtship, selfishness, artifice, integrity, and the right dedication of youth, all severally engage her attention, and are all subjected to a strict and careful investigation. Sound judgment and pure womanly feeling prevail throughout. Still, to be critics and not hint a fault, would be to proclaim our occupation gone. What, then, does a lady who has gone through the process matrimonial of changing her own name, mean by the following?

"One word, before this chapter closes, to those who have arrived at years of womanhood without having known what it was to engage the attentions of a lover—and of such I must observe, that by some unaccountable law of nature, they often appear to be the most admirable of

their sex. Indeed, while a sparkling countenance, an easy manner, and—to say the least of it—a *willingness* to be admired, attract a crowd of lovers, it not unfrequently happens, that retiring merit, and unostentatious talent, scarcely secure the homage of one. And yet, on looking round upon society, one sees so many of the vain, the illiterate, and the utterly useless, chosen and solicited as wives, that we are almost tempted to consider those who are not thus favoured, as in reality the most honourably distinguished amongst their sex."

We think that this is going very far towards recalling that condescending concession with which Mrs. Ellis set out in the first pages of her work, and which she has every here and there repeated, that "as women, then, the first thing of importance is to be content to be inferior to man; inferior in mental power, in the same proportion that you are inferior in bodily strength." Nay, "but by their fruits ye shall know them;" a man's sense shall be judged by his actions, and if his passing-over and neglect of certain women, causes them to be considered "as in reality the most honourably distinguished amongst their sex," what then becomes of his vaunted intellect? We think that in an amiable desire to condole with an often-injured and ill-used class of women, and that too a very small one, Mrs. Ellis has offered them a compliment at the expense of all the husbands and wives in England, and we feel bound in fairness to protest against this, and that too more especially, as, in being a wife herself, she furnishes one of the most convincing proofs that men know how to prefer the really "distinguished amongst the sex."

We cannot close without recording our conviction that amongst all the useful and improving works which we owe to the pen of Mrs. Ellis, this her last, is also her best. Its purity, its morality, its integrity, nay, even its poetry and sentiment, are all unblemished, and no parent or friend can place a book likely to be followed by more worthy impressions, in the hands of any of the "Daughters of England."

Excursions in Albania, comprising a Description of the Wild Boar, Deer, and Woodcock Shooting in that Country; and a Journey from thence to Thessalonica and Constantinople, and up the Danube to Pest. By Captain J. J. Best, Thirty-fourth regiment.

The good spirits and holiday sort of temper in which Captain Best set out on his travels is conspicuous in every page of his recital, and does much towards making the reader feel that he is in company with an agreeable companion—one of the most effective modes of procuring a reciprocity of good-humour. The narrative all through is told in a soldier-like unaffected manner, and is agreeable from its straightforward unaffectedness, as well as for a certain careless liveliness of description. "During a residence of nearly six years," he tells us, "at Corfu, I was enabled, through the kindness of Lieutenant-General Sir Howard Douglass, Bart., on whose military staff I had the honour of holding the post of aide-de-camp, to make two very interesting tours in Albania—a magnificent but almost unknown country. In the first I visited Jannisa, the celebrated but now nearly ruined capital of the

renowned Ali Pasha; and in the second I penetrated still farther into the interior of the country, and making my way to Thessalonica, passed on to Constantinople, and by way of the Danube to Pest and Vienna, returning to Corfu by Trieste." Through this route Captain Best conducts his reader, beguiling the way with description, anecdote, and observation, and giving us a very lively idea of all that he touches. In the early part of the volume the gusto of the sportsman prevails; but as the opportunity for this mimic soldiery decreases, the interest of the work to the general reader increases. The state of Albania is brought more distinctly before us, and sad enough is its condition under the ban of misgovernment. Captain Best thus observes—

"Here is a magnificent country, capable of cultivation to any extent, a productive soil, and (excepting in a few marshy districts) an exceedingly healthy climate, and yet it is almost entirely destitute of population, and the few inhabitants that do exist are the most miserable, impoverished, and oppressed in Europe.

"Each man is afraid of his neighbour. Every one, even from five years old, is obliged, for personal security, to be armed up to the teeth; and it is well known, that those who are the most wealthy, are obliged to live in an apparent state of misery and destitution, lest their prosperity should excite the cupidity of their neighbours, and induce them to murder them in order to become possessed of their wealth.

"I fear we must ascribe this strange deficiency of population to the badness of its government. Adam Smith tells us, 'The bigotry and oppressiveness of the government, and not the plague, is the cause of the depopulation of the countries subject to the Turks.'

"These words are lamentably true, and unfortunately too applicable to Albania. I hope it may not attach as a blot on the fair fame of Europe of the nineteenth century, that its civilized nations combined together to perpetuate this state of things, and endeavoured, for the furtherance of their own political schemes, to keep so fine a country as Albania a depopulated waste, and a brave, independent, and high-spirited population in a wretched state of barbarism and degradation. Every one who has the faintest spark of common humanity unextinguished in his breast,—every one whom Christianity reminds to do unto others as he would they should do unto him,—every one to whom the amount of human happiness in the world is of the smallest consideration, must, if he see this country in its present exhausted, miserable, oppressed state, wish from the bottom of his heart, that any sacrifice were made to improve the condition of the unfortunate inhabitants of Albania.

"We often hear it asserted with the greatest gravity, that Turkey may yet be regenerated; it is even hinted sometimes that the Greeks are to blame for the disagreement between them and their masters; and persons who have never seen anything of Turkish manners and customs, will talk of the amalgamation of the Turkish and Greek populations as a sure means of consolidating the Turkish empire. It appears never to have entered the heads of persons who entertain these chimerical notions, that the Turks and Greeks are two distinct races, differing from each other in every respect, but more particularly in manners, customs, religion, and language; that a Turk never learns to speak Greek, and that both populations abhor and detest each other, more, if possible, than even their relative positions, that of master and slave, would lead us to suppose."

We may also gather some ideas of the insecurity of property from the perusal of the following. The holding of land is one of the

strongest ties of security in a country. When men are not bound by their interests, the claims of country usually hang but loosely on them.

"On passing one very magnificent piece of wheat, I observed incidentally to the surrigee that it was in fine condition, and asked if he knew to whom it belonged. 'How could he tell?' was his reply; 'any one that can afford to watch and guard it, may sow wherever he pleases, and when the time of harvest comes, he may reap it, if it has not been stolen before that, and then some one perhaps sows there the next year, and the man who has had the crop sows somewhere else.' 'Then am I to understand that the land belongs to no one, and that any one may plough or sow where he pleases?' said I, somewhat surprised. 'How can the land belong to any one?' asked in reply the equally astonished Albanian. 'If I sow corn there, the corn is mine; if you sow, it is yours; if I see good grass there, I feed my horses, or sheep, or oxen, if I have any, and any other person may do the same, but the land is not mine.' 'But to whom, then, does the land belong? May I come and turn out your flocks, or sow seeds where you want to sow?' 'Of course you may, *if you can*; but if I sow corn there, or feed my flocks there, I take good care to guard it, and not let you.'"

Captain Best thus describes the picturesque garb of the country:

"The Albanians generally wear a short jacket of velvet or cloth, without a collar, and richly embroidered with gold. Under this a waistcoat of the same material. This jacket and waistcoat are, during the summer, of cotton, and ornamented with cotton-twist or braiding, but not embroidered with gold. A sort of gaiter, also embroidered, to match the jacket and waistcoat, this gaiter extending from below the knee to the ankle. A long white petticoat or kilt, made of cotton, very full and neatly plaited, reaches to meet the gaiters. Round the waist they wear a rich silk sash of red, yellow, or gold; a very finely embroidered broad waist-belt, containing a brace of pistols and the yataghan, or short sword, which has a very broad blade and is kept very sharp—a very formidable instrument. An Albanian generally carries in his waist-belt a silver cartouch-box and an inkstand; the latter is a small silver case which will just contain a little ink and two or three pens. Their shoes are of brown leather, but more resembling sandals; they are admirable for walking in a mountainous country: indeed the whole dress of the Albanians is well suited to the country which they inhabit. The kilt is much more convenient for climbing hills than trowsers, the open throat facilitates respiration, and the freedom from constraint in the whole body allows the exercise of all the muscles. Over the whole is thrown a white capote, or cloak of very thick woollen, which has sleeves to it, but which they usually wear loosely on the shoulders. These are admirable protection against wet and cold, and prevent the ill effects of checks of perspiration in a sudden exposure to the cold mountain blast, which, coming from the snow, is so dangerous in these climates when a person heated by the rays of a scorching sun is suddenly exposed to their influence. All Albanians, whether Mahommedans or Christians, wear a good moustache. A Mahommedan shaves the whole of his head, except the lock at the top, called Mahomet's lock, and also his whiskers; whilst a Christian shaves only a part of his head, (though I have seen some with the head wholly shaven,) and has a smooth face, except his moustache. Greek priests allow their beards and hair to grow entirely, consequently they are occasionally seen of an enormous length.

"The dress of the Albanian women is, to say the least of it, extraordinary. They wear a sort of Highland kilt, a long hose with a gaiter over it, all made of thick woollen cloth, and the better sorts trimmed with red. The kilts of some do not reach lower than about three inches above the

knee, whilst others are much longer. The hose and gaiter reach just above the calf of the leg, so that in England they would be mistaken for soldiers of a Highland regiment."

We have dwelt longer on Albania than on the subsequent scenes of Captain Best's travels, because it is, as he justly observes, a country with which, upon the whole, we are the least familiar. We have not yet forgotten Miss Pardoe's enthusiasm on the "City of the Sultan," which seemed in her descriptions to more than realize all the glories of the "Arabian Nights," and we have therefore given the preference to that portion of his work which wore the merit of the strongest novelty, and more especially as our author himself confesses to a feeling of disappointment on making the acquaintance of the far-famed Constantinople. In fact, his impression of the Turks is strongly opposed to the fair favour with which the lady authoress beheld them. Instead of the sublime repose of character which she so warmly admired, he discovers them to be cruel, oppressive, and tyrannical. In these different impressions both are just to their own feelings: we naturally speak of things, not so much perhaps as what they are in themselves, as what they are to us; and thus it is that the "City of the Sultan" was to the woman all that could delight her fancy; curiosity, hospitality, and gallantry, being all exercised in her reception; while to the man, who took it in the rough, it was little more than a very dirty place, the noble prospects of country displayed from the summits of its edifices being its greatest charm. Our judgment is not, however, called upon to make any decision between these opposing opinions; all that we are called upon to do is to enter our verdict upon Captain Best alone, and we are happy to record our opinion that he has written a very agreeable book.

Hydropathy; or, the Cold Water Cure, as practised by Vincent Priessnitz, at Gräefenberg, Silesia, Austria. By R. T. Claridge, Esq., Author of "The Guide along the Danube to Turkey and Greece, and over-land to India;" Member of the Arcadian Academy, Rome.

The enjoyment of peace of mind is so much more closely connected with a state of bodily health than the intellectualism of the present day is willing verbally to allow, that we wonder the less at the strange and the strong hold which every new pretension or popular delusion takes upon the public mind. In our compound existence, body as well as spirit takes its share, and the aches and pains, and 'ills that flesh is heir to,' cannot be endured without the mind bearing its share in the depression of its co-partner the body. We say again, then, that we wonder not at the snatching at every bubble, and the leaning on every reed, that present themselves in the path of those who are deploring their lost health, and with their lost health their departed spirits. Any fantasy that offers hope comes like an angel of light, and we feel no surprise to see that it is received as a welcome visitant. It is, therefore, that St. John Long, and magnetism, and mysticism, and a thousand other *isms*, have all

been hailed as golden promises, that the pretensions of Homœopathy have been admitted, and that those of Hydropathy now present themselves.

On first opening this book, we said to ourselves, "This is a work which assuredly does not come within our province: this must be submitted to our medical authority." We accordingly laid the volume before a gentleman high in his profession, and desired his opinion; but we desired in vain; he looked at our cold-water volume much as one of the canine brood, under the horrors of hydrophobia, might have regarded a dose of the sparkling beverage, would none of it, made a gesture amounting to contempt, and, in fact, threw cold water upon our "Cold Water." The whole thing was utterly out of the pale of medical attention. We therefore turned again to the volume, and found, after all, that the book really did belong to ourselves, rather than to the Colleges of Physicians or Surgeons; inasmuch as it was written by a gentleman who made not the least pretensions to having ever been a student of medicine, and that it related to the practice of one who was equally innocent of all such sort of education.

It is probable that some of our readers may yet have to learn what Hydropathy means; to such we answer that it is a system of curing the long list of our mortal maladies, saving and excepting some very few, by the mere adoption of a most plentiful dunking, externally and internally, of cold water. The name of the founder of this new theory of no-physic is Vincent Priessnitz, who, as his eulogiser, Mr. Claridge says, "is the most astounding genius of this or any other age, as well as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind." Not that this "astounding genius" was the entire originator of this application of this species of tee-totalism, he only carried on and perfected the wonder-working system to an extent which it requires a very large developement of the organ of veneration for us to believe. We are told that

"Priessnitz's father was the proprietor of the small farm upon which the establishment we have been treating of is placed. He gave his son an education in accordance with the times and place in which he lived; but this was perhaps limited, in consequence of the blindness with which he (the father) was stricken in his advanced years, and of Priessnitz's uncle being a priest, so that early in life the cares of the family and farm devolved upon him. It is said that an old man who used to practise the water cure upon animals, and occasionally upon the peasantry, was much encouraged by the elder Priessnitz; that the latter invited him to instruct his son, and that it is from this source that Vincent Priessnitz obtained his first ideas of the cold water cure. It would appear that Silesia was destined by Providence to be the spot whence this great boon to humanity should extend itself to all nations; for as far back as the year 1730, the great Dr. Hahn, who resided at Schweidnitz, about thirty miles from Gräefenberg, wrote a book upon the virtues of cold water both for drinking and curing diseases; but as the book was completely out of print, until found on a book stall by Professor Ortel, in Bavaria, it is doubtful if Priessnitz ever obtained any information from that source. Early in life, whilst engaged in hay-making, an accident which befell him was the principal cause of the dispensation of one of the greatest blessings to suffering humanity; he was kicked in the face by a horse, which

knocked him down, and the cart passing over his body broke two of his ribs. A surgeon from Freiwaldau being called in, declared that he never could be so cured as to be fit for work again. Having always possessed great presence of mind, and an unusual degree of firmness, the young Priessnitz, not being pleased with this prognostication of the doctor, and being somewhat acquainted already with the treatment of trifling wounds by the means of cold water, he determined to endeavour to cure himself. To effect this, his first care was to replace his ribs, and this he did by leaning with his abdomen with all his might against a table or a chair, and holding his breath, so as to swell out the chest. This painful operation was attended with the success he expected; the ribs being thus replaced, he applied wet cloths to the parts affected, drank plentifully of water, ate sparingly, and remained in perfect repose. In ten days he was able to go out, and at the end of a year, he was again at his occupations in the fields.

"The fame of this extraordinary cure soon spread abroad amongst his neighbours, who came to consult him when any accident occurred. By means of treating their diseases, and occasionally those of cattle, he acquired a better knowledge of the virtues of water, and ventured upon more serious cases. This soon gained him renown, so that his house was beset with persons rich and poor, begging his advice. From having watched so many diseases with his observing eye and inquiring mind, he soon acquired the knowledge requisite to detect them by their symptoms. Having no remedy but plain spring water, no theories to puzzle his brain, and no guide but nature, which spoke to him the more clearly because there was no art to stifle its voice, he soon perceived the defect of the present system of diet and mode of treating diseases, and found out, by the various applications of water, means of remedying most of those bodily evils which mar our happiness in life."

Here, then, was the origin of a celebrity which soon attracted around him numbers of the "lame, the halt, and the blind;" and though he is so completely ignorant of human anatomy, that, if asked where the liver was situated, he would be at a loss to say, yet the fame of his extraordinary cures at length attracted the notice of the paternal government of Austria, who, in its fatherly care, commenced an investigation of Priessnitz's mode of treating its children, which issued in an ultimate allowance of the *wonder-doctor*, as the unauthorised medicine-men are called in Germany, to continue to do as he pleased, and his patients pleased, in their treatment, and since this investigation he has continued conducting his establishment in peace, quietness, and prosperity. We give an account of the Græfenberg colony.

"Græfenberg is a colony of about twenty houses, placed about half way up one of the mountains of the Sudates, forming part of the small town of Freiwaldau, in Silesia, Austria, about eighteen English miles from Neisse, seventy from Breslau, two hundred and sixty from Berlin, two hundred from Dresden, one hundred and sixty from Prague, sixty-three from Olmutz, and one hundred and seventy-five from Vienna.

"The town of Freiwaldau contains about three thousand inhabitants, most of whom are engaged in agriculture or the manufacture of linen. As the accommodations at Græfenberg are not adapted to families, Freiwaldau is the resort of the fashionable world who have occasion to undergo the water cure, the upper part of most of the houses being let out as lodgings.

"The establishment at Græfenberg is most agreeably placed on a long

slope, which extends from the valley to the top of the mountain. The views from it are magnificent, particularly in one direction, in which the plains of Prussia are seen in the distance. The highest houses chiefly belong to Mr. Priessnitz. The principal one is a large irregular building, in which he resides himself, and where there is a dining-room fit for the accommodation of five hundred or six hundred persons, with numerous bed-rooms for patients, and an enormous bath, furnished like the others from a cold spring, &c. The other houses are built without the slightest attention to architectural rule or order, and are also furnished with baths. Some little distance below are other cottages called the Colony, most of which have the necessary requisite of a bath, and two of them have the advantages of douches. The proprietors of these cottages act as baddieners or servants to their inmates. In the houses belonging to Priessnitz there is room for about two hundred persons, and one hundred and fifty more may find accommodation in the immediate neighbourhood: thus Priessnitz and his neighbours can accommodate between three hundred or four hundred persons, the greater part taking their meals at the public tables. To obtain an apartment in or near the establishment, it is necessary to go early in the season, for, with the exception of the months of December, January, and February, (when perhaps not more than one hundred persons remain in this elevated region, the rest having either retired to Freiwaldau in the valley below, or left the establishment altogether,) it is extremely difficult to procure a room.

"Excessive heat is never felt at Graefenberg, on account of its elevation, (six hundred feet above the town of Freiwaldau,) and the continued winds to which its isolated position naturally exposes it; these would be annoying if there were not extensive woods to its rear, towards the summit of the mountain, which afford not only agreeable promenades, but protect the invalid against wind and sun. In these woods are the douches and springs which are resorted to, the former generally before and after dinner, the latter during the whole day.

"The chief establishment at Graefenberg is badly arranged, there being always a disagreeable smell in it, arising, first, from the cows, which, instead of being confined in sheds, as with us, are kept under the house; secondly, from the public conveniences, which are on the staircases; and, thirdly, from the kitchen, which is under the saloon, into which the dinner is introduced through a trap-door, by means of pulleys. The simplicity of the apartments is in perfect keeping with the kind of life which is led at Graefenberg; there is nothing in them which it is possible to dispense with. A bedstead with a straw mattress, a chest of deal drawers, a table, two chairs, a wash-hand basin, a decanter and glass, comprise the whole furniture of the room, which is similar to a soldier's chamber in a barrack. Mr. Priessnitz considers a want of comfort in the apartments an advantage, as it induces people to be a great deal out of doors, breathing the pure bracing vital air of the mountains; and says that no persons ought to be in their room, except for the purposes of the cure or for sleeping: reading, writing, and thinking, are obstacles to the recovery of health. Instead of a small confined chamber, the public saloon is, however, always open, and here the valetudinarian may generally find amusement; for in no assembly of people in good health will it be possible to meet with more cheerfulness than in this body of invalids, although they have to contend all day against the troubles and difficulties of the treatment. For single persons, whose object is to effect a speedy cure, it is more desirable to put up with these inconveniences than to be at a distance, because, if at all disheartened by the treatment, they soon gain courage by the very extraordinary cures they hear of and see, by the health which they acquire, the assuagement of pain which they experience, from the certainty of being ultimately restored to convalescence, and what is more, by the fact which they learn from others, viz. that the

treatment, though troublesome and disagreeable at first, soon becomes a matter of occupation and of necessity. At the town of Freiwaldau, the apartments, though not good, are not to be called bad, and are calculated for families; but here it is notorious, that the cure of disease does not go on so well as up at Gräefenberg. Neither the walks nor the views are so inviting, nor in summer is the water so cold, which is a matter for serious consideration, as Mr. Priessnitz maintains that it cannot be at too low a temperature. This opinion is borne out by the fact of cures being more easily effected in winter than in summer. To persons unacquainted with the mode of cure, this will appear almost incredible in a climate generally allowed to be excessively severe (thermometer sometimes twenty-four degrees Reaumur); but that hundreds do submit to this treatment and are cured during the inclemency of an almost Siberian winter, is a truth too well attested by many thousands of persons, and supported by the evidence of authorities quoted in the subsequent pages, to be for a moment disputed. In summer the breeze is wanting at Freiwaldau, which renders Gräefenberg so agreeable, and the visitors, many of whom are people of the first distinction, endeavour to unite pleasure with the treatment, and with this view they constantly meet in society at night. It may be said that, in a general way, the patients retire between ten and eleven o'clock. But if the occupations of the cure are to be commenced, as is generally the case, at four o'clock in the morning, it must be evident to all who reflect, that patients ought to be in bed by ten o'clock.

In Gräefenberg all is in movement by this hour, four A.M., and by six o'clock the promenades exhibit their motley groups; and it must be wretched weather indeed, that will keep the invalids in their cheerless rooms. This accustoms people to atmospheric changes; and nowhere on earth can people accustomed to a civilized mode of living be found, who set weather at such defiance as these invalids. This arises from their confidence in the power of water, and Priessnitz's consummate talent in immediately putting matters right if any cold should result from the exposure; but this is very rarely the case when people are accustomed to the use of cold water."

It will readily be allowed that here no luxurious temptations can bring those of self-indulgent and indolent habits together. The particular uncomfortableness could only be counterbalanced by some much-hoped-for good to be obtained by the endurance. This great and desired reward is health, and the prolongation of life. Our author would fain prove that sickness and debility are not necessarily consequent upon the state of man, but on the result of maltreatment of himself, which is to an almost unlimited degree curable by this "Cold Water" system. On this topic he says,

"Persons who do not look into the subject, will hardly imagine to what a dire extent disease and pain exist in civilized countries; but when they do inquire, they will become acquainted with the fact, that a person in sound health is an exception: whereas, it may be fairly assumed, that when the philosophy of man shall be better understood, the reverse will be the case; for we hold it to be beyond the power of contradiction, that inasmuch as a natural law never admits of an exception, neither extreme longevity nor excellent health could occur in any individual, unless those qualities were fairly within the capabilities of the race."

We must confess that we are rather startled at the following. It would seem that death was quite our own fault previous to the age of a century.

"If it be objected, that such extreme old age as we have alluded to, is

an exception, and that a shorter life is more in conformity with nature, we still cannot doubt that any death occurring before the age of one hundred years, is almost always artificial; that is to say, it is the result of disease or fortuitous circumstances. It is certain that the greater part of men do not die natural deaths, so that hardly one in ten thousand attains to one hundred years."

To avoid this untimely and unnecessary extinction, it is only necessary for us to take a journey to Silesia, to establish ourselves at Gräefenberg, and place ourselves under the care of the wonder-doctor. Here we shall experience all the benefits of the system. According to the account of a medical man from Belgium, water will cure all diseases which medicine can cure; and this, when they are in a much more advanced stage than that at which drugs can act. "I have no doubt that the time will come when medicine will be as completely a dead letter, as the Latin now is a dead language, and that eventually, people, when speaking of drugs, will refer to them as they do to other objects which time has rendered altogether obsolete." Vincent Priessnitz's commentator says, in addition to this, that "The task of showing how people might extend the term of their existence, eschew poisonous drugs, be relieved from disease, and live and die without pain, promised to afford me a pleasure, which, although unacquainted with the abstruse terms used in medicine, I confess I could not resist." Here, then, is longevity and health proffered to the world on very simple terms.

And now for a few words respecting the processes used by the wonderful doctor. The patients are treated in various ways, no two being subjected to exactly the same course; and herein lies the peculiar discernment of Priessnitz, who, by a glance of the eye into the eye, determines in a moment the exact degree of deluging necessary for the patient. Our English taste, not being exactly cultivated into an admiration of cold water, is strangely shocked at its various applications. Wet bandages, wet sheets, wet everything. Cold baths, of all sorts and kinds, repeated many times during the day, sometimes sitting in cold water, sometimes being placed beneath a jet, pouring out from above in a thick stream. Again, being swaddled up in blankets, and smothered under beds, until the body may almost be supposed to have melted away, and while in this state—we shudder—plunged into cold water! And then comes the internal part,—"Priessnitz *only* prescribes as much water as the stomach can support without inconvenience; less than twelve glasses a day would not be sufficient; and from that number, we may drink up to twenty or thirty."

Such is the summary of this "Hydropathy," a system, which, in spite of its apparent absurdities, has not only been tolerated by the imperial court, but has found proselytes in Hungary, Poland, and Russia, in which countries establishments have been introduced. One strong argument in our mind against the system, if system that can be called which is unreduceable to any rules, is that it cannot be imported. The branch colonies, or rather rival colonies, do not prosper like the original one. It is objected that their respective conductors have not Priessnitz's consummate tact of distinguishing the niceties of the various maladies which present themselves, and that he is unable

to impart his skill. Can there be any system existent which is incommunicable?

For our own parts, we doubt not that great, and even wonderful cures, have been performed at Gräefenberg. The pure mountain breezes, the hard pallets, the thorough cleanliness consequent on these reiterated delugings, the unwonted plainness and wholesomeness of the viands, the early hours, the constant exercise, the absence of all stimulants—in short, the entire rustic simplicity of bed and board, aided by the operations of faith, which, through the mind, has so vast an influence upon the body—all these, we say, are in our estimation sufficiently powerful to account for the wonders of this modern pool of Bethesda, in which the troubled waters are gifted with the healing power.

Rambles in Ceylon. By Lieut. De Butts.

The handling of the pen and the handling of weapons of war seem in our day to be twin acquirements, and, truth to tell, we scarcely know which of them has the deadliest point, for if one can wound the body, the other can penetrate into the spirit, and we rather opine that our corporeal part may display the greatest fortitude, for "a wounded spirit who can bear?" It is certain that our military officers never before so availed themselves of the extensive opportunities offered them while on distant duty abroad to treasure up such information as might be transmitted to enrich our literature at home. The work before us is one for which we are thus indebted. Believing that Ceylon had been but little explored by modern journalists, Lieut. De Butts made it his own task while sojourning there to collect the materials which compose this volume. The present aspect of the country, its temples, its inhabitants, its manners, and the relics of its ancient greatness form its chief materials, with, among other topics, notices of the native tribes which form part of its inhabitants. Touching upon these we give our author's words.

"That key of our power in India, distinction of castes, does not exercise so great an influence over the minds of the Cingalese as it has obtained among the natives of Hindoostan. Four castes, however, exist in Ceylon. Of these, the first in importance is the *Ekshastria Wansé*, or royal caste, which may be said to have altogether disappeared, there being no acknowledged descendant of the regal dynasty. Second only to royalty are the members of the *Brachmina Wansé*, or the Brahmin caste. The cultivators of the soil are included under the general name of *Goewansé*, and are next in rank to the *Brachmina Wansé*. The hewers of wood and drawers of water, and in short all the operative classes, constitute the *Kshoodra*, or fourth and lowest rank. Each of these castes is split into innumerable subdivisions, a description of which is unnecessary in this general outline. I would, however, make an exception with regard to the unfortunate race of *Rhodias*, who are considered by the Cingalese ineffably vile, and unworthy of the protection of the laws.

"The crime for which these unhappy outcasts were originally placed beyond the pale of society would not in Old England be considered a very heinous or unpardonable misdemeanour—a lurking affection for the flesh of the animal pronounced sacred by oriental laws was the primary cause of their downfall. Their numbers have, in some instances, been *swelled* by other malefactors, but their principal supply of recruits has

ever been from the ranks of the beef-eaters. The royal clemency did occasionally restore some fortunate individuals to their former rank, but these glimpses of favour were few and far between. The bitter cup of degradation was drained to the last dregs by the wretched Rhodia. On the approach of one of the Goewanse caste, he was compelled to prostrate himself, and form a stepping-stone for his lord and master. Nothing, perhaps, can give a better idea of the utter contempt in which the Rhodia caste were held, than the circumstance of the Cingalese objecting to lay hands on some of them whom our government wished to arrest, but offering to shoot them on the first convenient opportunity.

"Notwithstanding their physical and mental sufferings, the food of their choice seems to have, in some measure, repaid them for the sacrifices of which it was the innocent cause. Both the men and women of the Rhodia tribe surpass the general average of Cingalese beauty. The women, in particular, win the favour of Europeans, both by their good looks and fascinating manners. Shunned and execrated by the vilest of their fellow-countrymen, they avenge themselves in a truly feminine mode, by showing a marked partiality for the society of the 'pale faces.'

"To the Kshoodra also belong the savage Veddahs, a wandering race inhabiting the wild and unfrequented country to the north-eastward of Kandy. A cursory notice of this extraordinary people, who, in the midst of civilization, are still to be found in a state of nature as low as it is possible for humanity to descend, cannot fail to be interesting to those who pursue the first of all studies—the study of mankind; for, in the history of the world there are few, if any, instances of a race of men who, like the Veddahs of Ceylon, have retained all the propensities and characteristics that belong to the lowest grade of savages, in defiance of the halo of civilization that on every side surrounds them. The inaccessible nature of their country, covered with dense jungles, and impervious except to the beasts of the forest, and to men resembling them in habits and pursuits, may in some degree account for the utter moral degradation of this singular tribe.

"The tract of country stretching from the base of the hills that terminate the range of the Kandian mountains to the eastward, to the commencement of the civilized belt of land that skirts the eastern coast of the island, is solely occupied by Veddahs, who consider it their birthright and father-land. Their early history is buried in obscurity, and recorded only in absurd and oriental tales. There can, however, be no doubt as to their being the descendants of the aborigines of the island; who, on the invasion of Ceylon by the Malabars, retired into these 'deserts idle,' and there found shelter from their powerful invaders. They are divided into two classes, the village and the wild Veddahs. The former and less interesting class may be said to form a link in the chain that connects their wilder brethren with the Cingalese, whom they resemble in form and features. They live for the most part on the spontaneous productions of the earth, and on the food of such animals as their limited skill in the art of venerie enables them to capture. With this simple diet they unite the fruit of the cocoa-nut tree, which they plant and cultivate."

We give an account of a curious gigantic footprint, with the superstitions attached to it.

"The summit of Adam's Peak embraces a flat oblong area of two hundred square yards. Of this space a large portion is occupied by a mass of rock, upon which a gigantic impression of the human footstep is stamped. The impression is slightly, but indelibly, indented on the smooth surface of the rock, and measures nearly five feet and a half in

length by thirty inches in average breadth. Believers and sceptics are indifferently permitted to ascend this rock and examine the footprint; but the *entrée* into a small temple, which is erected upon and adorns this sacred spot, is reserved for the devout disciples of Boodhoo.

"Respecting the origin of this sacred footstep, a great variety of opinions exists. The Hindoos, Moors, and Boodhists, all ascribe its sanctity to very different causes. The first of these assert that the Hindoo god, Siva, was pleased to bestow on the island this visible sign of his favour. The Boodhists, on the other hand, hold that Boodhoo was the deity in question. But the theory entertained by the Moors, if not more probable, is undoubtedly more interesting, than those of the rival creeds. The Moorish traditions declare that Serendib was the site of Paradise, from whence our first parents were, for their transgressions, expelled to the neighbouring continent of Hindoostan. From the summit of the Peak the first man was, according to this legend, permitted to behold for the last time the happy scene of his nativity and existence, while yet in a state of innocence. The mystery of the footprint is thus easily solved."

In conclusion, we can only say that those who contribute worthily to the literature of their country do as much towards her aggrandisement as those who advance her arms.

The Vow of the Gileadite. A Lyric Narrative. By WILLIAM BROWN GALLAWAY, M.A., Curate at Barnard Castle.

Poetry is the graceful relaxation of the leisure of a refined mind. Nothing can have a higher tendency to elevate the thoughts and purify the affections, than the legitimate use of poetry; and its union with religion is one of its holiest alliances. The narrative in the sacred volume which Mr. Gallaway has chosen for his theme is one of the most touching to be found in the whole train of scriptural history. The stern devotion of the Gileadite is finely contrasted with the tender submission of the immolated victim, supposing that we are bound to receive this narrative in its literal sense, and the scenes of war in its tumults with those of the shepherds tending his flocks upon the plains in peace. Mr. Gallaway has chosen to fill in the picture given us in our sacred volume, by adding a lover's to the other griefs of the daughter of Jephtha; and we own to a few doubts upon the wisdom of this measure, inasmuch as subordinate emotions disturb the majesty of the one sole principle that seems to have actuated the whole soul of the devoted woman, whose heroism could have been nothing less than vital faith, filling the heart too full for earthly love to find a place therein. Nevertheless the episode seems to complete the picture, and Mr. Gallaway has formed his whole harmoniously enough. The narrative of the poem is well constructed; the images poetical, and the verse musical and metrical. As a sample we give the Song of Jephtha's Daughter, advancing with her maidens around her to meet her triumphant father on his return, unconscious of the doom into which she was precipitating herself.

"Shepherds, with your sounding reeds,
Wake the mountains, wake the meads,
Till to heaven such joyful note
Softly, musically float,

Bearing to the Only Good
Tokens of your gratitude.
Every eye should joy express,
Every heart Jehovah bless,
Every knee in worship bow,
Every tongue obedience vow.
Day hath dawned,—the shadows flee!
Jephtha comes from victory!

" Happy flocks, in peace repose,
Dread no longer ruthless foes.
Little kids and gentle lambs,
Frisking round your tender dams,
All your wanton sports pursue;
God protects and blesses you.
Yes, all nature seems as glad,
All the earth in bridals clad,
All the birds their throats employ,
All the air is breath of joy.
Jephtha comes, and we are free,
Jephtha comes from victory!

" Sound the timbrel loud and clear!
Joy hath chased each boding fear:
Ammon, prostrate in the dust,
Feels the weight of vengeance just.
Join the dance with mirth and glee,
Jephtha comes from victory!
Welcome to his peaceful house!
Welcome to his people's vows!
Welcome to his daughter's arms!
Welcome, safe from war's alarms!
Welcome thrice! to whom is given
Honor thus, and power from heaven."

Mesopotamia and Assyria, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time; with Illustrations of their Natural History. By BAILLIE FRASER, Esq., author of " An Historical and Descriptive Account of Persia," &c.

Little need be said of the importance of these countries. Whether or not their claim be allowed, of having held the primeval paradise in which our first parents opened their eyes upon the light, it cannot be forgotten that they were the witnesses of many of the scenes in which the descendants of Noah performed those actions which became part of the sacred history, and the records of which were registered by inspiration; and bearing, as they have done, so illustrious an influence on the destinies of our world, must needs possess a powerful claim upon our attention. Of the worthiness of the task it is therefore needless to speak further; its manner of fulfilment is all that remains, and of this we can scarcely speak too highly. The research has been most industrious, having left no stores of accredited information unransacked. The greatest care and pains have been bestowed in collecting everything relating to the history, the moral, the political, and the physical condition of Mesopotamia and Assyria; the most

ancient historians, both sacred and profane, as well as modern travellers, have been consulted; and the author having himself explored the countries upon which he writes, has thereby rendered himself more competent to judge of the faithfulness of those who have gone before him, and to add the attestation of his own witnessing to what he relates. In short, this volume is not only worthy of its predecessors in the series to which it belongs, but is even calculated to advance the reputation of the whole by its own merit.

Ovid's Epistles in English Verse; with some Original Poems. Dedicated by permission to the Venerable Francis Wrangham, late Archdeacon of the East Riding of the County of York. By Miss Emma Garland.

The short preface which introduces this translation to the reader is of a nature to disarm criticism. That severe domestic trials should have impelled this lady into the rough sea of literature, for literature after all is a rough sea, furnishes a strong motive for even the critic to desire her a fair breeze and safety into port again. We would indeed, among our other good wishes, have wished that the author on whom she has bestowed the labour of her time and talents had been one somewhat suited to the native delicacy of a feminine mind; and we feel that in completing these translations for the public, a refined woman must have done some violence to herself. All that we can say is, that if we should have the good fortune to meet Miss Garland again in our critical way, we sincerely hope to find that she may have been employing her abilities on themes where we shall be able to commend without the drawback of a single *if* or *but*. As a translation, we think that she has acquitted herself well: her versification is smooth and easy, and she has proved herself an excellent satirist. But, after all, translations show but little of the genuine mind: half a dozen original lines do more to evidence the presence or the absence of the poetic spirit, than whole volumes of translations; and we therefore look rather to the few poems at the end of this volume, having there their first existence, than to the many previous pages, and these are various, agreeable, smooth, and poetical.

The Pictorial Shakspere.

This elegant and classical work is progressing on towards its close, and will, when completed, form one of the finest editions of our great dramatist that has ever issued from the press. The two last numbers contain "Poems," and the long-disputed, somewhat apocryphal, "Titus Andronicus." The question of the authenticity of this slaughtering drama is entered into with judgment and fairness. We think ourselves that sufficient allowance has not been made for the progression of the human intellect, and, in such a mind as Shakspere's, the unspeakably rapid progression, by those who find internal evidence in Titus Andronicus that our immortal bard was innocent of its perpetration. If this play really were the production of Shak-

spere's pen, we have authority by which to trace its date to the young days of his authorship,—in fact, to prove that it must have been the earliest of his known productions; and seeing this is the case, who can wonder at the discrepancies between it and the fruits of his riper genius. We might easily take any, even all, of the highest writers in our language, and, comparing their earliest efforts with their latest, pronounce on the impossibility of their being the product of the same mind—in the same way that a picture of the childish features might be taken, and when compared with the face of the perfect man, no one aspect of resemblance be found. Just such is the progression of mind from dwarfish babyhood to the giant stature. Nay, even more; for industry, and the exercise and cultivation of the faculties, do more towards their perfecting than the mere progress of time in a bodily growth, which cannot be accelerated or retarded. The boyish Shakspere could not be so rich in fancy, so ripe in judgment, as the man in his maturity; and we think that the difference in the age of the author fully accounts for any disparity in his productions. This question, then, of the authenticity of Titus Andronicus, is entered into in this last number of the work with a degree of thought and critical acumen which render the consideration well worthy of attention, and the deductions are such as may not easily be gainsaid.

Pictures of Popular People, or Illustrations of Human Nature. By the author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," "The Great Metropolis," &c. Illustrated by various distinguished artists.

The object of this work, of which we have the first number before us, is stated to be, to give, by the combined effect of pictorial illustrations and letter-press descriptions, a more full and faithful exhibition of human nature in its ever-varying aspects than has been before attempted in any work of a similar kind. Mr. Grant has here chosen a wide field, over which, exercising his well-known discursive fancy, we cannot doubt of his producing an amusing and attractive work. The subjects in the present number are The Happy Husband, The Affectionate Mother, Street Musicians, and The Marriageable Man; each accompanied by a very graphic sketch.

NEW MUSIC.

Whatever is brought before the public, and has the good fortune to merit their approbation, is sure to command their patronage and support. Since the production of "Acis and Galatea" on the Drury Lane stage, we have nothing but new editions of this celebrated serenata, written by Gay, and composed by Handel, for the Duke of Chandos, and first performed at Canons in 1720,—(we could have wished to have seen it enacted in those days, compared with Macready's representation.) We have two new scores of this work, the one edited by J. Addison, the other by Henry R. Bishop, Mus. Bac. Oxon. With every due respect to our old friend Addison, we cer-

tainly beg to select Bishop's edition, from the fact of the whole being copied from the original scores,—the times, marked by the metre-nome, and the recitatives being much richer and fuller in accompaniments,—a decided charm, and of essential service to the singer. We have had occasion, in a former number, to eulogize the masterly style in which Mr. Bishop has brought out the writings of the great master; which not only do honour to his transcendent abilities as an editor, but stamp him at once to be the true artiste, the one to feel and appreciate a great man's genius, and to produce his writings as he meant them to be sung, void of all superfluous ornament, theatrical clap-trap, or redundancy of accompaniment. To the real lovers of Handel's music, Bishop has immortalized himself; there is everything the most fastidious could desire; not a single bar but tells its own tale of deep forethought and revision; not a sentence but is punctuated and accented with care — therefore, to those who covet "The Serenata Acis and Galatea," in the most perfect form, we earnestly advise them to provide themselves with Bishop's copy; and for choral societies, that of Addison's,—the voice parts being all arranged in the treble cleff, a desideratum in all young societies, and with all beginners; it has another recommendation, portability and cheapness. Both richly merit public support.

The Royal Fantasia. On the Christening of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. By W. H. Holmes.

A clever composition, well put together; and, in this age of loyalty, and for everything that appertains to the young Prince, must become a stock piece, more especially in the schools; the precincts of "The Battle of Prague," "Steibelt's Storm," and many other descriptive pieces of music. Holmes, ever alive to anything talented, deserves no inconsiderate share of commendation for the ingenuity displayed in the construction of the royal fantasia, an excellent piano-forte school piece.

God bless the Prince of Wales.

Quartette with solas, as sung at the various concerts, festivals, theatres, &c. Words by Ryan, music by Crouch. Just the kind of subject to please the mass on all public occasions. The words are spirited; and the music is of that stirring character, which is sure to emanate from the pen of Mr. Crouch. The chorus at the end of each verse produces a bold effect, and adds much to the delicacy of the concluding stanza, which is nicely wrought up. This quartette must become popular, and deserves attention.

Homage to the Prince of Wales.

If we proceed as we have begun, our notices under this head will far exceed in bulk the great leviathan of the deep; and if we were disposed to be jocular, we should say, May his Royal Highness never know what it is to feel the effect of stripes, although he is so much be-wailed in England! The success of a publication mainly depends upon the title under which it appears; we therefore congratulate the

publishers on the fact of there being a royal heir, under whose brilliant career, and through whose high-honoured name, so many novelties have come forth. "Homage to the Prince of Wales," a set of quadrilles by that indefatigable John Weippert, full of character, and in no way less deserving the encomiums he has received from our hands on former occasions: if any one thing more than the ability displayed in the arrangement of this set could recommend them to public favour, it is the author's portrait being affixed to the title-page; as also "The Royal Prussian Quadrilles." Both himself and his writings have our best wishes.

The admired Polish Mazourkas, and English Military Quadrilles.

Arranged and adapted by Jullien from airs by Bishop, &c. Well deserving the notice of quadrille players, and those "who trip it on the light fantastic toe;" but for us, who are of the pensive, studious mood, such strains and such music accord not with our sedentary pursuits; we can listen to them once, but after that the charm is over, should they possess such a gift. Even should these be devoid of beauty, novelty is the leading virtue of a ball-room: consequently, all we can say to the contrary, will neither better or depreciate Jullien's music; he is the accepted Adonis of Terpsichorean fascination, and his writings necessarily must be good.

Vivat Regina.

A costly title, displaying the installation of the King of Prussia as a Knight of the Garter. Another of those happy incidents which occur now-a-days of affording subjects for the artist, the poet, and the musician. In the one before us we have the combined efforts of a Brandard, a Crawford, and John Barnett; three great names, and though combined in the present instance, the result has been—nothing! The words are very secondary, and the music worse; and for the artist, he has the advantage over all to an immeasurable degree. "Vivat Regina" evinces a hurried creation, and, like all matters so wrought, its airy nothingness finds an early tomb, and an unmourned dissolution. Alas, alas! "they come like shadows, and so depart."

The Troubadour's Song.

One of those gems by Bishop, culled from the Annual "Songs of the Olden Time." Poet and musician have sailed together; and with Mrs. Crawford's intellectual mind, and Bishop's refined taste, what could we expect otherwise, but the pleasing result which now adorns our library table? It is a brilliant set in fine gold; and all who possess a passion for articles of vertu, should wear this, of all gems the most beautiful.

Variations pour le Pianoforte.

From a cavatina in Bellini's Opera "La Straniena," composed by Frederick Antoine Weber; a debutante in composition, but, if we

may judge from the effect and originality produced in this piece, it augurs well for future productions; and though, upon inquiry, we find this young artiste is in no way connected with his great predecessor and namesake, he has no cause to grieve for the non-relationship: his Op. 8. does him infinite credit, and will repay all those who study its talented pages.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from the Editor of the Two Thousand Melodies, and as we are always open to conviction, and ever ready to make the amende honourable when called upon, we confess ourselves wrong, but not from intention, or a wish in any way to wound the feelings or depreciate the abilities of the worthy Editor of Two Thousand Melodies; the error arose from a portion only of the work having been sent to ustoreview, in which part none of Mr. Crouch's melodies were noticed or mentioned: but upon inquiry, and having sent to the publishers for the entire work, we therein discovered our mistake, and freely confess the error into which we had been led.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sir Henry Morgan, the Buccaneer. By Edward Howard, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Ormington, or Cecil, a Peer. New edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Letters describing a Ride to Florence on Horseback. By a Lady. 2 vols. 18*s.*
Miss Burney's Diary, Vol. I. small 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth.
Temugin. By the Author of Amram, &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Sturges' (J.) Visit to the United States in 1841. 8vo. 7*s.* cloth.
The History of Italy and Switzerland. By Miss Julia Corner. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.
Correspondence of Richard Bentley, D.D. Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, with Notes and Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* cloth.
Molière, Théâtre Complet. 2 vols. 12mo. 9*s.*
Racine, Théâtre Complet. 1 vol. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Montesquieu, Grandeur des Romains. 1 vol. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth.
Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. With woodcuts, &c. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 20*s.* cloth.
The Archæologist and Journal of Antiquarian Science, Vol. I. 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*
The School Girl in France. By Miss M'Crindell. New edit. 12mo. 5*s.* cloth.
Hand-Book of the History of Painting. By Dr. Franz Kugler. Part I., the Italian Schools, edited by C. L. Eastlake, Esq., crown 8vo. 12*s.* cloth.
Hand-Book of the Public Galleries of Art. By Mrs. Jameson. Two parts, royal 12mo. 18*s.* cloth.
Father John, or Cromwell in Ireland. By S. E. A., post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth.
Davies's History of Holland, Vol. II., 8vo. 12*s.* cloth.
Memoir and Remains of the Rev. C. Neale, M.A. By the Rev. W. Jowett, M.A., fc. 6*s.* cloth.
Newman's (Rev. J. H.) Sermons, Vol. VI. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.
The Touchstone, or the Claims and Privileges of True Religion. By Miss Anne Grant. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth.
Three Discourses on the Divine Will. By A. J. Scott, M.A. 18mo. 2*s.* cloth.
Readings in Poetry; a Selection from the English Poets, (King's College edition,) 12mo. 4*s.* sheep.
Brockedon's Views of Italy, Part I. royal 4to. 5*s.* sewed.

Tait on Magdalenism. 2nd edit. post 8vo. 6*s*. cloth.
Markland's Remarks on English Churches, fcap. 5*s*. cloth.
Captain Barclay's Agricultural Tour in the United States, &c. 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Rotteck's History of the World. 4 vols. 8vo. 40*s*. cloth.
Galloway's Vow of the Gileadite. Royal 18mo. 5*s*. cloth.
Hydropathy, or the Cold Water Cure. By R. T. Claridge, Esq. 8vo. 5*s*.

LITERARY NEWS—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Sir E. L. Bulwer's New Work, ZANONI, is now published. It reached us too late for notice in our present number, but shall receive due attention in our next.

Major Michel's TREVOR HASTINGS is expected to appear very speedily.

Mr. Garston's New Work on GREECE is, we understand, completed, and a very few days will see it announced for publication. To the large circle of the author's friends, as well as to the public, we have no doubt this will be a welcome visitant.

Mr. Scott's VISIT TO WATERLOO is on the eve of appearing.

THE HERBERTS, OR THE WAY OF THE WORLD, by the author of "Elphinstone," is nearly ready.

THE HAND BOOK OF TURNING will appear early in the present month.

I WATCHED THE HEAVENS, is the title of the New Poem by V. There is something peculiarly sterling in this author's productions.

Mr. Wingfield has nearly ready, SOLITUDE, WITH OTHER POEMS, which he appropriately dedicates to one of our most popular authors.

The Author of HARDNESS, OR THE UNCLE, has in the press a sort of sequel, we presume, to his former work, entitled SOFTNESS. From the talent displayed in the former work, we augur much from this forthcoming production.

Mr. Lewis, whose celebrity as a Chess Player is so well known, is engaged on a complete Treatise on the Game of Chess, for which he has been long collecting materials. Amateurs will, no doubt, look forward to this work, and find in it a masterly production.

THE BRITISH BALLADS.—Mr. S. C. Hall is preparing for press a volume that will, in some degree, associate with the "Book of Gems of British Poets," published by him, some three or four years ago. The work on which he is now engaged is a collection of British Ballads, including the choicest of those that have been gathered, with so much industry and labour, by Percy, Evans, Ritson, Ellis, Scott, Jameson, Pilkington, Motherwell, &c. &c.; the majority of which rank among the most popular compositions in the language, but which have never yet been brought together. The engravings are to be on wood, from drawings by the most eminent of our British artists; and it is intended to introduce an illustration upon every page, so that the volume may contain above Four Hundred embellishments.

The Essay on Missions, by the Rev. Richard Winter Hamilton, to which the second prize, in a recent competition was adjudged, is preparing for publication, and to be ready early in March.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

At the opening of the month very little business was transacted, in consequence of the suspense as to the measures about to be proposed in the legislature. This feeling operated strongly on the Sugar trade, which was consequently dull. The overland mail from India, which left Bombay on the 1st January, brings reports somewhat discouraging to trade, British manufactures not meeting with a ready market: they likewise state, that the last crop of indigo has been unusually large, so that the present holders of that article must expect loss rather than profit. The accounts from China are much more favourable, as our successes there have been great. It has been rumoured that the government intend to increase the duty on Canadian timber and deals. The Manchester trade continues flat, The Huddersfield market has not yet shown any perceptible rallying. There is no change in the wool market. The manufacturers of hosiery and lace are meditating intentions of yet further reducing their terms of wages, in consequence of the depression under which they are labouring. Commissioners have been appointed to draw up regulations for the fisheries on the French and English coasts. There have been some imports of foreign wheat, but they have not reached a large amount.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Thursday, 24th of February.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 169 one-half.—Three per Cents. reduced, 90.—Coupe's 89 one-fourth.—Three and a Half per Cent. Red. 99 one-eighth.—Exchequer Bills, 1000*l.*, 24*d.*, 22*s.* 23*s.* 24*s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Acct. Feb. 29, 32 one half.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 52 one-quarter.—Spanish, Acct., 24 one-quarter.—Dutch 5 per Cents. 102 three eighths.—Mexican, Acct., 33 five-eighths.

Money Market.—The suit brought by the Bank of England against Mr. Tomkins has placed the owners of the forged Exchequer bills in a somewhat better position, it having been elicited in the examination that improper facilities existed in the office in the issuing of the bills. This is supposed to make a better case for the sufferers. As little doubt existed of what the result of the ministerial measures would be on the corn-law question, the fluctuation arising from it on Stock has not exceeded one quarter per cent. With one or two exceptions, little has been done in the way of transfer. The value of Bank Stock has advanced two per cent. during the last week. The bullion in the Bank Stock has also been rapidly on the increase. American State Bonds and Shares are extremely discouraging, there being slight prospect of the repayment of the loans raised in this country. There has been little fluctuation in the Share Market for the last week. Very serious apprehensions are entertained respecting the probability of the agent of the finance minister of Donna Isabella ever reaching London with cash, he having stopped short at Paris, where he has now been some time.

BANKRUPTS.

From January 25, 1841, to February 16, 1842, inclusive.

Jan. 25.—E. T. Murray, Church-street, Southwark, leatherseller.—J. Cuisset, Blackfriars-road, jeweller.—W. Christie, New North street, Red Lion-square, bookbinder.—J. Burnie, Tokenhouse-yard, city, merchant.—G. O. Speare, Fleet street, laceman.—J. Laycock, Colne, Lancashire, tallow chandler.—C. Christelow, York, woollendraper.—A. Webb, Liverpool, carpetseller.—R. J. Sharp, Liverpool, victualler.—S. E. Welldon, Cambridge, butcher.—W. Wilcocks, Bracknell, Berkshire, saddler.

Jan. 28.—H. Holt, Peckham, bookseller.—J.

Sunders, Manor-place, King's-road, Chelsea, baker.—E. J. Stone, Belle Savvage-yard, Ludgate-hill, maker of playing cards.—G. B. K. Cassily, Buckerbury, merchant.—P. Sharman, Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, shoe factor.—T. Wooster, jun., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.—S. R. George, London-wall, victualler.—A. Collos and A. Thompson, Brighton, sugar manufacturers.—J. Thompson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, joiner.—J. and H. Arthur, Neath, Glamorganshire, ironmongers.—W. E. Boyle, Neath, plumber.—R. Wilson, Blythe Tile-sheds, Northumberland, manufacturer of bricks.—R. Davies, Mallwyd, Merionethshire, shopkeeper.—W. Chambers, Oxford, organ builder.—G. Barnard, Portsea, coal merchant.—P. Stephenson, Manchester, mercer.

Feb. 1.—J. D. Wells, George-street, Mansion-house, commission agent.—J. Wates, Old Kent-road, victualler.—J. Spanton, Bermondsey-street, cheesemonger.—J. Joffey, St. Alban's-place, Haymarket, builder.—E. Stratton, Longcot, Berkshire, corn-dealer.—S. Owen, Conway, Carnarvon, innkeeper.—J. Holt, Liversey, Lancaster, grocer.—H. A. Baber, Lindfield, Sussex, maltster.—R. Hazell, Ramsbury, Wilts, corn dealer.—C. Nicholls, Shrewsbury, flannel merchant.

Feb. 4.—J. C. Clarke, Water-lane, Great Tower-street, city, wine, spirit, and beer merchant.—T. and G. Seddon, Calthorpe-place, Gray's Inn-road, upholsterers.—E. Malfan, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, dentist.—R. and J. G. Irwin, Manchester, drapers.—D. Davis, sen., and D. Davies, jun., Glanc ywedog, Montgomerysbire, flannel manufacturers.—J. Hayward, Milverton, Warwickshire, miller.—W. Heap and J. and W. Roberts, Padiham, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—J. Nash, and R. L. Nash, Bristol, brewers.—T. Cheshire, Southwick, Staffordshire, miller.—J. Buckett, Great Bourton, Oxfordshire, sheep dealer.

Feb. 8.—R. Littledyke, Brudenell-place, New North-road, linen draper.—I. Whitby, Green Dragon yard, Whitechapel, builder.—M. Schlesinger and M. S. Schlesinger, Basinghall-street, City, merchants.—J. Woodcock, Stratford, Essex, builder.—W. Vale, Oxford-street, Middlesex, lacemau.—G. Thompson and J. Forbes, Crutchedfriars, cornfactors.—J. Miller and G. Cradock, Stockton-on-Tees, Durham, patent sail-cloth and rope manufacturer.—J. Bowell, Chipstead, Kent, grocer.—C. A. Cantor, Montagu-street, Montagu-square, Middlesex, merchant.—G. Gifford, Parson's-green, Fulham, schoolmistress.—E. Hallilley, Leeds, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—J. Higgins and J. Mantock, Dukinfield, Cheshire, engineers.—J. Gibbs, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, tavern keeper.—W. Bower, Windsor, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.—J. R. Willoughby, York, builder.—W. Robins, Stone, Staffordshire, ironmonger.—R. Waters, Newport, Monmouthshire, iron manufacturer.—J. Protheroe, jun., Bristol, iron merchant.—J. Greenwell and S. Greenwell, Shadford Mill, Durham, millers.—R. Blackmore and J. Craven, Wakefield, Yorkshire, corn millers.—T. Appleyard, Northowram, Halifax, Yorkshire, stone merchant.

Feb. 11.—E. Wane, Lisle-street, Westminster, carpenter.—C. Caswell, Woburn-place, lodging-house-keeper.—J. M. Gipps, Howland-street, Tottenham-court-road, wine merchant.—H. Brane, Nine-elms, Battersea, coal merchant.—E. and C. C. Manning, High-street, Aldgate, drapers.—J. and T. Fielding, Blackburn, joiners.—J. Fitzpatrick, Newport, Isle of Wight, banker.—G. Hallett, Ryde, draper.—S. E. Hide, Broadwater, builder.—T. Beal, Sandwich, Kent, hoyman.—H. A. Baber, Lindfield, Sussex, maltster.

Feb. 15.—H. J. Canning, Wood-street, Cheapside, Scotch warehouseman.—H. Fish, Prince's-row, Pimlico, painter.—J. S. Leonard, White Conduit-fields, victualler.—W. Richards, Oxford-street, victualler.—W. Morris, Long-lane, Bermondsey, leather-dresser.—J. Carrol, St. George's-circus, Blackfriars-road, draper.—A. Jopp, Cornhill, ship and insurance broker.—T. Sleeman, Tenby, wine merchant.—W. Grundy, Manchester, yarn dealer.—T. Statham, Haddersfield, hosier.—W. Sorby, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Lancashire, chemist.—J. Lawther, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, timber merchant.—J. Brookes, jun., Dewsbury, manufacturer.—J. Sly, Melcombe Regis, draper.—C. Gatehouse, Chichester, brewer.—W. Looney, Whitehaven, cooper.—D. W. Banks, Manchester, dealer in piano-fortes.—S. Nichols, Birmingham, gold pencil-case maker.—J. Ward, Irstead, Norfolk, cattle jobber.—J. G. Smith, Bath, common brewer.—J. Hunnybun, Cambridge, ironmonger.

Feb. 18.—H. and F. Rogers, Finch-lane, Cornhill, wine merchants.—S. Lane, Hoxton Oldtown, Old-street-road, victualler.—W. Smith, St. Albans, miller.—J. Thompson, Sunderland, chain and anchor manufacturer.—W. S. Goodeve, Chichester, brick maker.—J. A. Butler, Loddington, Northamptonshire.—W. Curtis, King's Lynn, brewer.—J. Coles, Victoria Iron Works, Bedwellty, Monmouthshire, apothecary.—W. Fisher, Lincoln, wharfinger.—W. Burgoyne, Plymouth, builder.—W. Schofield, Oldham, machine maker.—G. Brown, Carlisle, draper.—E. Haworth, Manchester, merchant.

NEW PATENTS.

W. R. Kettle, of Waterloo Street, Birmingham, Accountant, B. Wakefield, of Ryland Street North, Birmingham, Civil Engineer, and W. Crosher, of Cumberland Street, Birmingham, aforesaid, Screw Manufacturer, for an improved bolt for building and other purposes. Dec. 24th, 1841, 6 months.

M. Macdonogh, of St. Alban's Place, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in spindles, flyers, and bobbins, for spinning, twisting, and reeling all sorts of fibrous or textile substances, and in the application or adaption of either or all of them to machinery for the same purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Jan. 6th, 1842, 6 months.

E. Hall, of Dartford, Civil Engineer, for an improved steam-boiler. Jan. 11th, 6 months.

S. H. Le Petit, of St. Pancras Place, St. Pancras Road, for certain improvements in the manufacture and supply of gas. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Jan. 11th, 6 months.

J. Chesterman, of Sheffield, Mechanist, and J. Bottom, of the same place, Mechanist, for certain improvements in tapes for measuring, and in the boxes for containing the same. Jan. 11th, 6 months.

C. W. Williams, of Liverpool, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction of furnaces, and effecting combustion of the inflammable gases from coal. Jan. 11th, 6 months.

J. T. Jeffree, of Blackwall, Engineer, for certain improvements in the lifting and forcing water and other fluids, parts of which improvements are applicable to steam-engines. Jan. 11th, 6 months.

R. D. Chatterton, of Derby, for certain improvements in propelling. Jan. 11th, 6 months.

J. Tons, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Gentleman, for improvements in smelting copper ores. Jan. 13th, 6 months.

J. Bordier, of Austin Friars, Merchant, for certain improvements in preparing skins and hides, and in converting them into leather. Jan. 13th, 6 months.

C. Bedells, of Leicester, Manufacturer, and J. Bedells, of the same place, for improvements in the manufacture of elastic fabrics, and articles of elastic fabrics. Jan. 13th, 6 months.

J. Barnes, of Church, near Accrington, Lancashire, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in the working of steam-engines. Jan. 13th, 6 months.

H. Waterton, of Winford Lodge, Chester, Esquire, for improvements in the manufacture of salt. Jan. 13th, 6 months.

J. J. Ruben, of Birmingham, Umbrella and Parasol Furniture Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of a certain part of umbrella and parasol furniture. Jan. 13th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in the construction of locks. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Jan. 15th, 6 months.

J. Thackeray, of Nottingham, Lace Thread Manufacturer, for improvements in the process of preparing and gasing thread or yarn. Jan. 15th, 6 months.

T. Lambert, of Regent's Park, Musical Instrument Maker, for improvements in the action of cabinet pianofortes. Jan. 15th, 6 months.

E. Palmer, of Newgate Street, Philosophical Instrument Maker, for improvements in producing printing and embossing surfaces. Jan. 15th, 6 months.

J. Cole, of Youl's Place, Old Kent Road, Brush Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the construction of brushes. Jan. 15th, 6 months.

C. Ward, of Great Tichfield Street, Musical Instrument Maker, for improvements in flutes. Jan. 18th, 6 months.

W. Tindall, of Cornhill, Ship Owner, for a new and improved method of extracting or manufacturing from a certain vegetable substance certain materials applicable to the purposes of affording light and other uses. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

A. Mertens, of the London Coffee House, Publisher, for improvements in covering surfaces with wood. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Jan. 22nd, 6 months.

W. Baker, of Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, Surgeon, for certain improvements in the manufacture of boots and shoes. Jan. 27th, 6 months.

J. J. Baggaly, of Sheffield, Engraver, for certain improvements in making metallic dies and plates for stamping, pressing, or embossing. Jan. 27th, 6 months.

A. Kurtz, of Liverpool, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in the manufacture of artificial fuel. Jan. 27th, 6 months.

F. Marston, of Aston, in the county of Salop, Esquire, for improvements in apparatus for making calculations. Jan. 27th, 6 months.

S. Mason, of Northampton, Merchant, for improvements in clogs, part of which improvements is applicable to shoes and boots. Jan. 27th, 6 months.

G. Boccius, of the New Road, Shepherd's Bush, Gentleman, for certain improvements in gas, and on the methods in use, or burners for the combustion of gas. Jan. 27th, 6 months.

W. and J. Galloway, and J. Haley, of Manchester, Engineers, for certain improvements in machinery for cutting, punching, and compressing metals. Jan. 27th, 6 months.

P. Journet, of Dean Street, Soho, Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Jan 27th, 6 months.

H. Benjamin, of Saint Mary at Hill, Fish Factor, and H. Grafton, of Chancery Lane, Philosophical Instrument Maker and Machinist, for certain improvements in preserving animal and vegetable matters. Jan. 27th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Jan.					
23	35-24	29,53-29,14	N.W.		Generally clear, wind boisterous, snow at noon.
24	31-15	29,73-29,62	S.E.		Generally clear.
25	38-21	29,64-29,23	W.	,47	Morning overcast, with snow, otherwise clear.
26	41-20	29,46-29,07	S.	,01	Cloudy, raining heavily with boisterous wind.
27	41-32	29,72-29,50	W.	,18	Clear.
28	38-26	29,84-29,72	N.E.		Generally clear.
29	48-23	30,00-29,85	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise overcast.
30	39-29	30,12-Stat.	N.		Generally cloudy.
31	43-30	30,01-29,89	S.W.		General cloud, raining heavily in the evening.
Feb.					
1	43-29	30,06-29,99	N.W.	,12	Generally clear.
2	45-24	30,14-30,05	W.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in even.
3	45-37	30,33-30,28	W.		Noon clear, otherwise cloudy.
4	40-34	30,33-30,30	E.		Cloudy.
5	36-27	30,17-30,09	E.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
6	37-26	30,02-29,85	N.E.		Generally cloudy, sunshine at times.
7	37-23	29,70-29,63	N.E.		General overcast, snow with rain in the morn.
8	41-27	29,74-29,71	E.	,08	Overcast, raining nearly all the day.
9	47-26	29,74-29,67	E.	,1	Morning foggy, afternoon cloudy, even. overcast.
10	49-39	29,94-29,80	S.		Morning foggy, otherwise generally cloudy.
11	51-43	29,94-29,90	S.W.		Generally cloudy, rain in the evening.
12	52-45	29,95-29,93	S.W.	,155	Morn. cloudy, after. clear, even. overcast, rain.
13	50-31	30,07-29,97	S.W.		Morn. foggy, after. and even. clear, rain at 1 P.M.
14	45-29	30-37-30,24	W.	,1	Generally clear.
15	51-37	30,34-30,33	S.W.		Generally clear.
16	49-37	30,39-30,33	S.W.		Overcast, evening foggy.
17	47-36	30,29-30,20	S.E.		Morning foggy, otherwise clear.
18	39-25	30,30-30,20	S.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
19	39-22	30,28-30,12	S.W.		Afternoon clear, otherwise overcast and foggy.
20	36-25	29,97-29,83	S.W.		Morning foggy, otherwise cloudy.
21	43-29	29,70-29-61	S,	,03	Cloudy raining fast in the afternoon.
22	45-26	29,68-29,51	S.	,11	Cloudy, raining in the morning and evening.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—Feb. 3.—The Queen opened Parliament in person, and read the following speech, the Usher of the Black Rod having first summoned the Commons.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I cannot meet you in Parliament assembled without making a public acknowledgment of my gratitude to Almighty God, on account of the birth of the Prince, my son—an event which has completed the measure of my domestic happiness—and has been hailed with every demonstration of affectionate attachment to my person and government, by my faithful and loyal people.

"I am confident that you will participate in the satisfaction which I have derived from the presence in this country of my good brother and ally, the King of Prussia, who, at my request, undertook in person the office of Sponsor at the Christening of the Prince of Wales.

"I receive from all Princes and States the continued assurance of their earnest desire to maintain the most friendly relations with this country. It is with great satisfaction that I inform you that I have concluded, with the Emperor of Austria, the King of the French, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, a treaty for the more effectual suppression of the slave-trade, which, when the ratifications shall have been exchanged, will be communicated to Parliament.

"There shall also be laid before you a treaty which I have concluded with the same powers, together with the Sultan, having for its object the security of the Turkish Empire, and the maintenance of the general tranquillity.

"The restoration of my diplomatic and friendly intercourse with the Court of Te-

heran has been followed by the completion of a Commercial Treaty with the King of Persia, which I have directed to be laid before you.

"I am engaged in negociations with several Powers, which, I trust, by leading to conventions, founded on the just principle of mutual advantage, may extend the trade and commerce of the country.

"I regret that I am not enabled to announce to you the re-establishment of peaceful relations with the government of China.

"The uniform success which has attended the hostile operations directed against that power, and my confidence in the skill and gallantry of my naval and military forces, encourage the hope on my part that our differences with the government of China will be brought to an early termination, and our commercial relations with that country placed on a satisfactory basis.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"The estimates for the year have been prepared, and will be laid before you.

"I rely, with entire confidence, on your disposition, while you enforce the principles of a wise economy, to make that provision for the service of the country which the public exigencies require.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I recommend to your immediate attention the state of the finances and of the Expenditure of the country.

"You will have seen with regret that, for several years past, the annual income has been inadequate to bear the public charges; and I feel confident that, fully sensible of the evil which must result from a continued deficiency of this nature during peace, you will carefully consider the best means of averting it.

"I recommend also to your consideration the state of the laws which affect the import of corn, and of other articles, the produce of foreign countries.

"Measures will be submitted for your consideration for the amendment of the law of bankruptcy, and for the improvement of the jurisdiction exercised by the Ecclesiastical Courts in England and Wales.

"It will also be desirable that you should consider, with a view to their revision, the laws which regulate the Registration of Electors of Members to serve in Parliament.

"I have observed with deep regret the continued distress in the manufacturing districts of the country. The sufferings and privations which have resulted from it have been borne with exemplary patience and fortitude.

"I feel assured that your deliberations on the various important matters which will occupy your attention will be directed by a comprehensive regard for the interests and permanent welfare of all classes of my subjects, and I fervently pray that they may tend in their result to improve the national resources, and to encourage the industry and promote the happiness of my people."

The Duke of Wellington moved, *pro formâ*, the first reading of the Select Vestries Bill.—The Marquis of Abercorn moved the Address, which was an echo of the Speech. The Earl of Dalhousie seconded the Address.—The Duke of Buckingham declared his unalterable opinion respecting the Corn Laws, and his consequent withdrawal from the Cabinet.—The Address was agreed to. A motion of Lord Wharncliffe was carried, to present an Address of Congratulation to Prince Albert on the birth of the Prince of Wales.—On the motion of the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Shaftesbury was appointed Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords.

Feb. 4. The Duke of Argyll and Lord Combermere took the oaths and their seats.—Lord Monteagle gave notice, that he should move for a select committee to inquire into the late forgeries of Exchequer Bills. Notice was given that her Majesty had appointed Saturday to receive the Address voted in answer to the Speech.

Feb. 5.—Met, and proceeded to Buckingham Palace with the Address.

Feb. 7.—Her Majesty's answer to the Address read by the Lord Chancellor. The reply of His Royal Highness Prince Albert to the Address presented to him was also brought in.—The Duke of Wellington suggested to Lord Monteagle the expediency of postponing his motion respecting the fraudulent Exchequer Bills.—The Marquis of Clanricarde presented a petition on the subject of marriages solemnized by Presbyterian clergymen of Ireland between members of their own persuasion and Episcopalians.—The Marquis of Normanby moved for the reading of two bills, the one for the regulation of buildings in towns, and the other for improving the sanitory condition of the lower classes.

Feb. 8.—The attention of the House was occupied with some anti-corn-law petitions

tions, presented by Lord Brougham, Lord Melbourne, and the Marquis of Lansdowne. Some conversation ensued respecting the Catholics in India, and then the House adjourned until Thursday.

Feb. 10.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 11.—On the motion of the Marquis of Normanby, the Buildings Regulation Bill, the Borough Improvement Bill, and the Appropriation Amendment Bill, went through Committees, and were ordered to be read a third time on Monday. On the motion of Lord Monteagle, accounts were ordered of the Exchequer bills funded, the money subscribed, and the stock sold, under the 5th of Victoria, chap. 11. The House adjourned till Monday.

Feb. 14.—The case of the Creole engaged the attention of the House. Lord Denman justified the honour and integrity of the British laws, by declaring that no authority existed in them by which these men could be delivered up to a foreign power after taking refuge in our dominions. Many other of the law lords concurred in this opinion. The Secretary of State had sent out instructions for the release of these negroes.

Feb. 15.—Nothing of importance. Adjourned till Thursday.

Feb. 17.—Some discussion took place respecting the alleged unfairness in the working out of the New Poor Law in Ireland, in which it was asserted that great preference was shown to the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian ministers over those of the Established Church.

Feb. 18.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 19.—No house.

Feb. 21.—Some discussion took place respecting the treaties which had been agreed to and signed by the ministers of the five great Powers, for the more effectual suppression of the Slave Trade.

Feb. 22.—Nothing of importance.

House of Commons.—Feb. 3.—On returning from attendance on the Queen in the House of Lords, the Speaker took the chair, and some preliminary business being disposed of, Sir Robert Peel announced his intention of moving, on the following Wednesday, that the House should resolve itself into a committee of the whole House, to take into consideration the laws affecting the importation of corn. The House then proceeded with the Address, which was moved by the Earl of March, some discussion following upon it; and then it was agreed to. New writs were moved for West Cornwall, in the room of Lord Boscawen Rose, who has succeeded to the Earldom of Falmouth; Leominster, on Mr. James Wigram's elevation to the Vice-chancellorship; Brandon-Bridge, Sergeant Jackson having been appointed Solicitor-general for Ireland; Dublin University, Mr. Lefroy having been raised to the bench; Taunton, where Mr. Bainbridge has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds; and Clackmannan and Ross, Colonel Abernethy having done the same. Mr. Gladstone moved for an address to the Queen respecting the various corn acts and the price of grain. Mr. Goulburn gave notice of a bill for the application to the service of 1841, of the sums granted in the two last sessions of Parliament. Lord Stanley of a bill to amend the Act 5 and 6 William IV., for regulating the carriage of passengers in merchant vessels, and of another to regulate the survey and sale of crown lands in the Australian colonies and New Zealand; and by Sir George Clerk, of the usual sessional orders and committees.

Feb. 4.—Several petitions were presented. Lord Stanley moved for leave to bring in a bill to regulate the conveyance of emigrants to the colonies; and also a bill to regulate the sale of lands in the Australian colonies.

Feb. 5.—No House.

Feb. 7.—The Speaker reported the gracious Answers of her Majesty and Prince Albert to the Addresses of the House. A number of petitions were presented. Several notices were given; one by the Attorney-general, for amending the Municipal Corporation Act. Mr. Wallace, seconded by Mr. Roebuck, moved, that the rule of the House should be rescinded which restrained discussions on the presentation of petitions: the House divided, and Mr. Wallace's motion was rejected by 237 to 50. Mr. Emerson obtained leave to bring in a bill respecting copyright in works of design.

Feb. 8.—Some business of minor importance was transacted. Lord Stanley obtained leave from the House of Commons for a bill for altering the distribution of the ecclesiastical establishments in the West Indies. The House resolved itself into committee on colonial import duties; Mr. Gladstone proposed two sets of duties, one fixed,

and one *ad valorem*, the schedules of which he then read and explained. Lord John Russell made some objections. Mr. Gladstone moved for leave to bring in a bill for the regulation of railways. Mr. Godson requested leave to bring in a bill for the protection of copyright, which was granted. Leave was given to the Attorney-general to bring in two bills; one for amending the Municipal Regulation Act; the other for allowing a writ of error in cases of *mandamus*. Mr. Wakley objected to Sir George Clerk's motion in committee, that a supply be granted in accordance with the Queen's speech. The supplies were then agreed to.

Feb. 9.—This being the day appointed by Sir Robert Peel for developing the views of her Majesty's government respecting the corn laws, great excitement prevailed. Sir H Douglas having taken the oaths and his seat as member for Liverpool, and Mr. Cayley the oaths and his seat as member for Yorkshire, N.R., Sir Robert Peel introduced the corn law question, comparing the condition of the working classes of England with those of Prussia, and in a speech of great length and energy, proposed his sliding scale, regulated as follows:

When the price of wheat is

At 52s.	and under	53s.	the duty shall be	18s.
At 53s.	..	54s.	..	18s.
At 54s.	..	55s.	..	18s.
At 55s.	..	56s.	..	17s.
At 56s.	..	57s.	..	16s.
At 57s.	..	58s.	..	15s.
At 58s.	..	59s.	..	14s.
At 59s.	..	60s.	..	13s.
At 60s.	..	61s.	..	12s.
At 61s.	..	62s.	..	11s.
At 62s.	..	63s.	..	10s.
At 63s.	..	64s.	..	9s.
At 64s.	..	65s.	..	8s.
At 65s.	..	66s.	..	7s.

With respect to the three next items of price, a continuous duty of 6s; that is to say:

From 66s. to 67s.	the duty shall be	6s.
From 67s. to 68s.	..	6s.
From 68s. to 69s.	..	6s.

After which he proposed that the rate of duty shall again fall; when the price is

From 69s. to 70s.	the duty to be	5s.
From 70s. to 71s.	..	4s.
From 71s. to 72s.	..	3s.
From 72s. to 73s.	..	2s.
From 73s. to 74s.	..	1s.

Feb, 10. — After the presentation of petitions, Earl Jermyn appeared at the bar, and acquainted the House that her Majesty had given directions that the estimates and returns named in the Address voted by the House, should be prepared and printed. Some conversation arose respecting the corn laws and the poor laws.

Feb. 11.—Mr. Arkwright took the oaths and his seat for Leominster. Nothing of importance.

Feb. 12.—No House.

Feb. 14.—The House resolved itself into a committee on the Corn Laws, on which there was much warm debating.—Lord John Russell moved an amendment.

Feb. 15.—The following new members took their oaths and their seats—Captain Wemyss for Fifeshire, Hon. Capt. Duncombe for East Retford, and Viscount Jocelyn for King's Lynn.—After which the Corn Law debate was continued.

Feb. 16.—Debate on the Corn Laws resumed. The House proceeded to a division, when the majority for ministers was 123.

Feb. 17.—No House.

Feb. 18.—Numerous petitions against the Corn Laws.

Feb. 19.—No House.

Feb. 21.—The Solicitor-general for Ireland (Mr. J. D. Jackson) took the oaths and his seat as member for the University of Dublin. The attention of the House was occupied by discussions on mixed marriages, discouraging the Slave Trade, financial statements, Poor Laws, and the Corn Importation Act, at great length.

Feb. 22.—Sir C. Lemon took the oaths and his seat as member for West Cornwall. —Again the Corn Importation Act engaged the House in copious wordy discussions.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

APRIL, 1842.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Trevor Hastinges; or, the Battle of Tewkesbury. By the author of "Henry of Monmouth."

The historical novel, like the historical picture, takes a high position in the realms of art. By its means the past is restored into the present, the dead are resuscitated and take again their part on the stage of life, events that electrified the world on their first flash are acted over again, motives are developed, policies unravelled, hypocrisies unveiled, manners revived;—a great lesson is displayed, and a standard whereby to measure the changeableness of customs supplied. All these offices the historical novel, when it is worthily executed, undoubtedly performs; and when we say that in the work before us these purposes are all fulfilled, we think that we can scarcely bestow upon it a higher degree of praise.

The time in which the adventures of Trevor Hastinges are acted out, is that of the exciting wars of the Roses; the deadly contests between the Yorkites and Lancastrians furnishing the subject matter. In all the range of history this is unquestionably the era in which rage grew hottest, and hate waxed blackest, and blood flowed reddest. However meanly to the eye of the sage or the philosopher the contests for crowns may seem, yet orbs and sceptres, and the insignia of royalty, will stir up ambition as long as thrones stand amongst us, and men bow before them, for *power* is perhaps the alone thing of which all men are alike covetous. Deadly was the grapple and the strife up the steps of the regal chair in these our civil wars, which, though called of the Roses, had certainly nothing flowery in them beyond the name. The work before us presents us with a view of Margaret, the ambitious, rigid-minded queen of Henry VI., while lin-

gering in France, a proud suppliant for succours from the artful and designing Louis, seeking for aid to restore her meek-spirited, crushed-down husband to his throne, while "hope deferred" so long had not only made her heart sick, but had filled it with even more than its original portion of gall and bitterness. There are a few amongst our race, who, when their prosperity is razed to the ground, build up their pride higher and higher from every fragment of its ruins. Margaret was one of these—sorrow could not teach her humility—reverses aggravated instead of softening and subduing her spirit; and if, as a reigning queen, she was arrogant, as a dethroned one she became the very incarnation of pride. This character of Margaret is most powerfully drawn, and very finely contrasted with that of her son, the young Prince Edward, whose gallant spirit bears him buoyantly up in the rough sea of adversity. The effective contrast of situation between a sovereign—and that sovereign a woman—on a throne, and in exile, in itself is a touching picture, but when thus powerfully handled, we can scarcely conceive finer material for the historical novel. Turning, however, from the lonely and neglected queen, we are presented with her mortal enemy, king-making Warwick, and his vacillating son-in-law, Clarence, with his duchess, at sea, off the port of Calais. The martial splendour and the fiery temper conspicuous in the character of this extraordinary man, make him a fine opposing counterpart to Margaret, whose path he has so long fretted, and whose pride he has so often outraged. We find him in his vessel on the errand of re-assuming his government of Calais; but he is met by the treachery of his substitute, the deputy-governor, who refuses to recognize his authority, fires upon him from the garrison, and seems determined to keep the governorship for himself. Angrily foiled, Warwick makes for the French court, where Louis and his brother are plotting and caballing against each other, and where the Barber Oliver and the satanic Abbot de St. Jean d'Angeli are brought vividly forward to animate the scene. Then comes a junction between the indomitable queen and the outraged Warwick, cemented by the crafty counsel of Louis, whose policy this league happens to serve; burying their mutual hatred, and agreeing on a convenient amity, they make common cause of their common injuries. From this point the narrative rushes on in such a stream of busy and stirring events, such stratagems of war and private plottings, such stirring up of human passions, that all attempt to follow its course would be vain, even if by so doing we were not running the hazard of dulling its spirited interest. A masterly hand alone could have arranged such a succession of powerful events in which a kingdom seems to be borne on the waves of war, now appearing to be brought within the grasp of the gasping and struggling aspirant, and then carried far out to sea as hopeless of reach as ever. Through this narrative of fierce contentions our author has conducted the course of his hero's history, who, according to the good old usages of chivalry, is the soldier of love as well as war. The fortunes of his betrothed, the Lady of Lavenham, form the graceful part of the picture. Her constancy, her faith, her toils, her self-devotedness, are all fitted to adorn the ladye-love of a hero like Trevor Hastinges: and, in truth, the whole assemblage of cha-

racters are such as we should think could scarcely be balanced in interest at any other era of our history. The turbulent spirit of the times animated the fierce temper of those, our warlike ancestors, into deeds of the wildest daring; and the camp on the one hand, and the bower on the other, each alike contribute in exciting contrast to this tale of chivalry and love. We feel assured that Trevor Hastinges will more than rival its predecessor, "Henry of Monmouth," in popularity.

We give an effective scene between the royal brothers of France and the subtle, servile minister, the Barber Oliver.

"'Welcome our kind brother,' were the monarch's first words, 'most truly welcome art thou at all times, but now trebly welcome, seeing that weighty matter requires our consideration, and few are there in whom we can trust. Oliver Dain will tell how often we have groaned in spirit, since the cares of empire press so heavily on one who, as God is his witness, desires but ease. Nothing but his people's good retains him still at the helm of state. Is it not so, Oliver?' continued he, addressing a mean-looking specimen of humanity, who stood behind the Duke de Berri, as if he were his domestic.

"'As God is my witness,' replied Oliver, 'frequently have I heard my master exclaim, that he would not longer bear the weight of government; and had it not been that I and others, his majesty's humble ministers, have prayed him yet a little to bear the burden for the good of France, long ere this would he have enjoyed that repose for which his royal spirit yearns.'

"'But come,' continued the monarch, 'let us to council; as, in truth, we need the experience of our brother. There sit, Charles, we are thy brother now, not thy monarch. And as we would not weary our gossip Oliver, sit, man; our brother will permit thee, since we give thee license.'

"But Oliver Dain was far too subtle a courtier to infringe on the respect due to royal birth, nor did the look of contempt with which he was regarded by Berri tend to render him forgetful of his usual caution; yet was he doubtful how far he might venture to disobey the mandate of a monarch, implicitly to obey whom, was in that monarch's eyes the primary virtue of a minister.

"But Louis had also perceived the movement of impatience which Berri had exhibited, and relieved Oliver from his embarrassment by adding, 'As thou wilt, Oliver; we forget, in our longing for retirement, that we have not the poor man's privilege, but e'en must support the burthensome forms of royalty.' Then turning to Berri, 'You know, brother, that that arch-traitor, the Earl of Warwick, like our Duke of Burgundy, arrogantly assumes that his king, assisted by his brothers, shall not rule without his counsel. Impiously, by deceitful acts, having seduced from his allegiance the king's brother, the Duke of Clarence, he raised the standard of revolt, but his adherents being defeated, he hath sought refuge on our shores. That I deem him traitor is most true; still we are king of France, and should he raise the standard of Lancaster, and coalesce with our cousin Margaret, 'twill distract England, and those whispers of hostilities against this our native land, which a purse well bestowed hath caused to be poured into our ears, may be disregarded. Again, if the Lancastrian party be victorious, the treaties which England hath entered into with our feudatory of Burgundy will be dissolved, and we the gainers. What sayest thou, Charles?'

"The latter, who more liked the commencement of an intrigue than the carrying it into execution, rejoined, 'Brother of France, I ever bow to your judgment; but in this, methinks, you bear not in mind that by

the alliance which the Duke of Burgundy has contracted with the king of England, he is bound to resist to the utmost any attempt on the part of France to reinstate the family of old John of Gaunt; and his first movement will be the seizure of Brie and Champagne, of which you have promised me the investiture as their duke.'

"'This also have we thought of,' continued Louis; 'the province of Guyenne has recently returned to its allegiance, and requires the strongest arm, and the most faithful of our subjects, to guide her destinies. In whom, then, save to our brother, can we with full reliance confide this charge? Say, Oliver, for you know, how stand their respective revenues?'

"'Praying your majesty's forgiveness,' rejoined the minister, 'I should deem the exchange showed but little judgment on your majesty's part.'

"'How now, fellow!' Louis angrily interrupted him. 'Miserable mechanic, canst thou not escape from the grovelling ideas of thy former trade?'

"'God preserve your majesty! I thought your majesty desired a true account.'

"'And so we do,' rejoined the monarch; but think you that Louis of France deals with his dear brother as a common huckster bartering goods?'

"'Speak no more on this head, my kind brother,' interrupted the duke; 'I think that I see your desire. You would that I should accept the dukedom of Guyenne for those before-mentioned, as you deem that a prince of the blood royal should deal with the malcontents in that province.'

"'Thou hast guessed well our meaning, Berri; and although there be to thee much profit in the exchange, we hold it but as nought if we thereby pleasure our brother.'

"'Alas! Louis,' rejoined Berri, 'had I but known that your heart was thus kindly affectioned, I should ne'er have committed the faults of which I have been so guilty. False friends taught me to believe thee untrue, and even plotting against thy brother.'

"''Tis past,' continued the monarch, 'and never, Charles, to be thought of more. O, my heart has yearned for the affection of a brother! The unkind world has most condemned me, when, night and day, I have toiled in its service. Let us then, my brother, henceforth move hand in hand. Let us have no secret councils; and thus united, we may laugh to scorn the enemies of our noble house of Valois.' The tear stood in the eye of Louis; and Berri, whose emotions were as strong as they were transitory, fell at his feet, and vowed eternal fidelity to his brother and his king.

* * * * * *

"Scarcely had the door closed on the duke, when Louis, casting a glance on his minister, in which was contained triumph for having by subtlety over-reached an enemy, and contempt for the individual he had deceived, burst into a laugh.

"'I tell thee what, Oliver Dain, that with all thy cunning thou wilt never achieve such a victory as thy master has this day gained; why, man, have we not severed for ever the dukes of Berri and Burgundy? had Berri gained that which we had promised, France was not powerful enough to break the league which would have been cemented between these traitors. Now mark our words, Oliver; place about our brother some of our most approved myrmidons, and see that we are made aware of all, ay, the slightest tittle, that may be turned to his destruction; and then, Charles, look to thyself.'

"'But will it not be well for your majesty to preserve him as your friend?' said Oliver.

"'Ay, truly; but think you, most sapient Oliver, that I know not the

character of my affectionate brother?' sneeringly replied the monarch. 'Seven weeks, no, nor seven days, will not have passed, ere again he offends, and then I say, let him look to it! his horoscope has been searched, and already has the bloody tinge soiled the name of Charles! but to work, Oliver, speedily to work; touch the good abbot's palm, let him be instructed how we would desire him to act; for idiot Berri is hardly fit to ope his mouth at his feasting hours, much less conduct an embassage. Now, good Oliver, to your task.'

"The worthy pair then separated."

In closing our notice of this work, we think it but fair to give the author's own views of the class of writing in which he has so highly distinguished himself; and it is thus that he expresses his sentiments:

"The author is desirous, throughout any work that may issue from his pen, truly to delineate all historical facts connected with the times of which he may treat; that those who read his pages may rise from their perusal with a more ample and faithful knowledge of such events as he may have endeavoured to describe, than they had previously possessed. The author abjures the beaten track, which, delineating historical characters under false colours, betrays the reader into an ignorance more gross, than even an absolute want of knowledge could produce."

Well has our author worked out his own useful views, and we notice it the more strongly because in the energy of the narrative, and the thick clustering of events, it is possible that the historic truth may by casualty be overlooked. The vividness of the imagination may dazzle away the eye from the contemplation of the usefulness of what it would survey, but we wish to draw attention to this merit of faithfulness, which ought to rest upon the memory in the shape of much acquired information long after the fancy has turned to other objects of delight.

The Herberts. By the author of "Elphinstone."

If the carrying about with us a *home feeling* can make us happy and easy everywhere, we must have a peculiarly comfortable sensation in reading these volumes, since on the very opening of the first page we find ourselves *at home* with the author. Extraordinary excitement, the uplifting of the imagination, the dazzlings of the fancy, the powerful stirrings of the feelings—all these leave us depressed and dispirited; in just such a state as to make us doubly relish the comfort of a home where we may be cheered and not enervated, enlivened but not exhausted. We are all of us aware that the higher the excitement the shorter must be its duration; it is not within the capability of our nature to live in a storm even of ecstasy; contented cheerfulness must have a longer sway than powerful emotion, and therefore it is that after the highest of our sublimations we are content—nay, more than content—to drop into our own easy chair by our own chimney-corner, and feel home to be an easy, a happy place that we can love best, and enjoy the longest, even after we have been luxuriating in the seventh heaven of our imagination. It is a fact that we had not read to the end of

the third page of this book before we felt ourselves thoroughly at home with its author. We were even surprised at ourselves that we could feel so cheery, and so ready for enjoyment; nay, it is a yet further fact, that critics, as unfortunately we are by our vocation, and consequently sour-visaged, acidulated, and not over full of the "milk of human kindness," (the gall will ooze out of the critical vein—if we are not ill-natured upon others, we must be so on ourselves,) yet we actually felt ourselves growing quite good-humoured—a tone of mind so very sweet to its enjoyer, that we could not be otherwise than grateful to him who had produced it.

"The Herberts" is a tale of familiar life, told with a truthfulness and simplicity that at once take hold upon the attention. A certain homeliness of phrase and quaintness of diction are admirably assumed for the purpose of giving point to wholesome truths and acute observations. The prevailing qualities which characterize the work are a keen and searching insight into the heart of man, piercing through the thick folds of that hypocrisy with which we sometimes succeed in veiling our real nature and purposes, not only from the world, but from ourselves; and a clear and right-minded recognition of those upright principles of conduct which men easily enough miss when they are determined not to see. Utilitarianism is after all one of the sterling things of the world, and we are prompt to recognize the usefulness of this class of writings. We hold this preaching up of wholesome truths, this stripping away of false pretences from dishonourable purposes, this display of men to themselves, as the true and legitimate end both of the novel and the drama, and in such that there is no mean usefulness. Were the much-abused novel, and the more abused stage, rescued from their humiliated and often-prostituted condition, they would be found worthy auxiliaries even of the pulpit. The folly that could hardly be censured in a sermon might most fairly be lashed in a novel, and the pitifulness which would scarcely bear being drawn out by a priest within the walls of the church, might well be held up to the slow pointing finger of scorn by the satirist in his pages.

Attributing, as we thus do, a higher degree of usefulness to works of this nature than is usually accorded to them, we find in "The Herberts" one meeting our views more completely than any that has for a long time appeared. There is a *principle* worked out in its narration intended to inculcate a useful lesson in the stead of that desultoriness, which having no higher purpose than mere amusement, wanders like a will-o'-the-wisp hither and thither, whichever way caprice may lead. Whichever of us has felt the rough hand of adversity laid heavily upon his shoulder—and who has not some time or other experienced the gripe?—even as many amongst us as have been made to know what trouble is through the medium of his own perceptions, may find a useful lesson in "The Herberts." Fortitude under suffering, and rectitude under trial, are powerfully inculcated through the instrumentality of this tale. The name is that of a family, who through succeeding generations have held a high and honourable position in an English county, but, being deficient in the single virtue of prudence, have been beguiled by long habit into the

preservation of their altitude, rather than practise the hard and harsh duty of economy, and being altogether ignorant of the necessity of cutting off some right hand of luxury, or plucking out some right eye of munificence, find out at length that when money has made itself wings and flown away very few birds of promise remain behind. The head of the Herberts, after having found it for some time particularly inconvenient to be the representative of his family, and particularly convenient to be the representative of the county, meets at last the common doom of man—he dies. And now come the trials of "The Herberts." His wife, a son, and daughter, survive him, and these honourably surrender all the remnants of their higher fortune for the just payment of the accumulated debts. From affluence they descend to poverty, and in this position commence the struggles which form the narrative of the work, and which we will not enter upon, because it would be unfair to our readers to diminish a single jot of their interest in the perusal. We may, however, without infringing upon this, say that among the most effective and interesting portions of the work is that of the history of young Wilson, which is woven into the narrative as part and parcel of itself. There is something highly dramatic in the position of the rugged ploughboy, who when first introduced is a mere breathing clod, recommended only by his honesty of nature. We are interested in the homely boy as he sits by the side of the high-born and accomplished lady, who, as a work of charity, undertakes to initiate him into the mysteries of the alphabet, and the contrast between her graceful person and cultivated intellect, and his uncouthness of formation, and total ignorance, is admirably hit off; and as we follow the regenerated rustic along a path which leads to the exchange of position between himself and his benefactors, we cannot but be struck by the highly dramatic power in the management. When, as the heir of the rich merchant, he comes incidentally in contact with the daughter of the Herberts, who heretofore had thought no more of the ploughboy than of the clods he had upturned, when he becomes associated with her, not as her *inferior*, but *superior*, she being that saddest species of slave, a governess, and he the heir of untold wealth—the exchanged contrast of position is highly effective. In the Gil Blas sort of history of the real hero, young Herbert, there are many powerful transitions. The interior of Wellington House is a sad display of secrets, in which the power of our author's satire is felt to be keen and sharp; while the change, sudden and unlooked for, from the petty details which, however needful in themselves, seem to overshadow us with their humiliation, to a powerful and passionate and even tragic cast of scene, is as startling as it is unexpected. We prefer, however, a couple of extracts, in the first of which the real hero's character is opened, and in the second of which he sets out in search of friends ere he has quite discerned their scarcity.

"Those ingenious gentlemen, the metaphysicians—who have enlightened the world by explaining away the fundamental doctrines of religion, and the principles of human actions and convictions—among other startling intellectual discoveries, have introduced a theory on good and evil actions, exceedingly applicable, comfortable, and welcome to all man-

kind, as it does, away with conscience and duty, and makes virtue and vice affairs of physical temperament or organization—in other words, they hold that a man's merit or demerit is not to be estimated by his deeds, but by the amount of inclination with which he commits them. Men, according to these philosophers, are born with particular inclinations, which lead them insensibly and directly to particular vices or virtues, or, with some peculiar organizations, to all the vices or all the virtues. Thus one man, from his birth, shall have an insurmountable repugnance to strong liquors, whilst another takes at once to ale, wine, and brandy, as his natural elements; one shall be unable to live in peace without continually creating brawls, or thrusting himself into every one that comes in his way, whilst another shall be as quiet and timid as a dove; one shall have an unconquerable bias towards irregular appropriation, vulgarly called thieving, whilst another's conscience shall be pricked at smelling a rose in a neighbour's garden; one shall only carry out a natural inclination by seducing every pretty girl that comes in his way, whilst another shall pass through life without ever acquiring sufficient courage even to kiss a chamber-maid; and so on through the whole catalogue of virtues and vices. Now as by this reasoning it appears, that it is as difficult for one man to commit a certain crime as for another to forbear, it follows, as a natural consequence, that, since a man is not accountable for his inclination, the guilt incurred in committing it will be of very unequal amount; and that if a man be not praiseworthy for abstaining from a crime towards which he has no inclination, neither is a man blameable for committing it, if he is strongly inclined to it. From all which these philosophers deduce the conclusion, that as Nature, when she creates a man whose head a glass of wine can put into inextricable confusion, means him to be sober, so she could, if she would, create a man perfectly blameless in every other respect: a man, therefore, equally follows the law of his nature whether he commit a crime or a virtue, and Nature, and not man, ought to be blamed or commended. To which excellent discovery I have only one remark to make, which is, that if these philosophers succeed in overturning the principle of duty and moral obligation, it will be very probable that, when a man is moved by self-interest, convenience, or temper, to commit a crime or a vice, the being able to lay the sin of it to the account of organization will materially facilitate the completion of his determination; and with all due submission to the teachers of the above enlightened doctrine, I should beg to decline allowing them to be very intimate with my strong-box—that is, if I had anything in it.

"But leaving this knot uncut for the exercise of the teeth and nails of philosophers, I may observe that, whether a man have or have not any merit in being virtuous, the man is undoubtedly to be envied whom nature has endowed with a disposition capable, not only of the passionless proprieties of solitude, but also of fulfilling the higher expectations of our nature in the highways and crowded places of the world, putting aside with indifferent hand the temptations, and scorning the dangers, that would turn him from his right onward course. Nay, I believe even the above-mentioned philosophers, although they know there is no such thing as virtue or vice, would prefer trusting their affairs or fortune to such a character as the one just described, than to one endowed by nature with those opposite qualities commonly called vices.

Thus much has been said, to introduce fairly to the reader's notice young William Herbert; for I would not sound a trumpet before him, and make proclamation of his qualities, to forestal the reader's opinion. When, therefore, I assert, as I am about to do, that William Herbert seemed by his natural qualities marked out from childhood to adorn the sacred office which his father intended him to fill, if the reader will re-

member the above metaphysical doctrine, he will see that I mean not to praise him, but merely to state indifferent facts, and leave the reader to form his own opinion from incidents to be mentioned in the course of this narrative.

"By natural qualifications for the church, I trust the reader will not suppose me to mean that, while yet an infant, William Herbert discovered the qualities adapted to make a sycophant to the rich, a conniver at the vices of the great, or an instrument in the hands of the powerful for oppressing the weak, by the triune tyranny of a reverend Tory magistrate. On the contrary, I mean to say he was meek and humble, obedient to just authority, and bold and refractory only when injustice was intended."

* * * * * * *

"It was a fine morning—but that was a matter of course; he was in perfect health, and his heart was elated with a certainty that his dearest hopes were about to be accomplished, and hope and health could throw a charm on any outward prospect. A glory had not passed away from the earth before his eyes; he had not yet met with any misfortune, saving what the hand of nature had caused, and which tended to soften the heart. The world was to him what his hopes, and not what his experience made it; and he could still believe that generosity, sincerity, and the other virtues which he had been taught to love, were common among mankind—he had confidence in human nature. With this exalted opinion of beings with whom he was to struggle, and on whom he was to depend, his cheerfulness was not to be affected by the outward appearances of nature, or the quantity of labour he had to perform. His own gentleness of heart and reverence for the world, gave him a more than common sense of the exquisite sweetness of the commingled melody of the myriads of hearts in the hedges, and groves, and skies, kindled into music by the golden brightness of the morning, and of the beauty lavishly scattered over every bit of meadow-ground, and every little sprig that sparkled like silver as it waved to and fro in the sharp sunlight. But his cheerfulness was independent of these, and could have thrown a charm on the gloomiest desert. He was now at that most anxious moment of life which perhaps must be experienced by every man whom Providence has fated to labour for his bread—namely, when the individual is seizing an opportunity which, if it does not ensure success, affords ground for hope. With this powerful feeling in his heart, it may be supposed that the unaccustomed labour of walking between thirty and forty miles was unregarded, and that his mind had not leisure to be conscious of such a petty circumstance as tender toes or aching knees; and indeed he did persevere with so much spirit, that early in the afternoon, much less fatigued than might have been expected, he made his appearance at Mixen Hill, the residence of Sir Thomas."

We have hitherto dwelt upon the admirable purpose of this work, because it appears to us as the point of merit which should most command our respect; but passing from this, we come to its worth as one of amusement, and here we are bound to say that it takes its place in the foremost ranks. A tone of powerful satire, a nice discrimination of character, the talent of closing periods with the point of an epigram, a spirited piece of description, a sarcastic power of comparing men's outward actions with their inward motives—in fact, the higher attributes which mark the satirist all conspire to render this a work of infinite instruction and amusement.

The Pilgrim of Glencoe, and other Poems. By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The soldier who has acquitted himself bravely in many a battle-field, has certainly earned to himself the right of reposing under his own laurels; and the merchant who has by untiring industry accumulated wealth, is surely entitled to rejoice himself in the abundance of his own garnering. The poet Campbell has earned to himself these rights, and if he were never to gather another wreath, or amass another mite, he would still have abundant cause for the richest contentment. It is therefore an act of grace to the world, rather than a desire of aggrandisement in himself, that has made the poet present us with this little volume of poetry. The Pilgrim of Glencoe, an old weather-worn, war-beaten soldier seeks Cona's vale.

"Our veteran's forehead, bronzed on sultry plains,
Had stood the brunt of thirty fought campaigns;
He well could vouch the sad romance of wars,
And count the dates of battles by his scars.
Nine times in battle-field his blood had streamed,
Yet vivid still his veteran blue eye gleam'd;
Full well he bore his knapsack—unoppress,
And marched with soldier-like erected chest."

The pilgrim finds himself benighted.

"At last a sheep-dog's bark informed his ear
Some human habitation might be near:
Anon sheep-bleatings rose from rock to rock,—
'Twas Luath hounding to their fold the flock.
Ere long, the cock's obstreperous clarion rang,
And next, a maid's sweet voice, that spinning sang,
At last amidst the greensward (gladsome sight!)
A cottage stood, with straw roof golden bright."

Here the pilgrim is hospitably welcomed and invited to share the cottage meal. The characters of his entertainers are developed; the old Highlander, the patriarch of the dwelling, is thus described:

"Old Norman's eye
Was proudly savage e'en in courtesy;
His sinewy shoulders—each, though aged and lean,
Broad as the curl'd Herculean head between,—
His scornful lip, his eyes of yellow fire,
And nostrils that dilated quick with ire,
With ever downward-slanting shaggy brows,
Mark'd the old lion you would dread to rouse."

The son of this "old lion" proves to be a contemplative and philosophic shepherd.

"For happier times had moulded Ronald's mind,
By nature too, of more sagacious kind,
His breadth of brow and Roman shape of chin,
Squar'd well with the firm man that reigned within."

"Oft while his faithful dog ran round his flock,
He read long hours when summer warm'd the rock:
Guests who could tell him aught were welcomed warm;
E'en pedlars' news had to his mind a charm,
That like an intellectual magnet stone
Drew truth from judgments simpler than his own."

The third of this cottage trio is the wife of Ronald, whose simple and affectionate character is soon told. Among these strikingly dissimilar beings, the old soldier refreshes himself, and as he feels the comfort of his resting nook, he grows garrulous, and narrates a direful massacre in which he had taken an unwilling share. Absorbed in his subject, he does not observe that the old lion is rousing up,—but the son does. The moody father hastily leaves the cabin, requiring Ronald to follow, and then declares that at the season of that domestic slaughter he swore upon his dirk, and by all sacred things, on every opportunity, to plant his dagger in a Campbell's breast, and that now he will fulfil his oath. In vain the son expostulates: bent on his purpose, he returns, accompanied by Ronald to the cottage.

"They entered; Norman, with portentous air,
Strode to a nook behind the stranger's chair,
And speaking naught, sat grimly in the shade,
With dagger in his clutch beneath his plaid."

With death at his elbow, the unconscious narrator continues his recitals. Speaking of the massacre, he goes on to say,

"'Much,' said the veteran, 'much as I bemoan
That deed, when half a hundred years have flown,
Still on one circumstance I can reflect
That mitigates the dreadful retrospect.
A mother with her child before us flew;
I had the hideous mandate to pursue;
But swift of foot, outspeeding bloodier men,
I chased, o'ertook her in the winding glen,
And show'd her palpitating, where to save
Herself and infant in a secret cave;
Nor left them till I saw that they could mock
Pursuit and search within that sheltering rock.'
'Heavens!' Ronald cried, in accents gladly wild,
'That woman was my mother—I the child!'
"They rose, exchanged embrace: the old lion then
Upstarted, metamorphosed, from his den;
Saying, 'Come and make thy home with us for life,
Heaven-sent preserver of my child and wife!'"

Such is the dramatic spirit of the "Pilgrim of Glencoe." Of the minor poems, a few of which have before appeared, some are gay, some grave, some are witty, and some sentimental, and many of them are only inferior to the primary poem in the matter of length.

Deux Ans en Espagne et en Portugal Pendant la Guerre Civile, 1838—1840. Par LE BARON CHARLES DEMBOWSKI. *Two Years in Spain and Portugal during the Civil War, 1838—1840.* By BARON CHARLES DEMBOWSKI.

The contests of these two unhappy countries, torn by intestine commotion, and drained almost of their life-blood by the factions contesting their succession, have been, and still are, objects of interest and attention to all the dynasties of Europe. Men stand by, and look on these contests for crowns and kingdoms, as upon some stirring tragedy, when the stakes seem great enough to excite the eagerness even of a philosopher. To those who look upon kingships as on the vicegerencies of God, on the one hand, and to those who recognise power as only existing in the people, on the other, these strifes are of a like interest, and thus it is that the volume before seems to put in a claim for our attention, resting on the condition of the countries on which it treats, independently of any merit of its own. The letters which form the work are addressed from the various places of the Baron Dembowski's sojourn to Mesdames la Comtesse de Bourke, Viscontini et Ancelot, and to Messieurs Mérimée, De Stendhal, Barons Trecchi et de Mareste. They are written in a style of familiar friendship, which, with a flavour of vivacity, recommend them to favour, inasmuch as an instructive companion is doubly welcome when he is also an agreeable one. The language is peculiarly happy and easy, and well fitted for the subject-matter which it is made to convey, and this is as various as could have been expected from a lively and active traveller passing through scenes of novelty, where everything wearing a fresh aspect put in its claims for attention. Starting from Urdax, the last French frontier, the Baron describes his companions and his muleteers with a *bonhommie* which never seems to forsake him throughout the whole of his travels; and in this temper he describes people, manners, costumes, conditions, buildings, churches, &c. &c.

One of these letters presents us with some interesting statements respecting the secret societies of Spain.

"Since my return from the Escurial, numbers of arrests have been issued against the members of the Secret Societies. Some say that these are caused by a conspiracy formed in favour of the Infant Don Francisco, whom they wish to place at the head of the regency in the stead of Queen Christina: others pretend that they wish to avenge the assassination of Quesada. Whichever it may be, I seize upon the circumstance to say a few words to you on the Secret Societies of Spain.

"The first clubs of which we have any knowledge in the Peninsula are the Masonry Lodges, which were opened by the French during the war of the independence, with the design of making proselytes in favour of their purpose. After the restoration, in 1814, the officers of Napoleon, and those who had lived in France in the depôts of the prisoners, where there were many received Masons, for the most part dissatisfied with the little advancement bestowed upon them, formed, with the initiated of the lodges existing under King Joseph, a suit of new lodges, which necessity rendered secret. The great Orient sat at Madrid, and had correspondents

in all the towns of Spain: his most active agents were Gallardo, V. H., and the too famous Regato. In 1818, the leaders having succeeded in gaining credit to the report that the king himself had become a Mason, every one solicited the honour of becoming one, when, to the great surprise of the dupes, appeared the famous royal warrant, which denounced the most severe penalties against the Masons, and at the same time declared them amenable to the Holy Office. V. H., one of the first arrested, endeavoured to escape, and such was the terror which pervaded the lodges, that numbers of the initiated surrendered themselves up to the Holy Tribunal. Now, this court not being able, according to its own laws, to prosecute in the cases of voluntary confessions, found itself in the greatest embarrassment, and remonstrated with the king, who persisted in continuing these arrests on his own responsibility. However, the Inquisition only threw those into confinement who were arraigned, and who had not informed voluntarily against themselves, and sent those who had into convents, where they were treated with much humanity, avowing that they were detained by the express orders of the king.

"This pursuit only redoubled the activity of the lodges in the ranks of the army, more particularly in the body concentrated in the Isle of Leon, which was destined to take part in the new expedition projected against the American colonies. These troops were so dissatisfied, that the order for embarkation had scarcely arrived, when they revolted at the instigation of their chiefs, Masons for the most part, and from thence sprang the revolution of 1820.

"Some time before this great event, to which the lodges had so powerfully contributed, some Masons, having felt what little sympathy they met with among the popular classes, who saw in them the enemies of religion rather than political reformers, formed, with the consent of the great Orient of Madrid, the nucleus of a new society called the *Comuneros*. This was so much more fortunate, because it watched over the remembrance of liberty agreeable to the people, and care was taken to conceal from them the connexion of the new club with the Masonic lodges. In short, in a few months, the *Comuneros* had made so much progress, that, thinking themselves sufficiently strong, they broke off with the Masons, and it was little to be desired that the initiated of the two clubs should meet hand to hand. This rivalry, skilfully worked up by Ferdinand VII., who was informed of everything that passed in the two clubs by Regato, was one of the principal causes of the bad result of the revolution of 1820.

"In 1822, the *Comuneros* split, and out of themselves formed the *true Comuneros*, and a society called *Landaburiana*, in honour of the Captain Landabur, massacred by the soldiers of the royal guard, who had revolted against the constitution; in short, the lodges of the Carbonari. These last were soon left deserted, partly because of the bad results of the revolution of Italy, and because of the great number of *refugees* from every country, who, under the title of brethren, went about continually begging succour.

"After the Restoration in 1823, Riego, dragged before a council of war, acknowledged having been the grand master of the Spanish masonry, and showed, moreover, the house of the incarnation where the great Orient sat, which the government had never been able to discover. Riego believed that the proprietor of it had fled; he was but hidden, and the police having succeeded in finding his retreat, upon the indications furnished by the water-carriers of the *Puerta del Sol*, found in his house the lists of all the initiated, of whom, happily, the most culpable had just emigrated as foreigners. It was about this time that the patriots of the interior organized the circles of the *Chaudronniers*, instituted particularly for the purpose of keeping together the advices connected with emigration.

"In fine, in 1823 was formed the society of the *Isabelinos*, composed of

partisans of the young Queen Isabella. Ferdinand VII. being dead, and Queen Christina finding herself placed at the head of the regency, some warm-hearted friends, among whom were a great many liberals, by exaggerating the hostile spirit of the royal guard, succeeded in persuading her of a necessity of organizing her own partisans if she would preserve the throne for her daughter. It was thus that many officers were expelled from the guards, accused of plotting in favour of Don Carlos, whilst the others, alarmed by false reports of arrests, dextrously spread abroad by the liberals, escaped, and afterwards rejoined Zumalacarregui in Navarre. The vacant places were given to individuals popular for their liberality, and to members of the *Isabelino* club, to which the body guard furnished enthusiastic for initiation. This club counted, too, numerous adepts among the people; and every morning might be seen groups of *manolo Isabelinos* stationed round the palace with their arms hidden under their mantles.

"After the death of Ferdinand, the *Isabelinos* continued to conspire, and they were even accused of being accomplices in the massacres of the monks, which took place in 1835 at Madrid, Saragossa, and Barcelona. The police found on many of the initiated who were arrested during these bloody events, some papers which clearly proved that a certain number of hundreds of that society had been sent to give in the provinces the signal for these massacres. In Barcelona the *Isabelinos* found some powerful auxiliaries in the members of the society of the *Rights of Man*, organized some months before by the French republican agents.

"Besides these societies, there existed two others excessively active and powerful; the one called from *Iovellano* is exclusively recruited from among the moderate, and reckons amongst its numbers almost all the flower of the civil order. It aims, it is said, at a treaty with the Carlists, for whom it has perhaps less hatred than for the *exaltés*. The other society is called the Children of the Sun, (*de los Hyos del Sol*,) and is composed of the old military who waged the wars with America, when it was formed soon after the capitulation of Ayacucho, which was concluded between the Spanish army and the victorious insurgents of the new republics of the south. Liberal by principle, this society has for its maxim that its members ought always to try to attach itself to the power, whatever may be the system of government, in order better to influence the destinies of the country. Almost all the generals who have an active command make part of it. Espartero is one of its most influential members."

This extract, if we mistake not, will induce its readers to make themselves acquainted with the work whence it is taken.

Scraps from the Knapsack of a Soldier; consisting of Rhymes in Verse. By CALDER CAMPBELL, Author of "The Palmer's Last Lesson," and "Lays from the East."

Our pages have so often been enriched by the poetry of Major Calder Campbell, that we cannot of course but feel gratified in seeing this selection. There are in the present day so many poets in *name* alone, that to find one in the *spirit* is as welcome as the occasion is rare. Tenderness of feeling, and refinement of mind, characterize Major Campbell's writings. He looks on nature with loving eyes, and paints her as a lover would his mistress; her sweetness and her freshness breathe through his poems. He does not shut his eyes on

the sunshine, or close his ears on the melody, or strive to exclude the flowery odours of earth; he does not shut his heart to the friendships, nor arm it against the sensibilities, or sympathies of his kin; nor does he bar up the vision of his intellect, and then with obscured and blunted senses, and a jaundiced heart, and a perverted mind, exclaim against the emptiness, the hollowness, and the darkness of our beautiful world, describing it as one vast earthly tomb; but he looks on it lovingly, as the home which has been bestowed upon him by his heavenly Father, wherein he may enjoy a rich measure of contentment, if he only *will*. It is with sorrow that we note the prevalence of a discontent which, syllabled in rhyme, is too often palmed upon us for poetry. It seems to us as if the sweet numbers of the Nine had been formed for the only purposes of railing and wailing, when, in truth, their higher appropriation is the hymnings of happiness. It is with pleasure we mark the absence of this sickly feeling and reproaching tone in Major Campbell's poems. It is easy enough to awaken the sympathy of discontent in men's hearts, and find contentment in the response; but this wakening of the echoes of murmuring is as poor an aim as it is facile in accomplishment. Not a trace of this spirit is to be found in Major Campbell's poetry. On the contrary, we behold in it the mirror on which is reflected images of natural beauty, natural feeling, natural sentiment. In short, we look upon Major Campbell as deserving the high and the elevated name of a poet, and to be so in the rich meaning of the word, as he thus himself beautifully describes it:

"The Poet is a poem, which but few
Can read to understand:—his mind—a book
Of Nature's lore—is shadowed, like a brook
That rolls 'neath leafy woods, by thoughts that strew
Dim phantoms o'er his track:—a vision new
Springs momently before him, as if shook
By spiritual wings upon his heart. His view
Of common things uncommon is—yet true,
As other men's are false; for he doth look
On God and Nature only—so that all
He says and do'th seems strange and quaint to them
Who judge misjudgingly, unfit to stem
The tide of Truth: His very accents fall
Like prophecies around: how few attend the call!"

The following puts us strongly in mind of some of the old poets, who, while they are dead, yet live.

"Love that changes is not love!
True affection never changeth;
Try it, vex it, wound, reprove—
From its cell it never rangeth,
Never hath a wish to move!

Love that alters is but hate,
Born of selfishness, and lasting
Only while it can create
Food for its fruition; wasting
When its appetites abate!

Alter!—Thou will find my love
Changeless still, a bird that cageth,
Willfully, though urged to rove,
Which no prison-bar enrageth,
Tempted by nor fruit nor grove!"

The Traduced; an Historical Romance. By N. Michell, Author of "The Fatalist; or the Fortunes of Godolphin," &c.

The chief merit of this work, and that not a trifling one, is the briskness of the recital. A succession of busy scenes follow on each other with a quickness that puts all fear of tediousness to flight: there is, in fact, a redundancy of adventure, in which fame, fortune, life, limb, and even thrones, are perilled, and staked, and contended for. The fortunes of Joanna, Queen of Naples, form the woof into which these different threads of adventure are woven. The author, taking his stand with those who have looked on the fair side of the character of this suspected queen, has painted her as of spotless perfection, surrounded by the snares of treason, and the victim of the foulest defamation. The murder of her first husband, the Prince Andrea, brother to the King of Hungary, being laid to her charge, all the long train of vicissitudes which form the narrative of the work, follow as consequent upon it. The interest of the whole is well sustained, increasing rather than diminishing, up to the last page, for the author seems to have one of those redundant fancies in which adventure only serves to re-produce adventure, and invention springs out of invention. This quality is one of major importance to the novelist; we find in some who devote themselves to this class of literature, that the mind fastens itself upon one single circumstance which is to be illustrated and developed, and that while it goes round and round its subject in an endless circumference, it never travels beyond its own charmed circle; in others again some adventure at the outset is but the starting point to a succession of new views; thought engenders thought, circumstance begets circumstance, adventure leads to adventure, so that, but for the limits of space, we know not where the narrator might lead us. This richness of the faculty of invention our author certainly possesses, and, as we have already said, it is the leading merit of his work. His characters are sufficiently distinct and fairly contrasted; more marked by breadth of colouring than by nice touches or delicate developement. In fact, the picture being meant for a strong and vivid one, is more characterised by powerful lights and shades than by minute delineation, and it is therefore that we pass over a few improbabilities, as being less impeachable in a picture of this breadth than in one of more finished painting. As an historical novel, "The Traduced" deserves a rank in the higher classes, while its interest with the reader will be felt by an unwillingness to lay down its volumes until they close with the last page.

We give a view of Prince Andrea, the husband of the queen, within the last few ebbing minutes of his life.

"The old countess, Philippa, stood before the slumbering Andrea with a shaded lamp in her hand. As she stated, he had not entered the queen's apartment, but, in his intoxication, had flung himself down on a couch in the antechamber. All was profoundly quiet; Andrea's Hungarian chamberlains, and the other officers of the household, were fast asleep in their several apartments, for they also had 'quaffed deep draughts' of Rhenish and Falernian.

"The diabolical woman bent over the prince, and touched him lightly; but he did not awake. She hesitated and trembled; a shiver ran through her aged veins; yet her emotion did not arise from the promptings of remorse or pity; her mind was callous, and her heart was withered up like her body. Her agitation proceeded from personal terror. She reflected on the danger of her undertaking, and the dreadful consequences that would attend a discovery; but then arose the thought of the honours, the wealth which awaited her; and a consideration of these banished fear, and goaded her on.

"Again Philippa plucked Andrea by the sleeve, but the effort was unavailing. She shook him, when, reluctantly opening his eyes, and yawning, he spoke with difficulty:

"'Diavolo! what wantest thou, Jo-an-anna? is it morning already? —pshaw! get thee gone—I want thee not.'

"'It is I, my prince,' whispered the dame, as she allowed the lamp to shine faintly upon her haggard features—'it is your servant, Philippa.'

"Ha! Philippa—well, what is the matter, woman?" said Andrea, rubbing his eyes, and stretching his arms.

"'I am sorry that my prince should be disturbed at this unseasonable hour; but important business demands it.'

"'A pest on thy important business! I would rather thou hadst brought me some iced water—what business, fool?'

"'A courier has just arrived from Naples,' said the lying Philippa; 'with momentous dispatches from Friar Robert; he craves to see your highness instantly, and waits in the little apartment at the bottom of the gallery.'

"'I wish Friar Robert,' growled Andrea, 'would send his couriers at more befitting hours; but if this fellow must needs be spoken with, why, call Durazzo, and let him transact the business. I'll not rise, I tell thee.' Here he threw his limbs out at length, closed his eyes, and composed himself for slumber.

"Philippa was much agitated; she doubted whether she should be able to prevail upon him to quit the room. Moreover, though the convent walls were so massive, she feared that a violent contention might disturb the queen.

"'The business is of a private nature,' whispered the hag close to his ear; 'and none but my prince Andrea must be acquainted with it.'

"'Ay, but surely the queen may know it,' mumbled Andrea; 'go thou to her chamber and wake her.'

"'The queen, I am sorry to say, is unwell, your highness, and must not be disturbed. I would summon the courier hither, but it would be unseemly for him to approach so near the royal dormitory.'

"'Out on thy royal dormitory!' vociferated Andrea. 'I'll not go—I'll not rise—I'll see no courier; so, thou Witch of Endor! disturb me no longer!'

"Philippa, already embarrassed, was now quite at a nonplus. With the quick conception, however, peculiar to her sex, she bethought her of a tale likely to arouse, and prevail over the contumacious Andrea. She knelt by his side, and again whispered:

"'The tidings, my prince, which the courier brings, so he told me in confidence, relate to the traitors who instigated that attack upon your

royal person at Baiæ. Father Robert has discovered them; yes, they are even now in the house, and must be seized while slumbering in their beds.

"'Holy Saints!' cried Andrea, starting up, and wide awake, 'what hast thou to tell me? this is important intelligence indeed! I thought the conspiracy was only to consist in a mere insurrection, or plague breaking out among the dirty people in Naples; but I perceive it affects my own person nearly. Woman! why didst thou not disclose to me as much before?'

"He arose from the couch; his features were pale with alarm; and all the fears which the timid prince had experienced at Baiæ, returned upon him.

"'Where is my mantle?' he cried; 'throw it over me, my good Philippa. O that I should have discharged my body-guard! The traitors even in this house, say'st thou? yet ere I accompany thee, I will arouse the queen.'

"'Stop, my prince, stop!' exclaimed Philippa, arresting Andrea's progress towards Joanna's apartment; 'did I not tell thee the queen is unwell? Haste thee, Prince Andrea; not a moment should be lost; for the traitors, I repeat, are to be seized in their beds.'

"'True, most true, good Philippa!' said the prince with eagerness—'let us then to the courier instantly. Lead the way, and I will follow thee down the gallery.'

"The mendacious, the diabolical woman proceeded with her glimmering lamp; a triumphant and malignant smile lighting up her withered and black features. Andrea followed in great haste, rejoicing in his heart that the unknown traitors should have been at length discovered, and that a befitting punishment was to be inflicted upon them.

"It was a moment of dreadful suspense!—a being, unsuspecting and blindfold, was approaching the precipice of destruction, and there was no arm to save!—A few minutes, and he, so reckless, so unprepared, would stand before the tribunal of God!"

Creoliana; or, Social and Domestic Scenes and Incidents in Barbados in the Days of Yore. By J. W. Orderson, of Barbados.

This little work possesses a stronger claim upon our attention than mere interest of narrative—it supplies us with an insight into the domestic habits of this interesting colony, which has been called the Montpellier of the West Indies, written by a gentleman who has, we believe, been long a resident, and therefore far more capable than a mere visitor of delineating manners and customs, and who has also entitled himself to our respect by his publication on the "Education of the poor of Barbados." His continued abode on the spot has enabled him to collect a variety of anecdotes and events, all tending to illustrate colonial usages, which he has skilfully connected by means of a narrative into which they are incorporated. He thus tells us, "with regard to the contents of the present volume, the author conscientiously affirms, that his materials are all (with the exception of one incident) drawn from facts, which are as closely adhered to as the nature of the subject would admit; but the events, he must add, are not narrated in strict chronological order." The opening of the work contains a faithful account of those "phials of wrath," which were emptied over the island between the years 1772 and 1780, when the

misfortunes, which seldom come singly either to countries or individuals, rose in battalions upon Barbados, striking terror and dismay through the land. Bridge Town had been reduced to ashes, the land became sterile, a devastating tribe of insects infested the island, the sugar crop was nearly destroyed, grain and vegetables, with which the market had hitherto abounded, became scarce, supplies from America came seldom, in consequence of the quarrel between the parent state and her colony; flour was from forty to forty-eight dollars a barrel, and families were compelled to club together to purchase even a single one; salted beef and pork were from forty to fifty dollars a barrel; neither dry, salted, nor pickled fish were to be procured: of native produce but little was to be had, and of that little the price was exorbitant; butcher's meat and poultry were proportionately dear and very scarce, both of Pharaoh's lean kine, and such was the poverty of the times that no butcher would venture to slay his beast until he had carried round his list to ascertain what quantity was likely to be wanted; "a plague of ants overran the country, working incalculable destruction; influenza and dysentery made great ravages." "That pestilent disease, the small pox, now burst forth, as if the very air had been impregnated with its loathsome virus, and it made such ravages as struck despair on every breast, the town becoming, as it were one continuous lazaretti;" and to crown all, an obnoxious governor was nominated by the home cabinet. An amusing custom is here brought before us: the Jews present a *pie* to each governor on his arrival, "composed neither of apples nor pigeons—but a simple crust, covering a pretty round sum in the current gold coin of the day."

These troubles, however, vanished away, "'Little England' resumed its serenity and prosperity, and we pass on to an amusing anecdote of our late monarch, when, young and merry-hearted, he gave loose to a sailor-like joviality on his sojourn at Barbados. Rachel Polgreen (an emancipated slave) had commenced business in a very humble imitation of an hotel, which, through her industry and attention, had prospered. We give a skilful piece of diplomacy by which she renovated her dwelling—a dextrous stroke of the wand by which she transformed her embryo into "The Royal Naval Hotel."

"Rachel Polgreen then kept this hotel; which, indeed, she had built, and she conferred on it its distinguished name, in consequence of its Royal Highness Prince William Henry, who then commanded the Pegasus frigate, having made this hotel his temporary abode when on shore.

* * * His Royal Highness had dined with the mess of the forty-ninth regiment, then on this station, and returning to the hotel in the evening, *more* than half seas over, accompanied by some choice *spirits* of the corps, he commenced a royal frolic by breaking the furniture, &c.; and, with the aid of his boon companions, carried on the sport with such activity, that in a couple of hours every article was completely demolished, the very beds cut up, and their contents emptied into the street, and the whole neighbourhood strewed with feathers, representing a mimic snow storm. Crack went the pier-glasses, pictures, chandeliers, and lamps; smash went the decanters, goblets, wine-glasses, porcelain, and crockery; all, all went in the general havoc, while the sly and cunning Rachel sat quite passive in her great arm-chair at the entrance door of the hotel. Ser-

vant after servant came running to announce to her the destruction that was going on, but the social hostess moved not. It was all the same to her, and there she sat unruffled, and as if glued to the huge chair. She would, as each fresh communication was made, reply with perfect nonchalance, 'Go, go long man, da' no king's son! If he no do what he please, who d'en can do'um? Let he lone; lay he muse heself; da no king's son! Bless he heart!' And with many other like expressions of indifference at what was going on, kept her seat as unconcernedly as if her house was in perfect tranquillity. It was, however, now time for the prince to return on board, and as he had literally (in nautical phrase) 'cleared the decks,' he was taking his departure when encountering Rachel still occupying the 'gangway,' he bid her 'good night,' and to crown his sport, upset her and chair together, leaving her unwieldy body sprawling in the street, to the ineffable amusement of the laughing crowd. Rachel showed no ire even at this—but calling out in her sweetest dulcet tones, 'Mas Prince! Mas Prince; you come ma-morning, to see wha' mischief you been do!' and after a little floundering and much assistance, she was reseated.

"The morrow came—Rachel soon heard that the prince was to sail in the evening for Saint Vincent. A clerk was here—a servant there—friends everywhere throughout the house, taking an inventory of the overnight's destruction; the good dame reserving to herself the privilege of valuing the articles; and before the sun's altitude had been taken on board the Pegasus, one of the satellites of the hotel was on the deck with a full true, and particular account of the loss, destruction, and havoc of the preceding evening, accompanied with a humble petition for indemnity, the losses being stated at the trifling sum of 700*l.* sterling. Our generous-hearted Tar, with a magnanimity as conspicuous in him after he became sovereign, as at this juvenile and sailor-like period of his life, made no question of the correctness of the account, but sent her an order for the amount on Firebrace and Co., (merchants of the town,) which was duly paid, and Miss Rachel thereby enabled to furnish the 'Royal Naval Hotel' with more splendour than ever."

It would be easy for us to accumulate anecdote upon anecdote of equal interest, and in truth we have been divided among the many with which this little work abounds, but we prefer referring our readers to the source where the whole store will be at their disposal.

NEW MUSIC.

Handel's Messiah. Edited by HENRY R. Bishop, Mus. Bac. Cantab.

One of the most perfect things we ever recollect having looked over; the manner in which it is brought out, the brilliancy of its pages, and the correctness of its engraving, bespeak a care and unlimited expense, seldom equalled. We need say nothing more, than this splendid book is the production of D'Almaine and Co., a house famed through Europe for the masterly manner in which its works are delivered and business transacted. Of the ability of the editor superintending such a national acquisition, as a new edition of the Messiah, the public already are fully aware: he has not only done his duty, but performed that trust faithfully to himself and his employers; and the public owe Mr. Bishop a debt of gratitude,

which nothing but an undying wreath of fame can recompense. As a work of utility to the vocalist, it stands unrivalled; the accentuation, punctuation, and notation, being alike faultless; the precise measure of time being marked, is also a great recommendation, as by following this rule, all disputes regarding the velocity or sustaining a piece, is totally put aside; and we know no one so fully competent to decide this question, as the worthy editor of D'Almaine's Messiah. All will do well to provide themselves with this correct edition, which must tend to ornament the possessor, as it has done honour to the publisher.

MUSICAL PORTRAITS.

We have just received a lithographic portrait of that celebrated teacher, Signor D. Crivelli. As a likeness, it is the very character of the maestro;—there is the round, good-tempered face, the cheerful smile, and the look of approbation, as if some favoured pupil had acquitted himself with honour to himself and his master. But, as a work of art, it is the most mechanical thing possible—vulgar in execution, coarse in idea, and totally void of anything approaching taste—a mere botch, the fruits of a correct eye, with an uncultivated mind. We could have wished the signor had fallen into better hands, if not for our own sakes, for the sake of posterity.

We have also been favoured with a private view of two portraits which are to appear in a few days, by that talented artist, T. Lewis. As facsimiles of the men, they are wonderful, and as works of art, his name alone is a sufficient guarantee. The first is a likeness of his uncle, W. Lewis, the greatest and oldest member of the London Chess Club. The portrait of such an author as William Lewis must prove a desideratum to the lovers of this masterly, at the same time prepossessing game; it has long been wanted, and we feel confidence in the ability of the painter producing such a work as will not only fill up the deficiency, but will add to the folios of portrait collectors a gem in every way worthy himself and their support. The second is a sketch of Crouch, the composer and lecturer, whose abilities we have had occasion so often to call attention to. We believe this drawing is to face the title-page of his popular work, "Echoes of the Lakes." Success attend them all, is our best wish.

We have several other works waiting our perusal, but from want of space are compelled to postpone our notices of them until our next Number appears. Among them are several numbers of Crouch's "Echo of the Lakes;" a work replete with interest, national feeling, and sterling merit. We look forward with considerable pleasure to the enjoyment we shall derive from playing through these new numbers. "The Painting of Nature," always good, but now much more so,

having the marked features upon them [illegible] and we think him so far, that no subject, which he has [illegible] with the original design, will merit his attention, for whatever he begins, he always carries through, to the credit of himself and the honour of his author.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Zanoni. By the author of "Night and Morning." 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Karab Kaplan, the Koordish Chief. By the Hon. C. S. Savile. 3 vols. 28s. 6d.

A Ride on Horseback to Florence, in a Series of Letters. By a Lady. 2 vols. royal 12mo. 18s.

The Life of Sir Samuel Romilly, written by Himself. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

Fascination, and other Tales, edited by Mrs. Gore. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

The Novels of the late Gerrard Griffin, Esq., Vol. I., 'The Collegians.' fcap. 6s.

Zaide, and other poems. By Lewis Evans, Esq. 5s.

O'Neil a Drunkard, a Poem, illustrated by George Cruikshank. fcap. 2s. 6d.

Popularity, and the Destinies of Women. By Mrs. C. B. Wilson. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

Newstoke Priors, a Novel. By Miss Waddington. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

History of the Colonization of the United States. By George Bancroft. Ninth Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. 42s.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of M. P. Sadler, Esq. 8vo. 14s.

Cyril Thornton. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Miss Barney's Diary, Vol. II. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Excursions along the Shores of the Mediterranean. By Lieut.-Col. Napier. 2 vols. 8vo. 25s.

Letters from the Shores of the Baltic. Second Edition, with etchings. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

Cakes and Ale. By Douglas Jerrold. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 2 vols. fcap. 15s.

The Tradduced, a Romance, By the Author of "The Fatalist," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

The Deserter, by Charlotte Elizabeth. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

The Museum, by Charlotte Elizabeth. 12mo. 3s.

The Orphans of Glenburnie, 12mo. 2s. 6d.

London Legends, by Paul Pindar. Edition 2 vols. post 8vo.

The Two Admirals, a Tale of the Sea. By J. F. Cooper. 3 vols. post 8vo.

Journal and Correspondence of Miss Adams. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

Lodge's Genealogy, royal 8vo. 21s.

Lodge's Peerage for 1842, corrected to the present date, royal 8vo. 21s.

Many Coloured Life, by the Author of the Lollards. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

Scott's Translation of D'Aubigne's Reformation, with 6 Portraits. Vol. I. 8vo. 12s.

The Works of William Jay, collected and revised by Himself, Vol. II. post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The History and Management of Bees; with Notice of a newly-constructed Hive, by J. Wighton. 12mo.

Geographical Amusement. A New Set of Conversational Cards, 2s.

The Expectant, by Miss Ellen Pickering. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Journal of a Tour to Waterloo and Paris in Company with Sir W. Scott, by J. Scott. post 8vo. 9s.

The Book of Sonnets, by Agnes Strickland. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Passages from the Diary of a late Physician. New Edition. 2 vols. fcap. 12s.

The Village Voluntary, a Tale, fcap. 4s.

Lady Anne Granard; or, Keeping up Appearances, by E. E. L., 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Colonel Trumbull's Reminiscences of his Own Times, 8vo. 18s.

Tomb of Bonaparte; a Poem, by H. Cruttwell, 3s.

Poems from Eastern Sources, 4to. by R. C. Trench, 12s. 6d.
Valery's Travels in Italy, translated from the second edition by C. E. Clifton, 12mo. 10s.
The Rev. T. Dale's Poems, new edit. fcap. 7s.
Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England, Vol. IV. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Main's Fruit, Flower, and Kitchen Garden, 12mo. 5s.

LITERARY NEWS—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Major Michell's new work, "Treylor Hastinges, or the Field of Tewkesbury," is now published, and we have had the pleasure of its perusal;—it is certainly a worthy successor to the Major's former productions.

Our readers will also perceive, that the new work, "The Heroberts," by the author of "Elphinstone," is now ready. We have great pleasure in recommending both to their especial attention.

A talented lady of the Sister Isle, who moves in a wide sphere, has in the press a new novel, entitled "The Irish Cousin," which is we understand, a work of high interest.

The new novel entitled "Softness," by the author of "Harmness," is nearly ready. We hope to be able to give a further account of it in our next number.

A new volume of Poems, from the pen of Mr. Cooper, is in the press, and may be expected very speedily.

Mr. Garston's "Greece Revisited" is to appear, we understand, early in the present month.

An interesting volume of letters, entitled "A Trip Home," is in the press, detailing some of the incidents of a voyage from the West Indies, and of the first few weeks on the S. W. coast of England. The profits of the publication are to be devoted to the General Hospital, so much wanted, and now in progress of establishment in Barbados."

A new work, entitled "Creolians, or Social and Domestic Scenes and Incidents in Barbadoes," is also on the eve of publication.

"The Hand-Book of Turning" may be expected very speedily.

Early in April will be published, especially adapted for the use of schools, and for family reading, Cooke's History of Holland and Belgium" with two Historical Engravings, and an accurate Map, being the ninth volume of Miss Corner's "Historical Library," and the completion of that work as respects Europe.

Also, at the same time, in square duodecimo, with Engravings, "Christian Examples for Young Persons, in Thirteen interesting

Stories, each illustrative of a Moral from one of the Proverbs of Solomon, by Miss Jane Strickland.

In the press, "THE BISHOP'S DAUGHTER," a Tale, by the author of "The Life-Book of a Labourer," in which authentic particulars of the late Bishops Heber, Currie, Turner, &c., are presented to the public.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Until the settlement of Sir Robert Peel's proposed tariff shall have taken place, but little permanent change can be expected, though there certainly is an aspect of revival spreading. The shipping interests will find great relief in the intended reduction upon charter-parties and bills of lading. The coffee importers have had an audience of the Earl of Ripon to represent the loss that will accrue to the merchants on the stock of the foreign berry, brought *via* the Cape, and the cargoes that are now on their way to this country, requesting a middle duty of sixpence on the shipments coming round by the Cape; a definite answer was deferred. In tea there is an improving tendency. The demand for wheat has been languid through the month, but at its close seems somewhat brisker. Some importations, both foreign and colonial, have been received. Some revival has taken place in the Huddersfield market. The buyers, though not numerous, are more lively. Business is improving in the woollens, and prices, on the whole, are better. Many orders have been put in hand, which have, of course, the effect of making work more plentiful. The flannel market has been thinly attended. The cotton market has felt a considerable revival: upon the whole, the aspect of affairs is certainly improving.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 26th of March.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, for opening, 169 one-half.—Consols, 89 five-eighths.—Consols, for account, 89 one-eighth.—Three and a Half per Cent. 99 one-eighth.—Exchequer Bills, 1000*l.*, 2½*d.*, 29*s.* 27*s.* pr.—India Bonds, 10*s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Five per Cents. 34 one-half.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 52 one-quarter.—Spanish, 24 three-fourths.—Dutch 5 per Cents. 103 one-half.—Mexican, 42 one-fourth.

MONEY MARKET.—Money is remarkably easy at this time; bills are discounted freely, but very little business doing. Orders are given and received with considerable caution. The funds have been less affected by the adverse news from India than might have been expected. Money being easy, and the rate of exchange declining, the enlargement of our currency continues to advance. The consequence of this enlargement has been favourably felt in the lowering of rates of interest in the market, and the increased facilities afforded of contracting loans, and obtaining various accommodation on security of real character.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

THE EARL OF MUNSTER.—Oriental literature has suffered a severe loss by the death of this lamented nobleman, who, for nearly twenty years, has been honourably distinguished by his labours in that extensive but neglected field, and his great zeal in facilitating the labours of others. During a brief period of military service in India, he applied himself diligently to the Sanscrit, Persian, and Arabic languages, and acquired considerable proficiency in each. He sought in these pursuits not the mere gratification of literary curiosity, but the means of understanding the intellectual and moral character of Eastern races, and particularly of those that are subject to British sway in India. Having been chosen, in 1818, to bring home the despatches announcing the termination of the Mahratta war, he travelled by the overland route, which was then rarely frequented, and published an account of his journey. He was soon after elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Asiatic Society; and from that hour his attention to the varied objects of that Institution was unremitting; and his personal exertions were the means of procuring much important information on the geography, statistics, and natural productions of India. Of the Oriental Translation Committee he was a still more zealous and active member; he was the chief agent in uniting the continental with the British scholars, in procuring the translation of the most valuable Oriental works, and, during several visits to France and Germany, he had the chief share in removing the prejudices and jealousies which Schlegel's angry pamphlet had very extensively diffused. To the Earl of Munster must mainly be attributed the gratifying fact, that the annals of literature can exhibit no parallel to the unity, harmony, and co-operative zeal now manifested by the Oriental scholars throughout Europe. He took an active part in the formation of the society for the publication of Oriental texts, and in organizing an association to procure information respecting the geography of the countries south of Egypt; but he was still more anxiously engaged in collecting materials for a Military History of the Mohammedan Nations, from the age of their Prophet to the present day. To this task he devoted several years of labour, and collected a mass of valuable materials, procured with great toil and cost, which we trust will not be permitted to be again dispersed. We are not aware that any progress was made in the actual composition of this work, but the circular which his lordship addressed to the chief Orientalists of Europe on the subject, excited great attention, and raised high hopes, which have been frustrated by his premature death.

His lordship was always anxious to afford any aid or information in his power to those whose literary inquiries led them directly or incidentally to Oriental researches. It was his favourite maxim, that Eastern learning ought to be brought within the pale of general literature, and rendered as accessible as possible to every class of readers. His death will be severely felt by the Asiatic Society and the literary committees connected with it, and he will be sincerely lamented by every Orientalist in Europe.—*Athenæum.*

THE ACARUS GALVANICUS, OR ACARUS CROSSII.—Our readers may still remember the excitement which pervaded the scientific world, when Mr. Crosse announced the appearance of certain insects, incident to the long-continued action of a voltaic current. We now learn that the same insects have had their birth in a vessel excluded from the atmosphere, and also in one containing an atmosphere of oxygen, obtained from manganese. These facts are somewhat startling, and will doubtless excite intense interest among electricians and physiologists. We cannot enter much into detail, further than to say, that a solution of silicate of potass, produced by materials fresh from the glowing furnace, and quenched in boiling water, was placed in a bell-glass over mercury, and subjected, in the one instance, to a voltaic action of eleven months, and in the other of fifteen months' duration, when the insects made their appearance. Excepting at the intervals of observation, the whole arrangement was kept in continued darkness. These facts, with very minute details of everything connected with the mode of conducting the experiment, were recently communicated to the London Electrical Society, by Mr. Weekes of Sandwich, to whose patience and zeal the scientific world are indebted for the confirmation of the celebrated Bloomfield experiments. Not the least remarkable feature in the case is, that the same insects which appeared in Somersetshire have appeared in Kent. Surely it is worth the attention of the electricians on the continent and across the Atlantic to repeat the experiment in their several localities, in order to determine whether the same species will be developed there or not.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM FEBRUARY 22, 1841, TO MARCH 18, 1842, INCLUSIVE.

Feb. 22.—J. D. Gandar, Brydges-street, Covent-garden, licensed victualler.—J. Smith, Bond-street, milliner. — J. Cockburn, New Broad-street, merchant. — G. Donaldson, Pall-mall, watch-maker. — C. Vandergucht, Quadrant, Regent-street, silk-mercer. — J. Parkes, Hope, Atherstone, builder. — J. Banks, and J. Burgess, Manchester, drapers.—J. Davis, Liverpool, drysalter.—J. Parsons, Mansfield, maltster.—J. M'Lean, Liverpool, merchant.—S. Flitcroft, Liverpool, ironmonger.—E. Harper, Steeple Claydon, grocer. —J. Pilling, Lancaster, innkeeper.

Feb. 25.—H. Gougher, Great Winchester-street, merchant.—J. Dover, Three Cranes Wharf, merchant.—T. Hurrell, Walthamstow, cattle dealer.—R. Lamprell, Sherborne-lane, builder.—J. David, Laugharne, Carmarthenshire, malster.—V. and J. Hare, Taunton, painters.—J. Dakeyne, Nottingham, lace-dealer. —J. Bate, Dudley, iron merchant.—J. Holroyd, Wheatley, near Halifax, cotton warp maker.—G. Dodson, Boston, wood-dealer.

March 1.—W. Thompson, Princes-street, Spitalfields, hat manufacturer.—E. Green, Clifford-street, Bond-street, tailor.—E. Bailey, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, upholsterer. —G. P. Timbrell, Phillip-lane, Addle street, worsted spinner.—W. R. Piggott, Goldsmith-street, Wood-street, carpet warehouseman.—J. Hutton, Fenchurch-street, merchant.—J. Crighton, sen., Manchester, machine maker.—T. Mason, Stowford-mills, Harford, Devonshire, miller.—J. Brown, Sheffield, merchant.—S. Rogers, Dale-hall, Burslem, earthenware manufacturer.

March 4.—G. Boggs, W. Taylor, and W. Shand, jun., Great Winchester-street, merchants.—S. F. Stephens, Old Broad-street, bill broker.—W. N. Hunt, Watling-street, stationer. —R. W. Forge, Billingsgate, Lower Thames-street, fish salesman.—J. Nixon, Great Portland-street, Oxford-street, upholsterer.—J. Wright, Birmingham, cabinetmaker.—J. Critchly, Liverpool, bricklayer.—C. H. Webb, Forebridge, Staffordshire, corn dealer.—J. M. Rigden, Wingham, Kent, maltster.—E. Davis, Bath, architect.—J. B. Partridge, Birmingham, dealer.—T. Baldwin, Worcester.—H. Harrison, Manchester, commission agent.—W. Slater, Marton, Whitegate, Chester, banker.—D. Antrobus, Great Budworth, Cheshire, salt merchant.

March 8.—E. Hayes, Pickett-street, Strand, picture dealer.—S. L. Lazarus, Jermyn-street, coach proprietor.—W. Holmes, Friday-street, Cheapside, silk gauze manufacturer.—W. Charnock, Albion-terrace, Wandsworth-road, Surrey, plumber.—A. Leach, J. Leach, and J. Leach, Brick-lane, Spitalfields, dealers.—J. Thomas, Ramsgate, Isle of Thanet, butcher.—W. Walker and J. Gray, Leeds, woolstaplers. —J. Alexander, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, dealer. —R. Loxham, Wigan, Lancashire, printer. —E. Mullinger, Southampton, ironmonger.—T. Gales, W. J. Guest, J. F. Naisby, and M. Kirtley, Hylton, Durham, ship builders.—G. Robertson, J. Garrow, and J. Alexander, Liverpool, ship chandlers.—T. Stephenson, Manchester, coachmaker.—J. Carlisle, Bury, Lancashire, draper.—G. A. and B. J. Thompson, Wylam, Northumberland, iron masters.

March 11.—J. P. Clarke and O. Lewis, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, newspaper agents.—E. A. Birch, Bedford-place, Russell-square, Middlesex, lodging-house keeper.—S. J. and T. F. Jackson, Bermondsey-street, Bermondsey, woolstaplers.—P. W. Hart, Norwich, coach manufacturer.—J. Horncastle, Glanford Brigge, seed merchant.—G. Stanway, Stoke-upon-Trent, confectioner.—I. N. Wigney and C. Wigney, Brighton, bankers.—J. County, Cheltenham, oil and colourman.—E. S. Webster, Birmingham, draper.—F. Pratt, Stoke-upon-Trent, miller.—W. Bury, Blackburn, corn-dealer.—W. Robinson, Hulme, Lancashire, glass manufacturer.—J. Emery, Wells, Somersetshire, surgeon.

March 15.—C. Page, High-street, Marylebone, coach tyre smith.—T. Morris, Newbridge, Glamorganshire, grocer.—J. Jones, Liverpool, cordwainer.—J. D. Bedford, Burton-upon-Trent, common brewer.—J. Parbery, Northampton, sadler.—P. Bould, Ovendon, Yorkshire, cotton spinner.—S. Peake, Ramsgate, builder.—J. Alexander, Pendleton, Lancashire, common brewer.—W. Lloyd, Liverpool, wine merchant.—J. Page, jun. Gloucester, carrier.—J. and T. Frankland, Liverpool, merchants.—T. F. Cozens, Canterbury, builder.

March 18.—W. M'Leod, Coleman-street-buildings, City, merchant.—W. B. Byng, Old Windsor, engineer.—D. Bidmead, Bread-street, Cheapside, warehouseman.—R. Mills, Heywood, Lancashire, iron founder.—W. R. Bayntun, Bath, surgeon.—J. Matthews, Ledbury, builder.—W. Barnes, Shincliffe, Durham, fire-brick manufacturer.—F. A. Wheeler, Birmingham, percussion cap manufacturer.—J. Watson, Manchester, muslin-manufacturer.—J. Powell, Newcastle-under-Lyne, grocer.—T. W. Wright and G. W. Hyde, Nottingham, dyers.—T. Clent, Worcester, victualler.—J. Anderson and W. Garrow, Liverpool, merchants.

NEW PATENTS.

J. J. Baggaly, of Sheffield, Seal Engraver, for certain improvements in combs for the hair, and which are also applicable to combing other fibrous substances, Jan. 29th, 6 months.

J. Hughes, of Whitehall Mills, Chapel-en-le-frith, Derby, Paper Maker, for certain improvements in the method or process of manufacturing paper. Jan. 29th, 6 months.

J. Hunt, of Whitehall, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of bricks. Jan. 31st, 6 months.

C. W. Williams, of Liverpool, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the making and moulding of bricks, artificial fuel, and other substances. Jan. 31st, 6 months.

H. F. Broadwood, of Great Pulteney Street, Golden Square, Esquire, for an improvement in that part of a pianoforte, harpsichord, or other the like instrument, commonly called the name-board. Feb. 2nd, 6 months,

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improved apparatus to be adapted to lace-making machinery, for the production of a novel description of elastic fabric from silk, cotton, woollen, linen, and other fibrous materials. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Feb. 8th, 6 months.

A. W. Sleigh, K. T. S., of Manchester, Captain in her Majesty's service, for a certain method, or certain methods, of effecting and forming sheltered floating-harbours of safety, by the employment of certain buoyant sea-barriers applicable thereto, and which said improvements are also applicable to and useful for the formation of breakwaters, floating-bridges, light-houses, and beacons, the protection of pier-heads, embankments, and for other similar purposes. Feb. 8th, 6 months.

C. Hancock, of Grosvenor Place, in the county of Middlesex, Artist, for certain improvements in printing cotton, silk, woollen, and other stuffs. Feb. 8th, 6 months.

B. Biram, of Wantworth, Yorkshire, Colliery Viewer, for certain improvements in the construction and application of rotary engines. Feb. 8th, 6 months.

F. Harlow, of Rotherhithe, Carpenter, for improvements in paving or covering roads and other surfaces, and in the machinery for cutting the material to be used for those purposes. Feb. 9th, 6 months.

I. Baggs, of King's Square, Middlesex, Chemist, for improvements in obtaining motive power by means of carbonic acid, and also by a peculiar application of heated air. Feb. 9th, 6 months.

C. Nickels, of York Road, Lambeth, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of plaited fabricks. Jan. 10th, 6 months.

W. B. Addison, of Bradford, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning worsted and woollen yarn. Feb. 10th, 6 months.

G. Jarman, of Leeds, Cotton Spinner, R. Cook, of Hathersage, Derby, Heckle and Needle Manufacturer, and J. Wordsworth, of Leeds, aforesaid, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning flax, hemp, and tow. Feb. 14th, 6 months.

J. Andrew, of Manchester, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the method or process of preparing or dressing yarns or warps for weaving. Feb. 15th, 6 months.

C. T. Holcombe, of Bankside, Southwark, Iron Merchant, for certain improvements in the manufacture of fuel, and in obtaining products in such manufacture. Feb. 15th, 6 months.

J. Osbaldiston, of Blackburn, Metal Heald Maker, for improvements in looms for weaving. Feb. 15th, 6 months.

A. Rousseau, of the Strand, Manufacturer, for improvements in fire-arms. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 15th, 6 months.

G. Haden, of Trowbridge, Engineer, for certain improvements in apparatus for warming and ventilating buildings. February 15th, 6 months.

J. Lewthwaite, of East Street, Manchester Square, Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines and boilers. February 15th, 6 months.

T. R. Crampton, of Lisson Grove, Engineer, and J. Coope Haddan, of Moorgate Street, Civil Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines and railway-carriages. February 15th, 6 months.

R. Wornum, of Store Street, Bedford Square, Piano-Forte Maker, for improvements in the actions of piano-fortes. February 15th, 6 months.

D. Greenfield, the Elder, of Birmingham, Brass Founder, for an improvement in the manufacture of hollow metal knobs for the handles of door and other locks. February 21st, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in treating, refining, and purifying oils, and other similar substances. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 21st, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—Feb. 23.—No House.

Feb. 24.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 25.—Petition presented respecting Presbyterian marriages. Nothing of importance.

Feb. 26.—No House.

Feb. 28.—Lord Brougham laid his Local Courts Bill on the table, which he had brought forward nine years before. The Lord Chancellor said that it was his intention to bring forward a somewhat similar measure.

March 1.—Some petitions received.

March 2.—No House.

March 3.—Some trifling business transacted.

March 4.—Lord Clarendon called the attention of the House to the warlike preparations going forward on the French frontier of Spain; to which Lord Aberdeen replied that they had been disavowed on the part of the French government.—Lord Monteagle laid before the House his motion respecting the late Exchequer Bill fraud. It had no connexion with that introduced into the House of Commons. Its object was only to know whether those frauds had been facilitated by any of the officers of the department. His lordship defended the conduct of government through the late transaction, in retaining the forged bills in their possession. The commission appointed to investigate this affair did not satisfy his wishes, and he therefore moved that a committee of inquiry should be formed, to ascertain if any neglect on his part had allowed facilities to the fraud.—Lord Brougham considered that the commission already appointed would prove even more satisfactory than the course Lord Monteagle proposed.—The Duke of Wellington commended the desire of Lord Monteagle to search into the matter, but considered the course already being pursued as sufficient, and urged the withdrawal of his motion, to which Lord Monteagle assented.

March 5.—No House.

March 7.—Nothing of importance.

March 8.—The Lord Chancellor laid a bill on the table to improve the jurisdiction in lunacy. The bill was read a second time, and remains to be taken into consideration after Easter.—A committee was appointed to consider the subject of the Marriage Law in Ireland.

March 9.—No House.

March 10.—Some conversation arose respecting Education in Ireland, the Poor Laws, and affording relief to Baptists, who entertain scruples about taking oaths.

March 14.—Lord Brougham gave notice of his intention to move a series of resolutions with respect to Sir R. Peel's proposed Income Tax.—The Lord Chancellor laid on the table a bill for extending the jurisdiction in bankruptcy, which, with the Loan Societies' and Apprentice Regulation Bills, were read a third time.

March 15.—Nothing of importance.

March 16.—No House.

March 17.—Lord Brougham brought forward his resolutions relative to the proposed Income Tax—namely, that nothing could justify it but extreme necessity.

March 18.—Nothing of importance.

March 19.—No House.

March 21.—Petitions received.—The Consolidated Fund Bill, the West Indian Clergy Bill, and the Dublin Newgate Gaol Bill, were each read a third time and passed.—On the motion of the Archbishop of Canterbury the Ecclesiastical Residences Bill was read a second time.—The Lord Chancellor laid on the table a Bill to define the jurisdiction of justices of general quarter sessions of the peace.

March 22.—Dr. Gilbert, the newly-appointed Bishop of Chichester, took the oaths and his seat.—A message from the Commons was received, announcing that they had consolidated the Queen's Bench, the Fleet, and Marshalsea Prisons, the bill for which was read and ordered to be printed.—Petitions received.—It was intended that the royal assent should be given on this evening to certain bills which had passed both Houses, and the Lords Commissioners, (the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Buccleuch, and Lord Wharncliffe,) came in their

robes, but the Commission was not forthcoming. By some accident it appeared to have been delayed. Instead, therefore, of the House adjourning for the Easter recess, as the Duke of Wellington had proposed, the House decided on meeting the next day.

March 23.—The royal assent given to several bills. The House adjourned for the Easter recess until the 7th of April.

House of Commons.—Feb. 23.—The question of the Corn Laws resumed. Sir Robert Peel, at the close of his speech, expressed an earnest hope that, if the pending division should be a decisive one, the House would pass it into a law as speedily as possible.—Lord J. Russell objected to a speedy legislation. The question was one that ought to be deliberated upon.—The cry for division was urgent, but the opposition insisted upon further debate.

Feb. 24.—Lord Eliot obtained leave to bring in a bill for giving validity to marriages celebrated in Ireland between Presbyterians and members of the Church of England and Ireland, by Presbyterian ministers, such marriages having been declared illegal by the Irish judges.—Mr. Muntz moved that, at future divisions of the House, neither strangers nor reporters should be required to withdraw, without special intimation.—Sir Robert Peel dissented. The motion was negatived by 187 to 51.—On the motion of Sir M. Wood, a select committee was appointed to deliberate upon Metropolitan Improvements, and to consider the petitions presented to the House in the last sessions for the purchase of the interests of the proprietors of Vauxhall, Waterloo, and Southwark bridges, in order that they might be made toll-free.—The House went into committee on the Corn Law question. The House divided. For Mr. Villiers' motion for the total Repeal of the Corn Laws, 90; against it, 393.

Feb. 25.—Irish Marriage Bill was read a second time. Sir Robert Peel spoke of his intention to bring forward the question of the importation of foreign cattle as soon as the Corn Law measure should be settled.—The House again went into committee on the Corn Law Bill. Mr. Christopher proposed an amendment, which he afterwards withdrew. Sir R. Peel said that if his measure should be found to affect the averages, even to the amount of 2*s.*, he would reconsider such part. The House then divided on the original resolution—For Sir R. Peel's resolution, 306; against it, 104; majority, 202.

Feb. 26.—No House.

Feb. 28.—Discussions on the Corn Laws.

March 1.—Sir Robert Peel, in reply to some questions from Sir C. Napier, said that the Emir Bechir had been deposed, and was then at Constantinople; and that Omar Pasha, who had been in the Austrian service, had been appointed to the government of Lebanon.—Some conversation took place on prison discipline.

March 2.—Further discussion on the Corn Laws.

March 3.—The House occupied with petitions.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, after a speech of some length, moved for the appointment of a commission to inquire into the Exchequer Bill fraud, which was followed by a discussion on the subject.—M. F. French moved for a committee of the whole House for addressing the Crown on the subject of promoting Railway Communication in Ireland; but on Lord Eliot avowing that the government would not give this measure its support, he withdrew his motion.—Lord Mahon obtained leave to bring in a bill to limit the extension of the protection of copyright to twenty-five years, and to give a discretionary power to the privy council to prevent the suppression of any works, the property of which might be vested in the author's heir.—Lord Eliot obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the act 1 and 2 W. IV. to authorize landholders in Ireland to sink, embank, and remove obstructions in rivers.—The bill was read.

March 4.—Sir Robert Peel brought up the question of the Corn Importation Bill, and fixed the following Monday for the second reading. The West Indian Bishopric Bill was read a second time.—The House went into a committee of supply for the Navy Estimates: 43,000 seamen, including 10,500 marines, for the year 1842-3, were voted after considerable discussion.—Lord Stanley said that in consequence of the great mortality of Europeans which had attended the expedition to the Niger, government did not intend sending out similar expeditions.—Sir G. Cockburn said, that government had resolved on improving the condition of their naval force, in consequence of the French and Americans having done the same. Mr. Williams spoke of the large deficiency of the Post-Office, which amounted to the sum of 470,000*l.* The vote of supply was then carried: 1,436,629*l.* for the wages of

seamen and marines; 747,264*l.* for victuals and stores; 121,449*l.* for the judicial department and the Admiralty; 2,908*l.* for the Registry Office; 34,982*l.* for the scientific department of the navy; 177,020*l.* for superannuations.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought in the Exchequer Commission Bill, which, after being read a first time, was ordered to be read a second time on Monday.

March 5.—No House.

March 7.—The House went into a committee of supply on the army and navy estimates.

March 8.—Sir Frances Egerton moved for leave to bring in a bill to amend the law relating to marriages within the prohibited degrees of affinity, as far as related to the act passed in 1835, which disallows of marriages with the sisters of deceased wives.—Mr. G. Bankes moved for leave to bring in a bill respecting the holding petty sessions, and to provide, in cases where parties shall voluntarily plead guilty, that the magistrate should possess the power, at such sessions, of awarding the sentence of the law, for the purpose of shortening imprisonment previous to trial.—The Report of the Naval Estimate received.—Sir H. Hardinge obtained leave to bring in a Bill for preventing Mutiny in both Army and Navy.

March 9.—No House.

March 10,—No House.

March 12.—Financial Statement. Sir G. Clerk moved the order of the day, for the House to go into committee of Ways and Means. The Speaker having left the chair, Sir Robert Peel rose, and after some prefatory observations, stated that he was hampered by no fetters of official duty. That he meant to lay before the House the truth, the unexaggerated truth, but to conceal nothing. After taking a review of the income and expenditure of the country, he stated that the revenue will amount, on the 5th of April, to 48,350,000*l.*, and the expenditure to the same date will be 50,819,000*l.* leaving a deficiency of 2,469,000*l.* for the general service of the year, to which must be added 700,000*l.* or 800,000*l.*, the probable demands that may be made upon government; in addition to this there may be demands for Australian and other colonies, that may possibly amount to 100,000*l.* The deficiency on the two last years will probably not be less than 4,700,000*l.* which has to be met; and the deficiency in the last five years amounts to 7,502,000*l.*, making an aggregate deficiency in six years of 10,072,000*l.* After taking a retrospect of the effects of taxation on different articles, he proposed, for a time at least, to be limited, that the income of this country should be called on to contribute a certain sum for the purpose of remedying this mighty and growing evil. He proposed that the income of this country should bear a charge not exceeding seven-pence in the pound, which will amount to 2*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* per cent.; for the purpose of not only supplying the deficiency in the revenue, but of enabling him with confidence and satisfaction to propose great commercial reforms—affording a hope of reviving commerce, and such an improvement in the manufacturing interests as may re-act on every other interest in the country. He proposed that all incomes under 150*l.* shall be exempted from the income tax; and he estimated the total aggregated receipts would be 3,771,000*l.* In England the duty upon spirits is 7*s.* 10*d.* a gallon; in Scotland the duty is 3*s.* 8*d.*; and in Ireland it is 2*s.* 8*d* a gallon. He then proposed an additional duty of 1*s.* a gallon upon spirits in Ireland, to equalize it with that paid in Scotland, which he estimated would produce 250,000*l.* He proposed, in respect to the great mass of articles, particularly those which are connected with property, to equalize the stamp duties in Ireland with those in this country, with some exceptions; he estimated that the equalization of stamp duties in Ireland, with the exceptions, would produce 160,000*l.* With respect to absentees from Ireland, he proposed that they should be subject to the income-tax imposed in England. Upon returning to their own country, and spending their income on their estates, they might escape the levy; but speaking of regular professed absentees, living and spending their incomes in this country, without any call of public duty, he thought the incomes they derived from Ireland ought to be subjected to the same impost as those derived from England. Sir Robert then stated there was one other duty he meant to propose. At present there is a duty imposed by law upon the export of coals in foreign ships of 4*s.* per ton. Of course when that duty was imposed, it was the policy of the legislature to require British vessels, and no duty is imposed on coal exported in British ships. The operation of the reciprocity treaties has been to exempt foreign ships from the duty which it was originally intended to levy on the export of coals. He could not conceive any more

legitimate object of duty than coal exported out of this country. He thought that a tax levied on an article produced in this country—an element of manufactures—necessary to manufactures—contributing by its export to increase the competition with our manufactures. He thought it important to consider the rapid increase in the quantity of coal exported; in 1831 the quantity was 356,000 tons, the duty received 50,000*l.*; in 1833 the quantity was 448,000 tons, the duty 64,710*l.*; in 1839 the quantity was 1,392,000 tons; in 1840, 1,307,000 tons, but the realised income, instead of being, as in 1833, 64,000*l.*, was only in 1840, 6,900*l.* He did not intend to increase the duty, or to prohibit the export of coals, but he proposed that the duty of 4*s.* per ton should be levied on coal exported in British as well as in foreign ships. He estimated that this measure would produce 200,000*l.*; making altogether an excess of revenue above the expenditure of 4,310,000*l.*, leaving a surplus of 1,800,000*l.* Sir Robert then stated that he meant to apply this surplus in a manner which he thought would be most conducive to the public interests, and most consonant with public feeling and opinion—by making great improvements in the commercial tariff of England, and, in addition to these improvements, to abate the duties on some great articles of consumption. In looking at the tariff, he found that it comprised 1200 articles. The government desired to remove all prohibition; next, they wish to reduce the duties on raw materials for manufactures to a considerable extent—in some cases the duty proposed being merely nominal, for the purpose more of statistical than of revenue objects; in no case, or scarcely any, exceeding 5 per cent.; on articles partly manufactured, never exceeding 12 per cent.; while on articles wholly manufactured, the duty never to exceed 20 per cent. It is proposed to reduce the duty on 750 articles. He intended that coffee, the produce of British possessions, shall come in at a duty of 4*d.*, and that all foreign coffee shall pay 8*d.* On timber he proposed a great reduction of duty, viz. that the duty on foreign timber shall be reduced to 25*s.* per load; the duty on deals shall be reduced to 30*s.* per load; and the duty on lath timber shall be 20*s.* per load. He then proposed that the duty on colonial timber shall be reduced to 1*s.* a load; upon deals to 2*s.*; and upon lath-wood to 2*s.* He calculated the deficiency in the present income at 2,570,000*l.* There will be a total loss to the revenue, from the reduction of duties of 3,780,000*l.* Against which he set the estimated revenue which would be derived from the new taxes, which he calculated at 4,300,000*l.*, leaving a surplus of 520,000*l.* The Right Hon. Baronet was loudly cheered from all parts of the house, as he concluded his speech.

March 12.—Nothing of importance.

March 14.—Discussion on the Corn Laws. The House went into committee and considered eight clauses of the bill.

March 15.—Some discussion took place on the St. Marylebone Parish Bill—on Quarantine Regulations—on Presentations in the Church of Scotland—and on proposed Park Improvements.

March 16.—Some questions having been put relative to the operation of the proposed Income Tax, Sir Robert Peel announced to the House that the Queen had expressed to him her intention that her own income should be subject to a similar reduction to that of her subjects. The Bill for extending the Copyright of Designs was read a second time. Lord Francis Egerton's motion for amending the Marriage Law was negatived by a majority of 23—the numbers being 123 to 100.

March 17.—Mr. Lindsay moved that on the 7th of April the House should resolve itself into a committee for the purpose of addressing her Majesty to redeem Captain Elliot's promise, that the opium merchants should be indemnified for their losses. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, that considering the circumstances under which it was given, neither the late nor the present ministry considered it binding. Compensation was due from the Chinese government, but could not be looked for until the termination of the war. The motion lost by a majority of 50. Sir Robert Peel said he had determined upon reinforcing the army in India. Some discussion took place respecting the Poor Laws.

March 18.—The House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply. Sir Robert Peel said, that the time had arrived when tampering with savings' banks, and with 5 per cent. upon custom duties, must be abandoned, and some decided and vigorous effort must be made to equalise the income and expenditure of the country. The clear net deficiency to be provided for the ensuing year was 3,800,000*l.* He did not deny the objections there would be to a tax on the income of the country. He should propose to adopt for the purpose of the collection of this tax, the machinery,

speaking generally, applied by the act brought in by Lord Lansdowne, then Lord Henry Petty, in the year 1806, in the administration of Lord Grenville and Lord Grey; and a reference to that act, passed in 1806, would show to any gentleman who wished to ascertain it with great precision, the general mode in which it is proposed to collect the tax. Sir Robert said he should propose to place the collection and general superintendence of the income tax under the control of the officers of Stamps and Taxes, and their officers to be employed in the performance of all duties connected with the levying of this tax. In respect to appeal, to give an option of which every one may avail himself, it was proposed to permit the Tax Office at the Treasury to appoint a certain number of persons who should bear the name of "Special Commissioners;" and that these special commissioners should have all the powers of hearing appeals which the commissioners for general purposes did possess under the act of 1806; that each party should have the full option of going before the commissioners for general purposes if he please; but if he prefer it, the appeal should be heard by a special commissioner, responsible to the government, and acting under the control of the Tax Office, which commissioner would, of course, be sworn to entire secrecy. In the next place, he proposed a provision to enable parties once having made a return of their income, on the average of three years, to compound for the assessment. He mentioned another provision to enable parties who objected to the payment to the collector; for, though they were subjected to no inquisition into the amount of their property, still it was painful to them that persons living in their immediate neighbourhood should be able to learn what amount they paid the collector, and be able, therefore, to infer what was the exact amount of their property, to make payment of the duty, after the assessment was agreed to, into the Bank of England, without any name, on account of the property tax.

March 19.—No House.

March 21.—Mr. Hogg, chairman of the committee for determining the due return of the Borough of Clitheroe, brought up its report; namely, "That Mr. Matthew Wilson, junior, is not duly elected a burgess to serve in this present Parliament for Clitheroe, but Mr. Edward Cardwell is duly elected, and ought to be returned a burgess to serve in this present Parliament for the Borough of Clitheroe. Mr. Edward Cardwell then took the oaths, and his seat. Some discussion took place respecting the Severn Navigation Bill, at the close of which the Bill was ordered to be read a third time. Conversation on the Custom Bill. On confiscated opium. On Irish Education. On Slave Duties. The House resolved itself into a committee of Ways and Means, in which the discussions were warm and lengthy.

March 22.—The Sheriffs of the city of London appeared at the bar with a petition from the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London in common council assembled, praying against the extension of the Blackwall Railway into the City of London.—The Bill for the Yarmouth and Norwich Railway was read a second time, and referred to a committee of selection. The Birmingham and Liverpool Junction Canal Bill was read a third time.—Several petitions presented. John Ashworth was brought to the bar and admonished for intimidating a witness before the committee for inquiring into the due return of the member for Clitheroe.—Long discussion on the state of the navy.—The House entered into an inquiry on the death of James Flanagan.—Conversation on the Rural Police.—Captain Pechell moved for a return relative to the Union incorporated under Gilbert's Act. Lord Stanley moved for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the state of our settlements on the Western coast of Africa, more especially with reference to their present relations with the neighbouring native tribes; which was agreed to.

March 23.—The Nottingham Gas Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Commons were summoned to the Upper House to witness the Royal Assent to certain bills. On their return they received various petitions. The House resolved itself into a committee of Ways and Means. After a lengthy discussion, and two divisions of the House, an adjournment was agreed to until the 4th of April.

INDEX TO VOL. XXXIII.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

Bachelor of Fifty, 52, 146, 265.
Blue Belles of England, 1.
Brothers, The, 253, 366.

Curiosities of Legal Experience, 65.

Elegy, An, 293.
Excommunicated, The, 225, 395.

First Equivocation, 323, 405.

Grandpapa's Dutch Tea-pot, 30.
Grandmother's Portrait, My, 126.

Invocation, 51.
Irish Song, 145, 224.

Last New Book, 78.
Le Coin de Feu, 353.
Loafer, The, 96.

Maria De Las Doloras, 209.
Memoirs of an Italian Exile, 97.
Memories of Gibraltar, 195, 277.
Moose-Deer Chase, 177.
Most Beautiful, 264.

Note-Book of an Irish Barrister, 33, 113,

Parting, The, 64.

Rome, 365.
Rustic going to Court, 240, 381.

Single Man, The, 448.
Slanderers, 158
Song, 112, 125.
Song of the Rhine, 276.
Spencer Middleton, 159, 295, 418.
Stanzas, 208.

Tableaux Vivans, 433.
Tales of the Pump-room, 79, 180.
Three Friends, 380.
Tower of the Temple, 307.

Universal Voice, The, 194.

Winter, a Ballad for the Season, 95.
Where dwelleth Love, 404.

Zanoni, 354.

Albert, Prince, precedency of, noticed, 50
Alice, Lady, noticed, 43
Athaliah, Death of, noticed, 6

Bankrupts, 30, 55, 90, 122
Blue Belles of England, noticed, 8
Book of Sonnets, noticed, 37

Canadian Scenery illustrated, noticed, 49
Ceylon, Rambles in, noticed, 80,
Classical Pronunciation of Proper Names, &c., noticed, 46
Clutha, Memorials of, noticed, 40
Comic Almanack, noticed, 45
Commercial Relations of the Country, 28, 54, 90, 120
Creoleana, noticed, 114
Cruikshank's Omnibus, noticed, 21
Cyclopædia of Commerce, noticed, 51

Daughters of England, noticed, 67
Dibdin, Charles, Songs of, noticed, 46
Deux Ans en Espagne et en Portugal, &c. noticed, 108

Ecclesiastica, or the Church, &c., noticed, 65
England in the Nineteenth Century, noticed, 38
England, Pictorial History of, noticed, 17
English Grammar, New, noticed, 51
Excursions in Albania, noticed, 71

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book, noticed, 11
Fox's Book of Martyrs, noticed, 48
Fugitive Verses, noticed, 49
Funds, 28, 54, 90, 120

Gileadite, Vow of, noticed, 82
Glencoe, The Pilgrim of, noticed, 106

Herberts, The, noticed, 101
Hours with the Muses, noticed, 41
Hydropathy, or Cold Water Cure, noticed, 74
Historical Register, 62, 93, 124

India, History of, British Empire in, noticed, 51
India, New Map of Routes in, noticed, 50
Ireland, Scenery and Antiquities of, noticed, 49

Knights Templars, History of, noticed, 20

Lays and Lyrics, noticed, 40
Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home, noticed, 50
List of New Publications, 26, 52, 88, 118
Literary News, Works in Progress, 27, 53, 89, 119
London, Part X., noticed, 47

Martineau, Miss, The Playfellow, noticed, 41
Mesopotamia and Assyria, noticed, 83
Meteorological Journal, 27, 55, 93
Miscellaneous, Philosophical, &c., 29, 58, 120
Money Market Report, 29, 54, 90, 120

New Music, noticed, 22, 51, 85, 116
New Patents, 31, 56, 91, 122

O'Malley, Charles, noticed, 15
Outline of a Method of Model Mapping, noticed, 40
Ovid's Epistles in English Verse, noticed, 84

Peace, Permanent and Universal, noticed, 7
Pictures of Popular People, noticed, 85
Poems, written chiefly Abroad, noticed, 14
Prince of the Mountains, noticed, 46

Rhine, Italy, and Greece, noticed, 11
Rhymes and Roundlings, noticed, 5

Scraps from the Knapsack of a Soldier, noticed, 110
Shakspeare's Works, reason for a new Edition of, noticed, 12
Shakspeare Illustrated, noticed, 51
Shakspere, Knight's Pictorial, noticed, 84
Sporting Architecture, noticed, 13

Table-Book, Historians, noticed, 50
Tales for the Young, noticed, 48
Texas, History of Republic, noticed, 33
Tower, The, its History, noticed, 19
Traduced, The, noticed, 112
Travels and Tales in Verse, noticed,
Trevor Hastings, noticed, 67

Wanderings, noticed, 45
Warning, The, noticed, 21

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